# BRITANNIA and EVE

JUNE
1934

1/-

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GEOFFREY MOSS
GUY GILPATRIC
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COMPLETE HOME and FASHION Section

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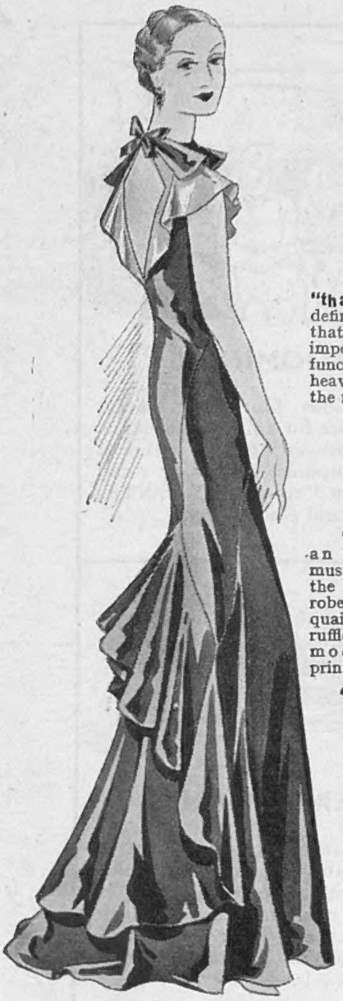

**"that swishy feeling"**
definitely the gown that you'll choose for important evening functions is one of heavy taffeta with the new victory line.
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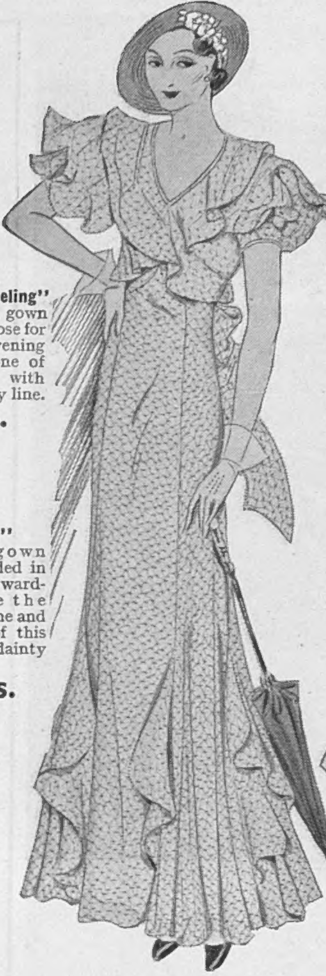
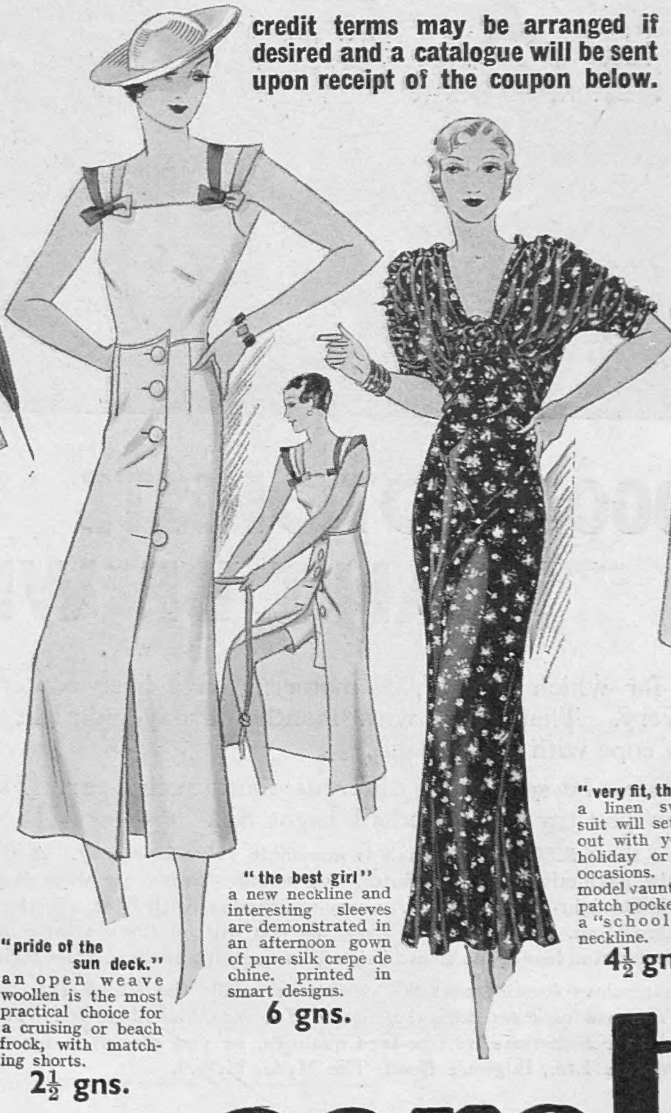


**"mint tea"**
an organdy gown must be included in the summer wardrobe. notice the quaint fichu line and ruffled skirt of this model in dainty prints.
**4½ gns.**



**"pride of the sun deck."**
an open weave woollen is the most practical choice for a cruising or beach frock, with matching shorts.
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**"the best girl"**
a new neckline and interesting sleeves are demonstrated in an afternoon gown of pure silk crepe de chine. printed in smart designs.
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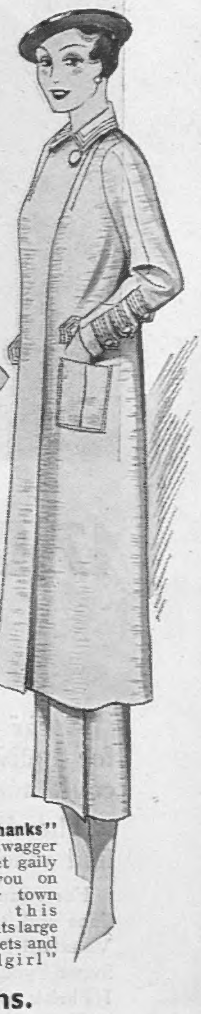

**"very fit, thanks"**
a linen swagger suit will set gaily out with you on holiday or town occasions. this model vaunts large patch pockets and a "schoolgirl" neckline.
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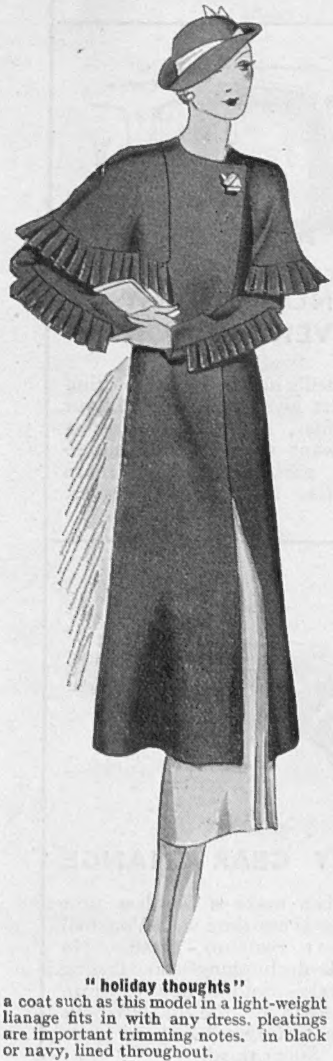

**"holiday thoughts"**
a coat such as this model in a light-weight lianage fits in with any dress. pleatings are important trimming notes. in black or navy, lined throughout.
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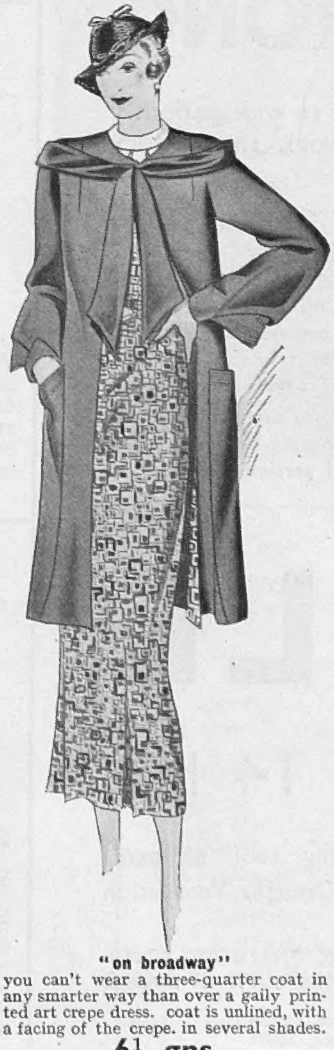

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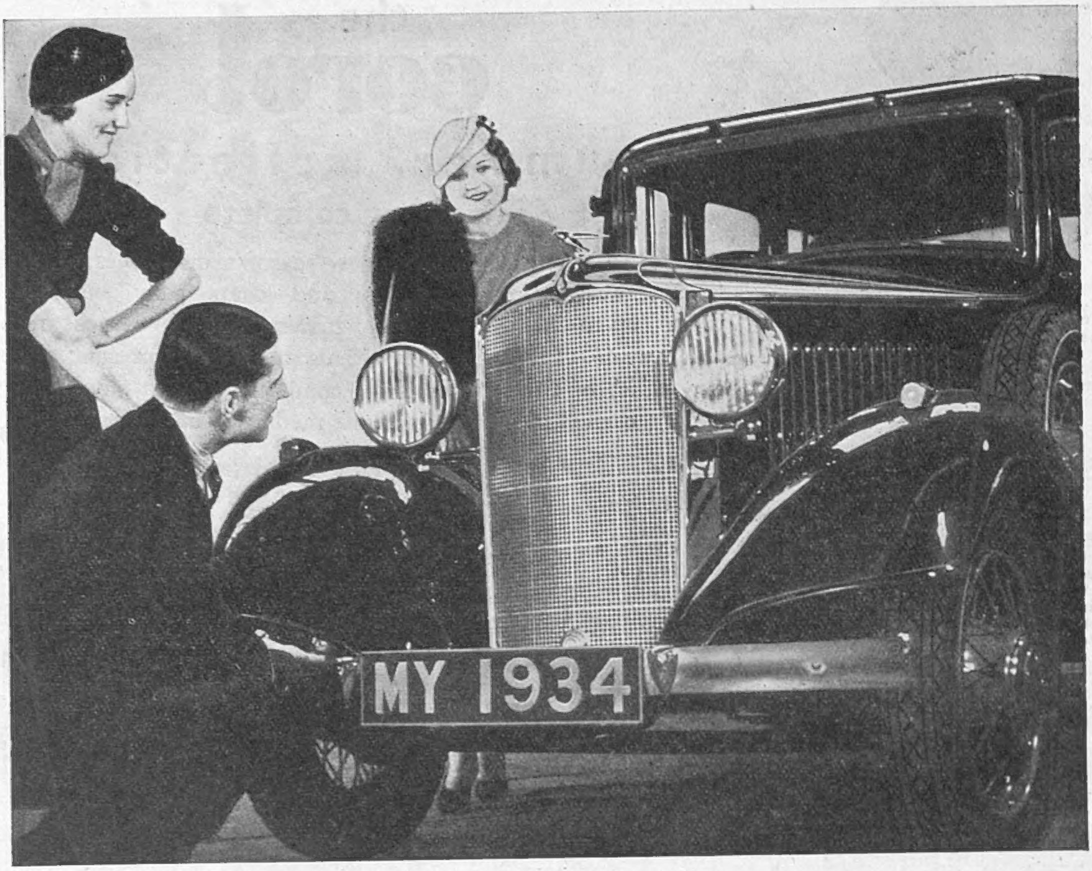

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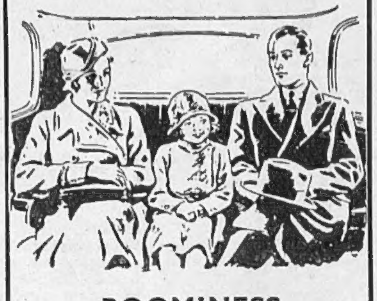

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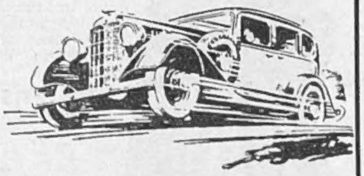

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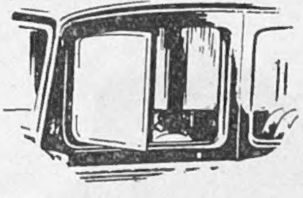

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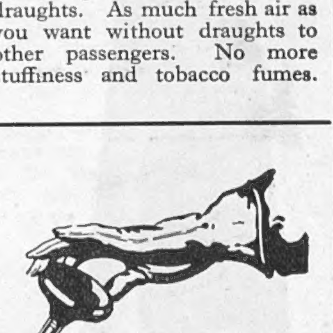

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# BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 8, No. 6. JUNE, 1934

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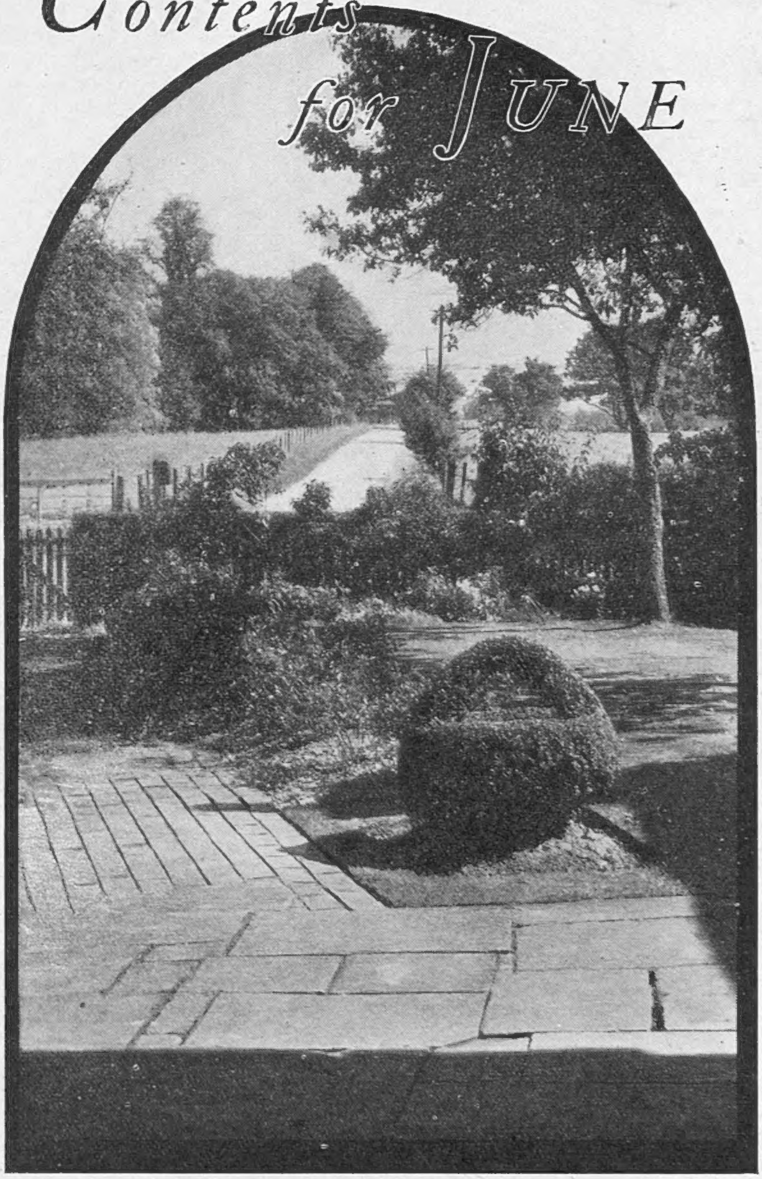

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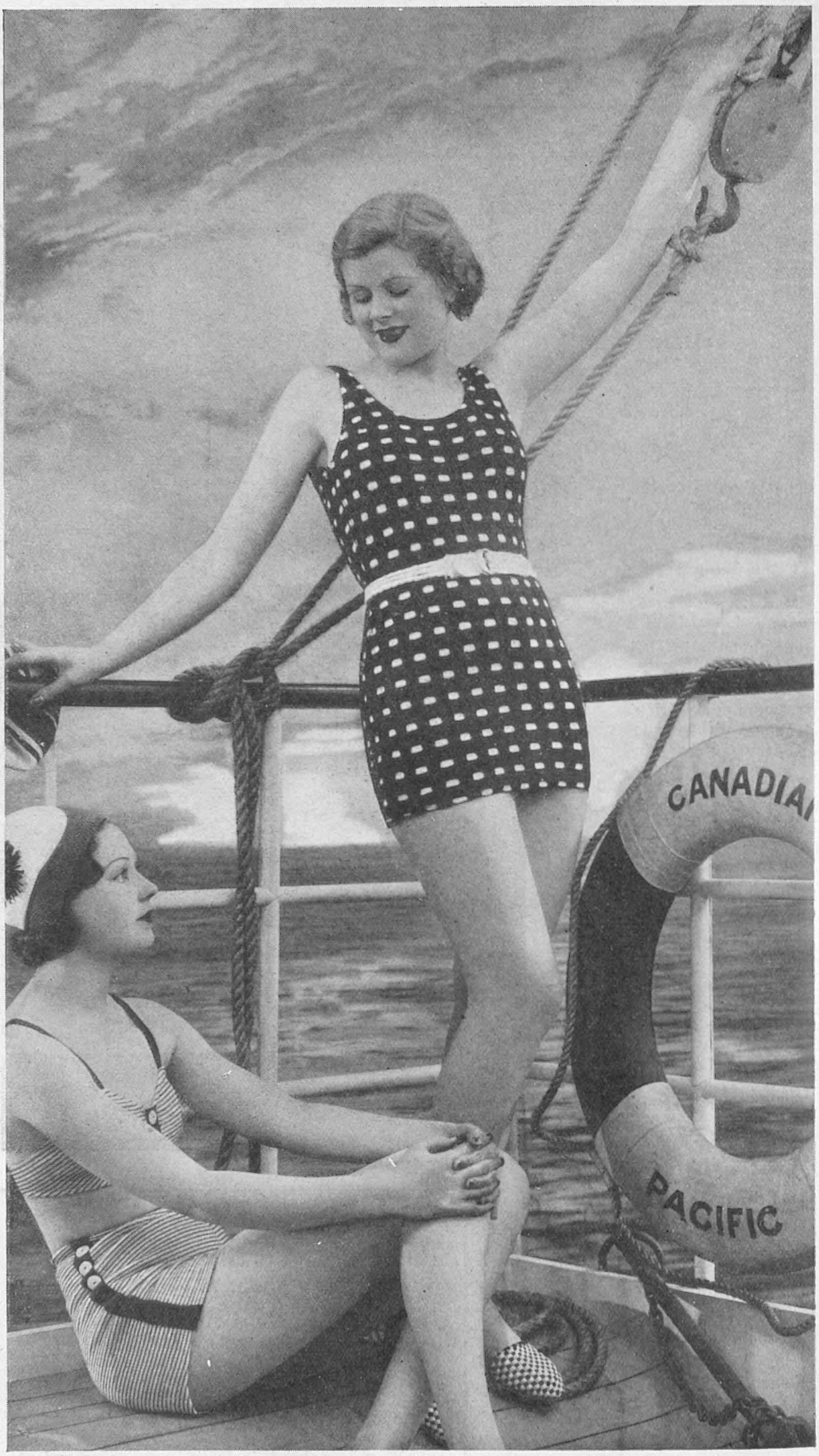

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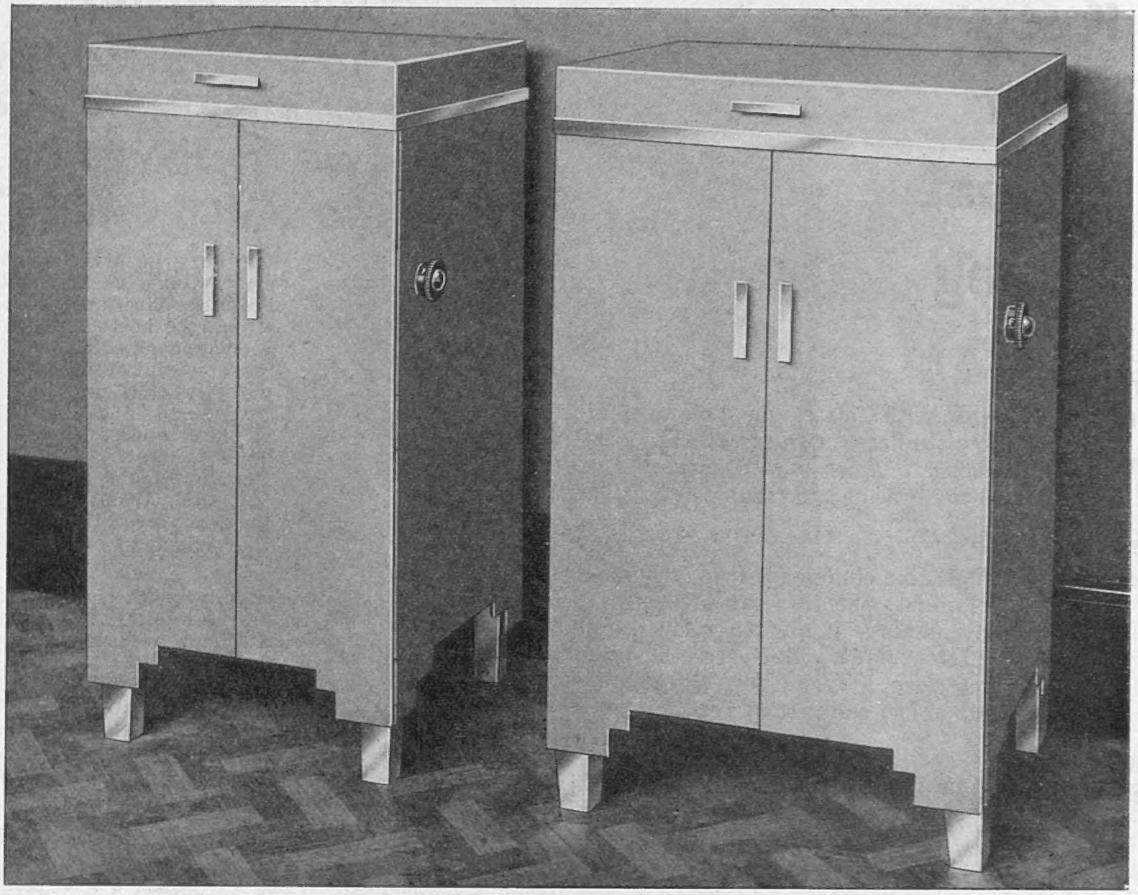

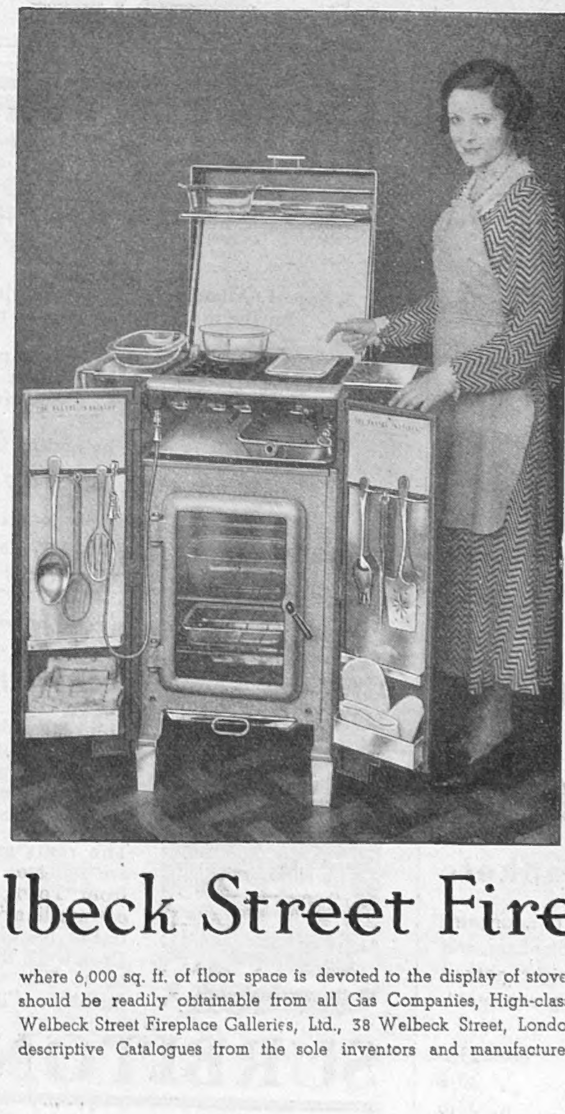

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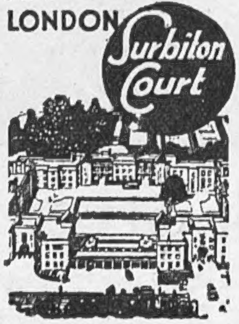

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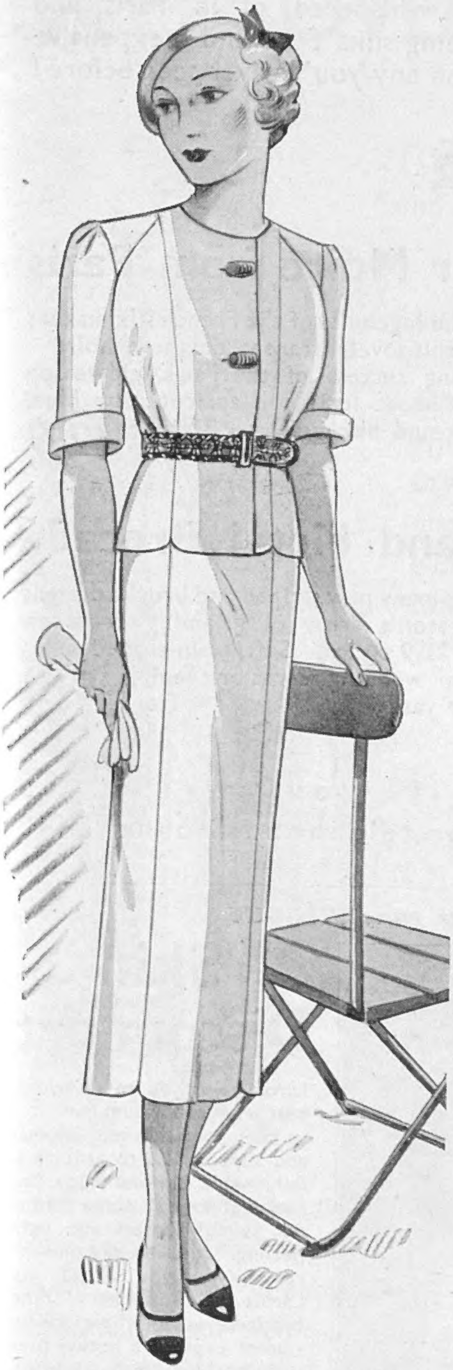

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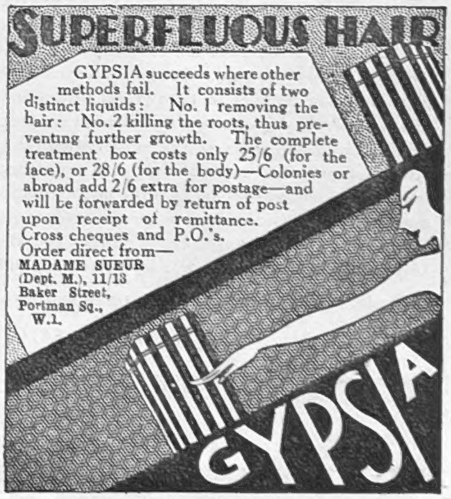

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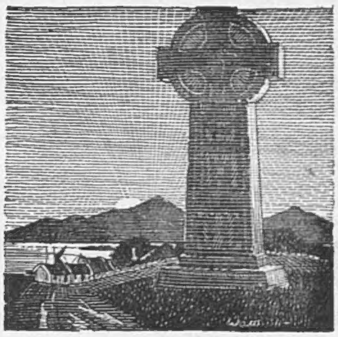

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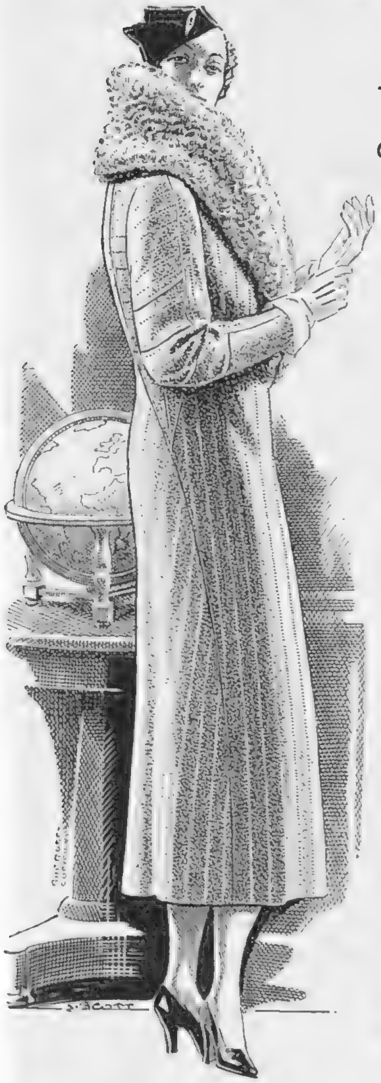

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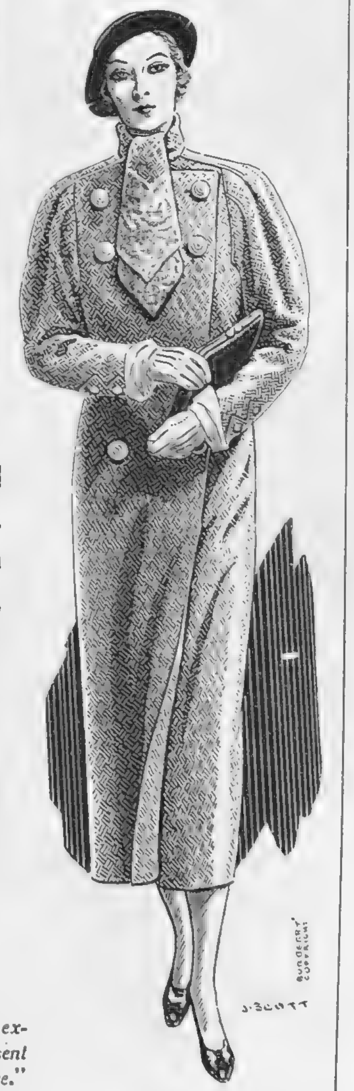

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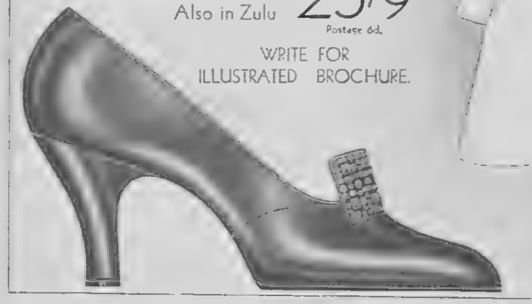

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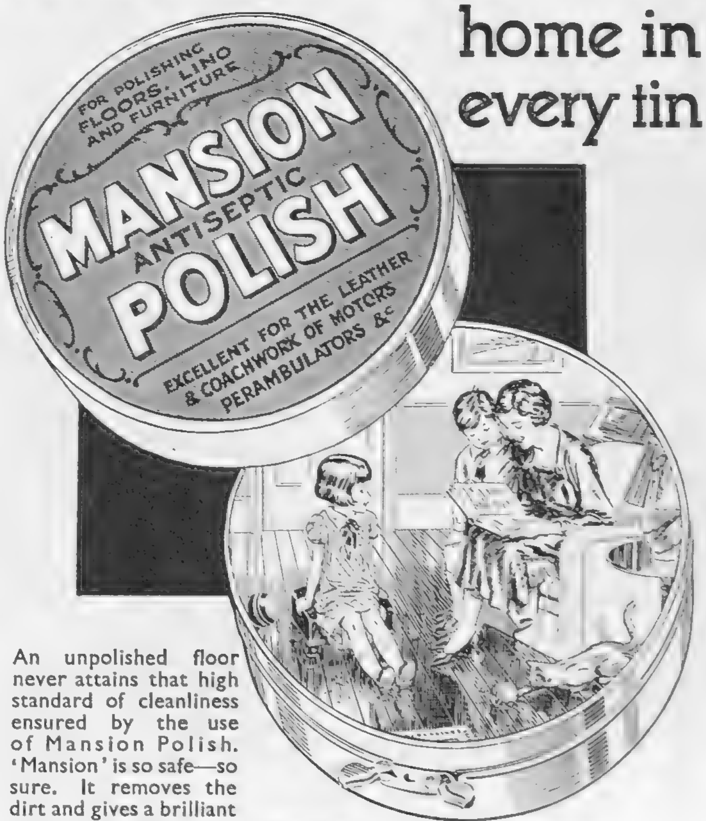
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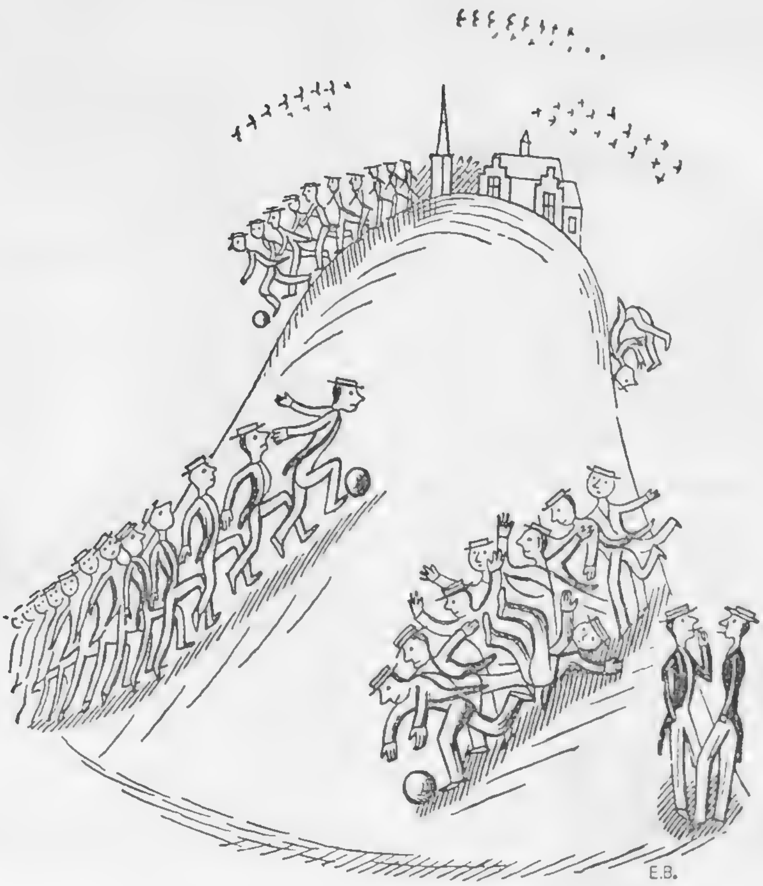


*HARROW-ON-THE-HILL*

*BUT*

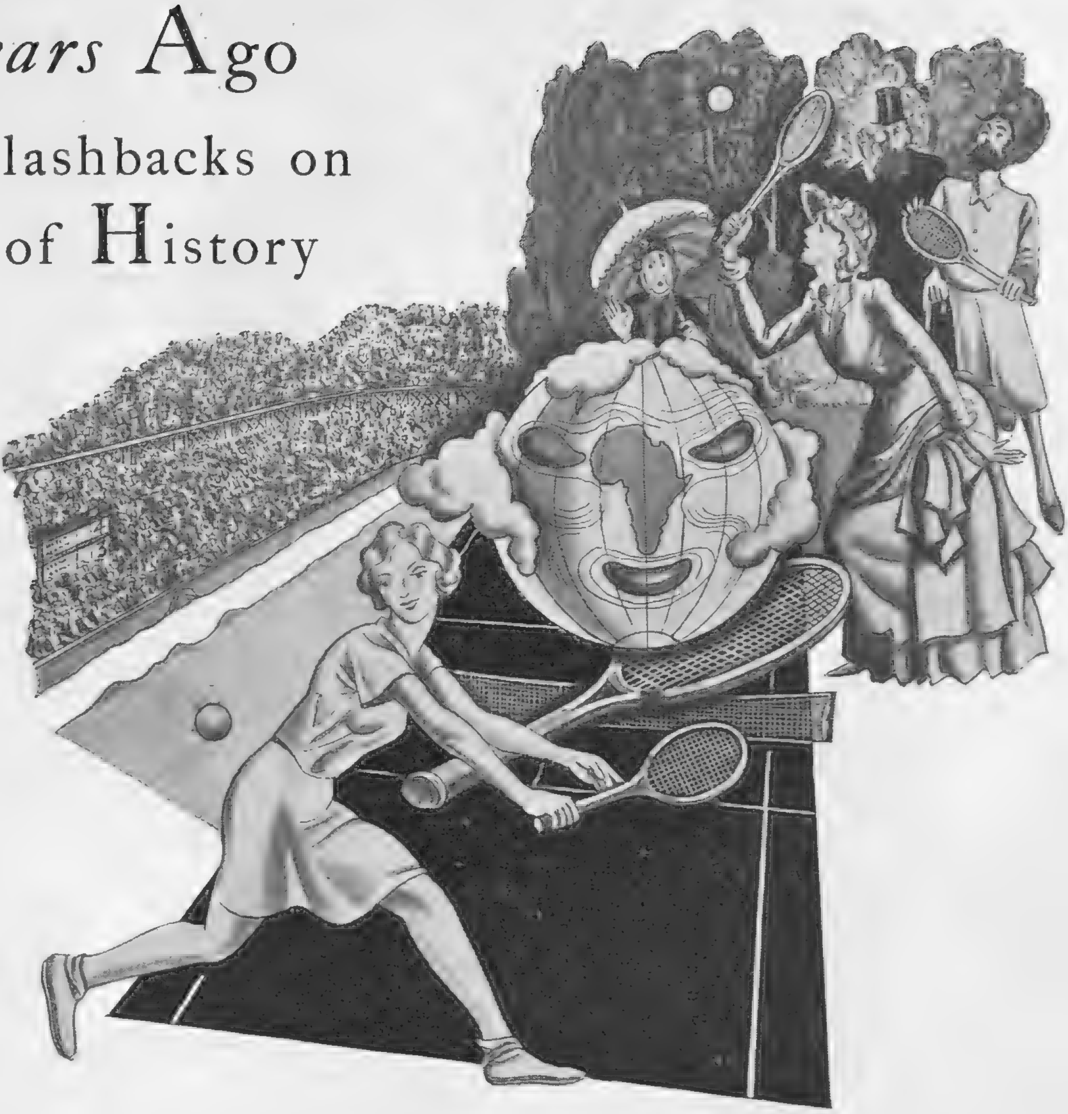
SHELL ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

# Fifty *Years* Ago
# Dramatic Flashbacks on the Screen of History

## *No. 6*

## *This Tennis Madness*



HALF a century ago Wimbledon, with its present-day population of sixty thousand, closely resembled a village, and it was on some vacant land there, by the side of the London and South Western Railway, that the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club literally pitched its tent for the first time some few years previously, and in 1877 held its first championship meeting, which has continued, with the exceptions of 1915–1918, ever since.

There were a few lawn tennis players fifty years ago who not only played the game but were sufficiently interested to watch others play it, and two or three hundred enthusiasts, at a generous estimate, wandered down to Wimbledon to watch the championships. These were not of sufficient importance to merit more than a line or two of space giving the results of the men's singles and doubles in the daily press—women's play then was not considered worthy of a championship—while the illustrated weekly press completely ignored the event. There were no overseas players, and the only touch appertaining to modern times was that the challenger for the championship, H. L. Lawford, played in knickerbockers!

As for the game in general, the number of open tournaments which were held throughout the country numbered about six, and lawn tennis clubs were few and far between.

AND now, fifty years later. The old Wimbledon ground in Worple Road is no more and the new one, capable of holding thirty thousand spectators, is already too small to contain the crowds clamouring for admittance to witness the prowess of players attracted by the championships—not, be it observed, the World's Championships in name—from all parts of the earth. The Press, previously so reticent, now devotes columns and columns of gossip and reports about the game and players of the game not only during the championships but all the year round. Special correspondents from distant countries hasten to Wimbledon and keep the cables busy, while the unexpected defeat of a champion is featured as boldly on the London posters as the fall of a government.

The capture of the Davis Cup, that emblem of international supremacy, which England achieved last year after two decades, secured an entry from thirty-three nations, and Wimbledon accommodation will be strained to breaking point this year when the challenge round is played there at the end of July.

Nor are the women considered of little account nowadays. They figure boldly in the championships and in the Wightman Cup contests between England and America. Not only the strokes and technique but, even more, the personalities of the women players appear of deep interest to the man in the street.

THE six open tournaments of 1884 have increased almost thirty-fold; lawn tennis clubs continue to spring up, while on the lower social scale it is estimated that over half a million of clubless inhabitants of Great Britain play the game in the public parks.

The whole world is lawn-tennis mad. Where will that madness lead to in another fifty years?

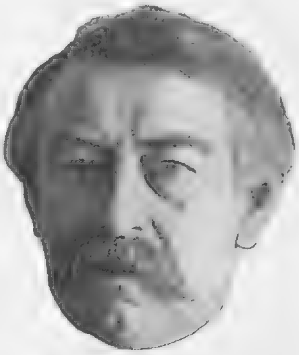
# 20 YE

**MR. ASQUITH** introduced his Home Rule Bill not excluding the Four Protestant counties

**CARPENTIER** was the idol of the boxing fans

Below: **MRS. PANKHURST** in the arms of a policeman. Her followers looked upon her more as saint than human

## *A Close-up of that Last London Season before the War. In what respects have we changed—are we any better off to-day in reading our Fate than we were then?*



**ARISTIDE BRIAND** French cabinets fell regularly over budgetary difficulties. M. Briand ruled the Chamber

**MR. LLOYD GEORGE** was execrated for his carefully evolved policy of increasing the income tax to 1/3 on incomes over £1,000

"The Gathering Clouds"
"Nearing the End"
"The Last Hope of Peace"
"Close the Ranks"
"War or Peace with Honour"

**PRINCIPAL** headlines in "The Times" in the latter half of July, 1914. They referred to Ireland

"ONE of the brightest seasons ever known, though people have been eating and drinking less," decided the national daily as Cowes and Goodwood drew within visible distance. "The only blot on the landscape is the compulsory closing down of restaurants at 12.30 a.m."

And that was substantially true; 1914 had been a memorable and exciting affair (the London season, that is) up to the end of June when the above was penned. People pretended they had no money to spare and that they were already the new poor, but what nonsense that was—about as accurate as the Court cancelling two of its three State Balls on the plea of retrenchment when everyone knew the real reason quite well, namely, that feeling had been so worked up over the Irish question that people in political opposition preferred not to meet one another.

Yes, the Spring and Summer of 1914 were to stand out for a whole string of reasons: the explosive extremes of weather, the Tetrarch, the wild women Militants burning and slashing, the sumptuous receptions attuned to an operatic and

# ARS AGO

*THE King presenting the Association Football Cup to the captain of the Burnley team, winners in 1914*

*ANNA PAVLOVA was at the peak of her fame*

Top of page:
*THE PRINCE OF WALES inspecting the Australian cadets at the Duke of York's School, Chelsea*

*THE Cambridge crew of 1914. They won the race that year by 4½ lengths*

## By
## Ferdinand Tuohy

ballet season without compare, Hamel looping with beauty and Carpentier conquering the same, and Nijinsky and Caruso, and Entente Cordiale embraces and the sports apotheosis and ragtime dance dementia, not to mention the "robbing the rich" Budget and strikes and Labour troubles and the Constitutional Crisis involving the King and culminating, in sultry July, in Galloper Smith and "King" Carson and Dictator John Redmond the First . . . . yes, indeed, an interlude among few.

By the time the real hectic ten weeks had got under way—May to July—one or two things had already supervened which were destined deeply to suffuse ensuing months. One does not so much refer to the M.C.C. juggernauting over poor South Africa or to Burnley winning the Cup or Cambridge the Boat Race (4½ lengths) as to General Gough's Curragh officers holding up the Constitution for the first time in 200 years by refusing service against Ulster. In March and April that led to sensation on sensation, nor was the tension lessened by Mr. Asquith clinching matters by introducing his Home Rule Bill *not* excluding the Four Protestant Counties or by Mr. Lloyd George following up with his "hitting the plutes" Finance Bill. How the little Welsh wizard was execrated for his carefully evolved policy of increasing the income tax to 1s. 3d. in the £ on incomes over £1,000 by "gross and unfounded attacks

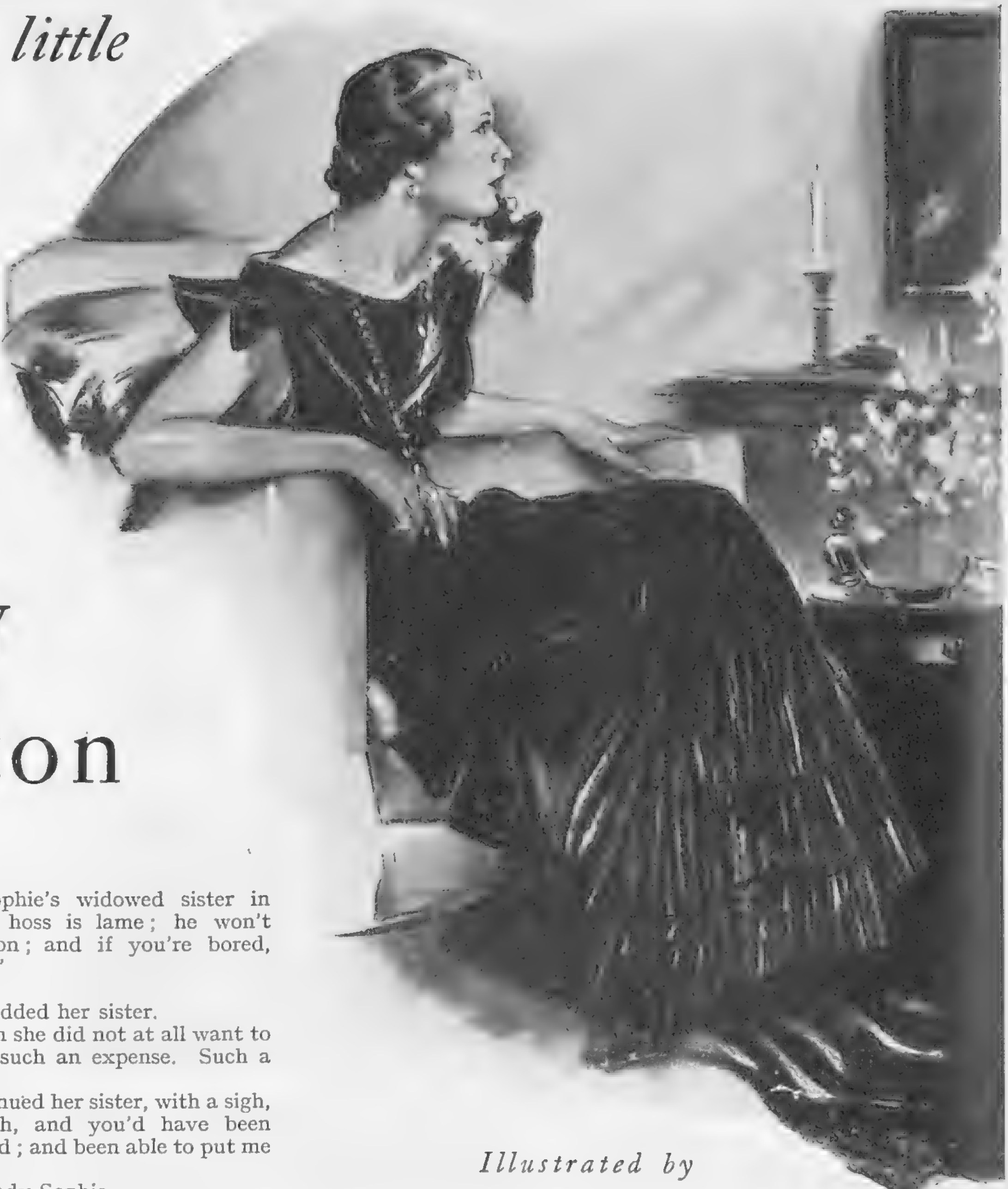
(*Continued on page* 112)

*A GIRL of 15, Suzanne Lenglen has just won the French women's lawn tennis championship, and she may yet win the English one too*

# They *want to be* Happy

## *—And in the end, thanks to a little feminine strategy, they were . . .*

### By May Edginton



*Illustrated by Albert Bailey*

"WELL," said Lady Sophie's widowed sister in Gloucestershire, "the hoss is lame; he won't hunt again this season; and if you're bored, you'd better go home."

"I will," said Lady Sophie.

"And go abroad or something," added her sister.

"I will," said Lady Sophie, though she did not at all want to go abroad alone. Such a trouble; such an expense. Such a to-do.

"If you'd married William," continued her sister, with a sigh, "he wouldn't have expected much, and you'd have been mounted properly all the season round; and been able to put me up sometimes, too."

"Once bitten, twice shy," said Lady Sophie.

BY combining their resources, Lady Sophie and her sister were able to hunt exactly one day a week each, from the sister's minute hunting box in Gloucestershire. On Mondays Lady Sophie took the horse out; and on Thursdays, if the meet were not too far away, her sister had him.

There was the hunt ball also, in Gloucestershire, but dancing was no longer very much fun.

Regularly, there were certain staid festivities arranged for a New Year which always promised to be much like the Old Year; and which conscientiously fulfilled this somewhat arid expectation.

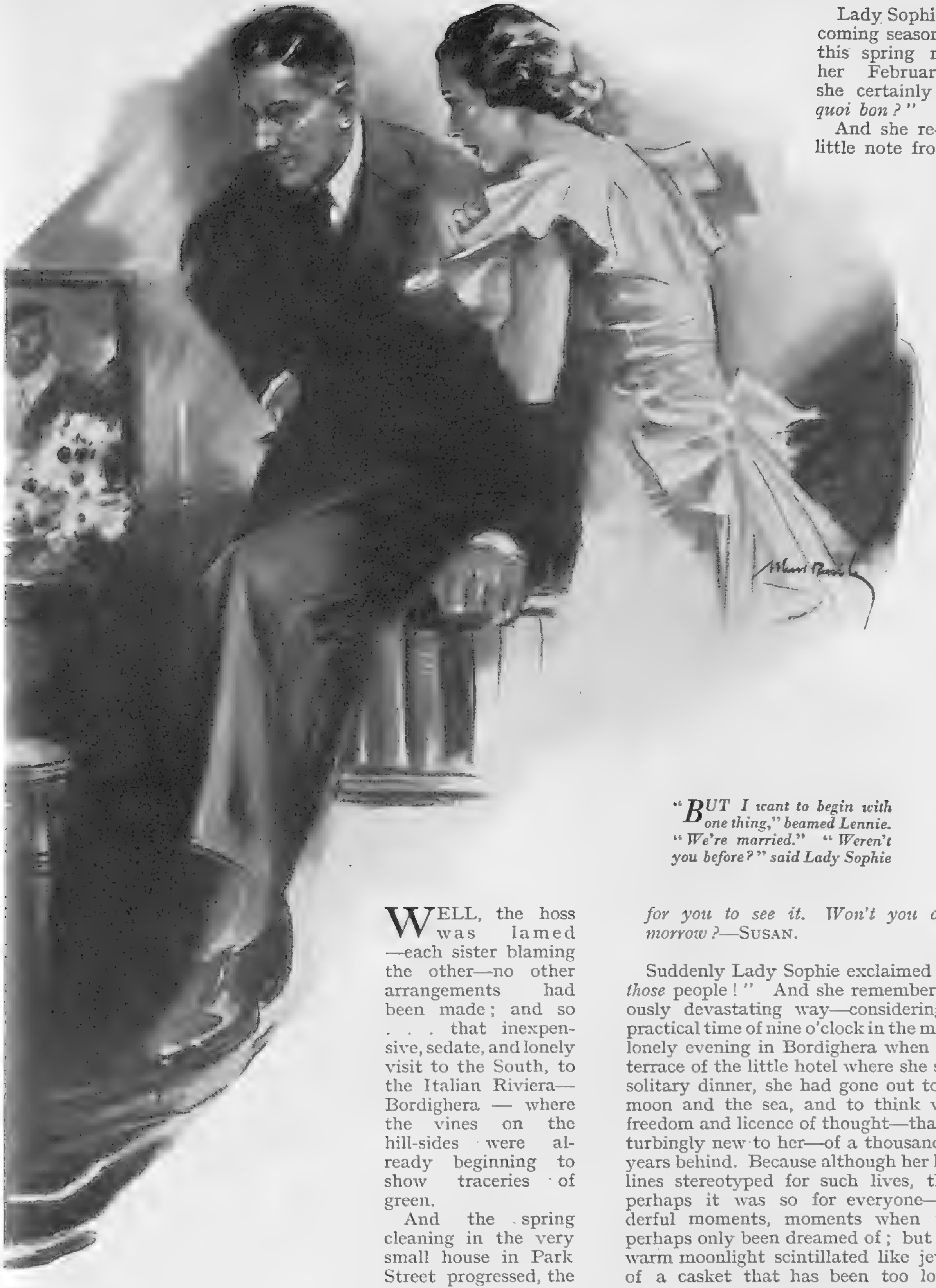
Lady Sophie could easily remember—for the years flew so quickly that each seemed but a short while ago—when this or that country house visit was always fraught with all kinds of possibilities and chances; when all the autumn days were adventurous following upon seasons which had been just as adventurous; leading to vivid romping balls at Christmas, and on to springs crammed with still more breathlessly beautiful promises.

Year like that had succeeded year like that, until somehow the time had come when she entertained frugally in her little house in Park Street only because it was her custom and her duty, and not because she found any new thrill, any sweet savour, in it.

She entertained visiting Transatlantic *élite*, and important visiting Europeans, and of course all her old friends, and sometimes a lot of the new young things; and sometimes she entertained politically and with an effort at old-time splendour—for the Party.

Of course, there had been the usual events in Lady Sophie's life, the events that one hoped would lead to thrilling feminine triumphs; only in her heart she had known these were not triumphs; they held no thrill. They had just been things she had done like other girls. . . .

Coming out; and being presented at Court; and getting married. . . .



"*BUT I want to begin with one thing," beamed Lennie. "We're married." "Weren't you before?" said Lady Sophie*

WELL, the hoss was lamed—each sister blaming the other—no other arrangements had been made; and so . . . that inexpensive, sedate, and lonely visit to the South, to the Italian Riviera—Bordighera — where the vines on the hill-sides were already beginning to show traceries of green.

And the spring cleaning in the very small house in Park Street progressed, the very small staff preparing for next May, when another of those abortive seasons would begin. The very small staff showed gleeful and surprising avidity for all events, but then it comprised only — in these reduced times — two young persons, who could sometimes be heard giggling happily behind the baize door that led to the kitchen quarters which were, alas ! all too near.

That was the worst of life nowadays—kitchen and drawing-room all jumbled together ; that, and the difficulty of getting your friends to lend you a horse now and then.

True—as the other widow, her sister, was too apt to suggest —there was William ; there always had been William.

But once bitten, twice shy.

WHEN Lady Sophie opened her correspondence on an April morning, she found a little note signed " Susan."

Spring had come radiantly again after that disappointing half-season's hunting, which had been preceded by the usual early autumn of old-fashioned and tedious country house visiting.

Lady Sophie did not intend to funk the coming season, but as she sat up in bed this spring morning some weeks after her February visit to Bordighera, she certainly wondered to herself " *A quoi bon ?* "

And she re-read again languidly that little note from Susan.

Who was Susan ?

She was easily not one of the few nieces who sometimes played small parts in Lady Sophie's life, making her feel unbearably old ; and the address at the head of her letter certainly suggested that she was not even one of Lady Sophie's circle of social acquaintances ; because, unlike many people nowadays, Lady Sophie knew and remembered the names of all her acquaintances.

The address was a funny one, somewhere out in one of the outer suburbs apparently—really a most complicated place to live in—100c, Canlight Road, Muswell Hill.

The letter showed a certain disarming simple charm ; saying :

*Dear Lady Sophie,*

*In February you said that you would come to dinner with Lennie and me.*

*We are here in the loveliest flat of our very own, which we have furnished, and we long for you to see it. Won't you come and dine at 7.30 to-morrow ?*—SUSAN.

Suddenly Lady Sophie exclaimed to herself aloud : " Oh, it's *those* people ! " And she remembered in a quaintly, incongruously devastating way—considering that the time was the practical time of nine o'clock in the morning—a certain warm and lonely evening in Bordighera when the moon had come to the terrace of the little hotel where she stayed, and when, after her solitary dinner, she had gone out to the terrace to look at the moon and the sea, and to think with a peculiar and lovely freedom and licence of thought—that was fascinatingly and disturbingly new to her—of a thousand happy events back in the years behind. Because although her life had been lived along the lines stereotyped for such lives, there were inevitably—and perhaps it was so for everyone—hidden memories of wonderful moments, moments when things had happened, or perhaps only been dreamed of ; but which unexpectedly in that warm moonlight scintillated like jewels taken one by one out of a casket that has been too long and too foolishly put away.

" Elizabeth," said Lady Sophie, when her young house-parlourmaid came in to remove the tray—finding, to her surprise, her mistress, whose habits were usually timed like a clock, not yet gone to her bath, " Elizabeth, I'm dining out to-night. Order the car."

" Susan," then, was the reason why, ten hours later, Lady Sophie, in the car she sometimes hired for big occasions, and would certainly hire for this expedition out into the unknown, set out for Muswell Hill.

AS Lady Sophie's hired car turned into strange quiet streets, she had to keep reminding herself that she always kept her engagements, or she might have ordered the chauffeur to turn back. For she suffered from a reluctance to adventure further that was like a *malaise*. It seemed so utterly unnecessary an exertion, at her time of life, to trouble about two young nonentities almost unknown to her.

Yet Lady Sophie's time of life was barely fifty.

It felt more because so much heartbreak, so much disappointment, so much monotony—following so many dreams—had tenanted it.

"This would be the place, my lady," said the chauffeur, doubtfully, at the open door of the car.

Lady Sophie looked out and saw a smallish villa—in a row—unlighted save for the top floor windows—and they were very gay.

"Ring the bell and make sure," she directed.

But her direction was never carried out, for two faces, within, pressed darkly against one of the lighted windows and disappeared again; and in less time than one would imagine people could run downstairs, a very young man and very young woman were beside the car.

"Oh, here you are!" they cried together in the rich exuberant tones of youth.

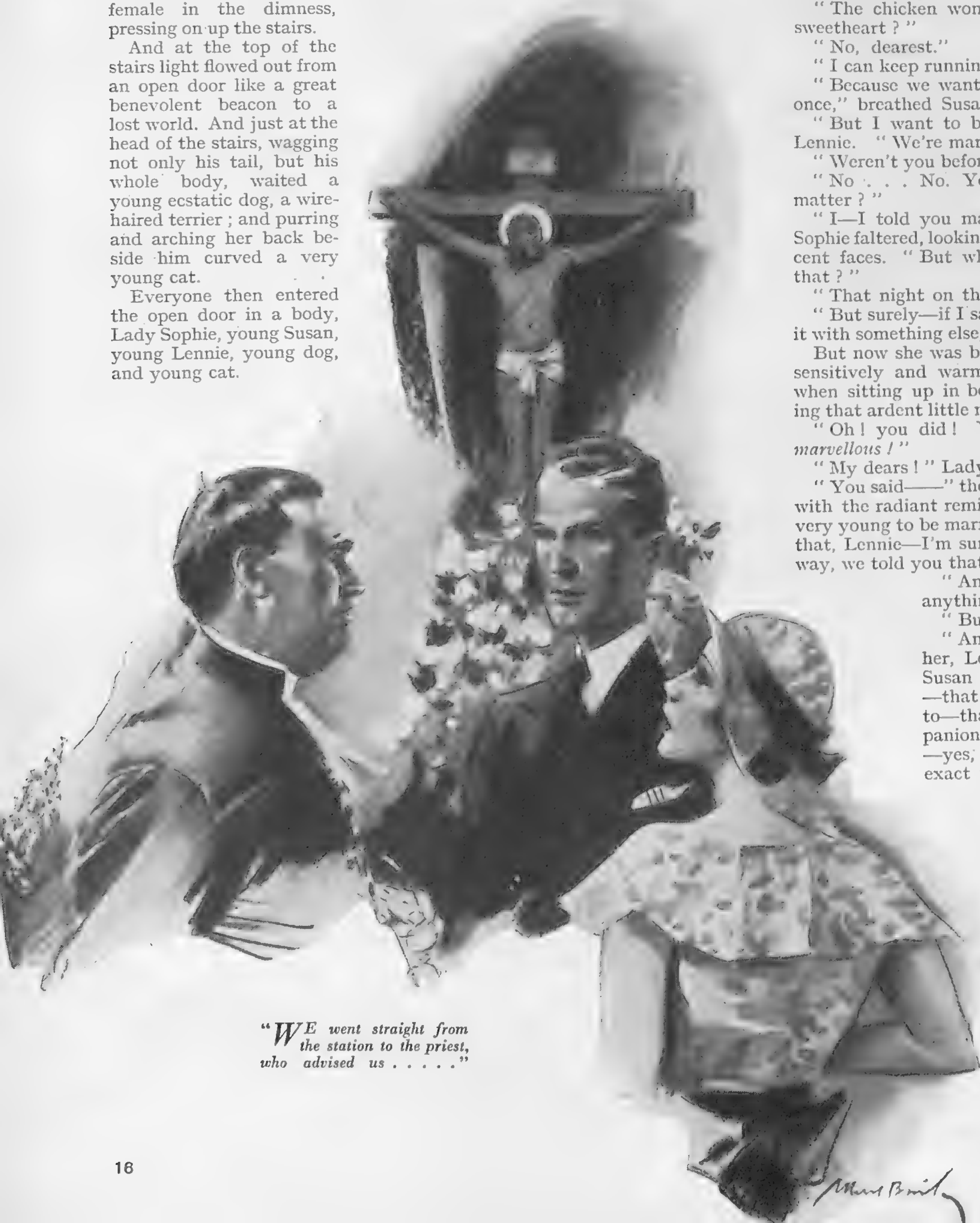
Lady Sophie conjured a smile to her lips, folded her velvet wrap about her, stepped out, and said graciously, "Well, this is very, very nice indeed."

"It's lovely!" cried the young female warmly in the darkness; and in the darkness the young man took Lady Sophie by the arm, crying, "It's *wonderful!*" and they ushered her within and began to walk her up such small stairs—not, however, before she had seen the painted drainpipe for umbrellas in the hall; and the linoleum and the nastiest thing in wallpapers.

"We have the whole top floor!" cried the young female in the dimness, pressing on up the stairs.

And at the top of the stairs light flowed out from an open door like a great benevolent beacon to a lost world. And just at the head of the stairs, wagging not only his tail, but his whole body, waited a young ecstatic dog, a wire-haired terrier; and purring and arching her back beside him curved a very young cat.

Everyone then entered the open door in a body, Lady Sophie, young Susan, young Lennie, young dog, and young cat.



"*WE went straight from the station to the priest, who advised us . . . .*"

And the door was shut upon the whole of the outside world, showing it plainly how it did not matter.

Lady Sophie's wrap was in the hands of Lennie, and spirited away, while she gazed around the room, and the young Susan gazed at her.

It was a sitting-room of incomparable charm; with home-made bookcases, and home-made cushions, and lots of flowers; and a little table set for three drawn up to a roaring fire.

Then Lennie returned from wherever he had put the velvet wrap, and also stood and gazed at Lady Sophie.

Susan spoke first:

"You are the first visitor."

"You had to be the first," said Lennie, with a passionate conviction.

"This is very, very sweet of you," said Lady Sophie, "but I'm sure I don't deserve it. I mean . . . but why?"

For hadn't they mothers, aunts, brothers, boy and girl friends who came long before a stranger lady of nearly fifty? "Let me see," thought Lady Sophie, "what was their story?"

And they both answered together:

"Because of all you did for us at Bordighera."

But because she really didn't quite remember what she could have done for them, Lady Sophie only answered sweetly:

"Oh, my dears!"

"The soup won't spoil, will it, darling?" said Lennie to Susan.

"No, darling."

"The chicken won't be ready quite yet, will it, sweetheart?"

"No, dearest."

"I can keep running out to see."

"Because we want to tell you all about it all at once," breathed Susan to Lady Sophie.

"But I want to begin with one thing," beamed Lennie. "We're married!"

"Weren't you before?" said Lady Sophie.

"No . . . No. You remember telling us it didn't matter?"

"I—I told you marriage didn't matter?" Lady Sophie faltered, looking at their beautiful, happy, innocent faces. "But when did I tell you a thing like that?"

"That night on the terrace—at Bordighera."

"But surely—if I said such a thing—I—I palliated it with something else," faltered Lady Sophie, aghast.

But now she was beginning to remember far more sensitively and warmly than she had remembered when sitting up in bed over a breakfast tray reading that ardent little note from Susan.

"Oh! you did! You did! You were perfectly *marvellous!*"

"My dears!" Lady Sophie protested.

"You said——" they began, helping each other out with the radiant reminiscence—"you said we looked very young to be married, and we said—no, you said that, Lennie—I'm sure I left it to you, Susan—anyway, we told you that we weren't!

"And you said, 'Ah, well, what does anything matter except love?"

"But!" Lady Sophie cried faintly.

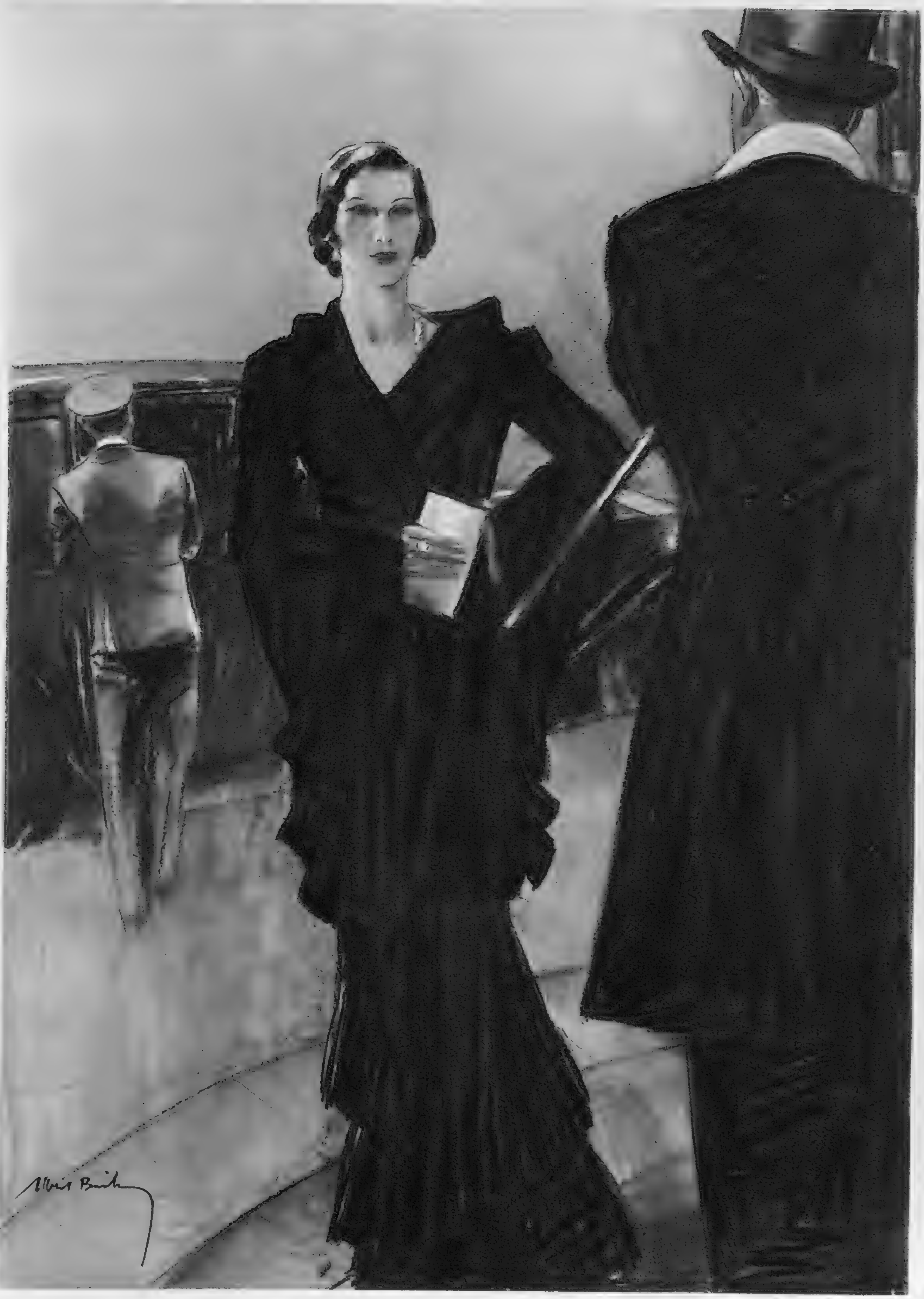
"And we explained—I explained to her, Lennie—yes, I remember it was Susan who told you, Lady Sophie——that we weren't—er—hadn't begun to—that it was experimental—companionate — platonic — and you said—yes, Susan reminded me of your exact words only this morning just as we woke up——"

"Just as we woke up," Susan confirmed hastily, blushing.

"You said, when *we* said it was only platonic and experimental—then *you* said, '*Oh, what a pity!*'"

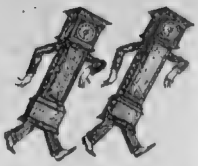
"I remember," said Lady Sophie; and indeed, now, she did remember. There was the warm and moonlit night of early spring; there behind the terrace rested the romantic little hotel; there on the terrace were two young people violently in love—and a middle-aged woman whose hoss—

(*Continued on page 122*)



*UPON her doorstep stood a burly and somewhat impatient figure in evening clothes, with a silk hat at the back of his head; knocking and ringing. . . .*

# The March *of* Time



*You can get her gown now*

## They 've just told me—

THERE 'S only one Scotsman at **Scotland Yard**—his name is Lauder. . . . Are the **Fairbanks - Pickford** transatlantic telephone make-up talks publicity stunts for Douglas's ironically titled film, " Exit Don Juan," and Mary's proposed " legitimate " return to the New York Stage ? . . . In order for there to be a real **London drought**, every Londoner would have to take a brimming bath at the same moment. . . . A record price has been mentioned as Andrew Mellon's offer to pay **Augustus John** £10,000 for a painting of him. . . . Among my Irony Notes : that a nominee for the new Ministry of Culture in Germany has been a **certified lunatic** ! . . . Also that in 1934 " Who 's Who " we still find among the **World's Worthiest** the name of Samuel Insull ! Will it be dropped in '35 ? . . . Latest style forecasting is the Hollywood Department in big department stores, reproducing exact models of the **gowns worn by stars** in their latest pictures. . . .

France, creeping up on America in the big Racket Race with Marseilles as the local Chicago, has the **Best Crime of the Month** with this one : a beautiful girl buys several hundred pounds' worth of jewellery at a fashionable shop. Starting to pay with cash, she finds herself lacking, say, £100. So she asks the jeweller to have one of his trusted employees accompany her home with the jewels, where, she says, she has more cash. The jeweller consents. But when the young lady and her " guard " reach " home," she turns to the white-coated man who answers the door and says wistfully, " Here he is, Doctor," whereupon two husky attendants seize the jeweller and put him in a padded cell. For " home " is a private nursing home where the day before the girl has made arrangements to bring her insane brother, whose sole persecution is that his sister is trying to steal jewels from him ! Then the Bright Young Thing goes off with the boodle !

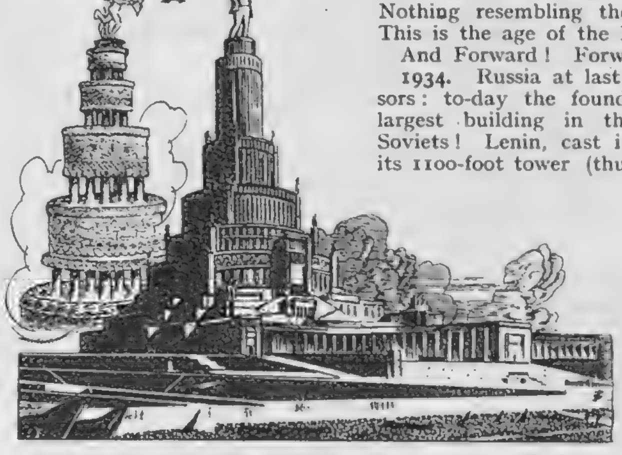
THEY 'VE just told me, too, that all those magazines sold in the threepenny-sixpenny stores were started by an **enterprising girl** of twenty-two named Catherine

## Back to the Czars

A GREEK professor I once had said to me of history : " It moves in circles : from anarchy to democracy, democracy to oligarchy, oligarchy to plutocracy, plutocracy to monarchy, and from monarchy back to anarchy. What is true of Governments may also be true of great movements in art, culture, all life."

More philosophic than accurate, my old professor nevertheless scores a point in my memory now when I glance at the illustration of the Palace of the Soviets, reproduced here. It is an amazing boomerang. But let us envision it the way the Russians do :

**1917.** Revolution. The Royal Family murdered. The palaces of the tyrannical capitalists fired and pillaged, the very walls of which remind the Liberated Masses of the coarsest, most decadent and artless figures of Bourgeoisie.



*Wedding of the Czars and Bolshies. . . .*

" From now on," said they, " we will have a new world. Nothing resembling the old regimé will be tolerated. This is the age of the Machine ! "

And Forward ! Forward for seventeen years until—

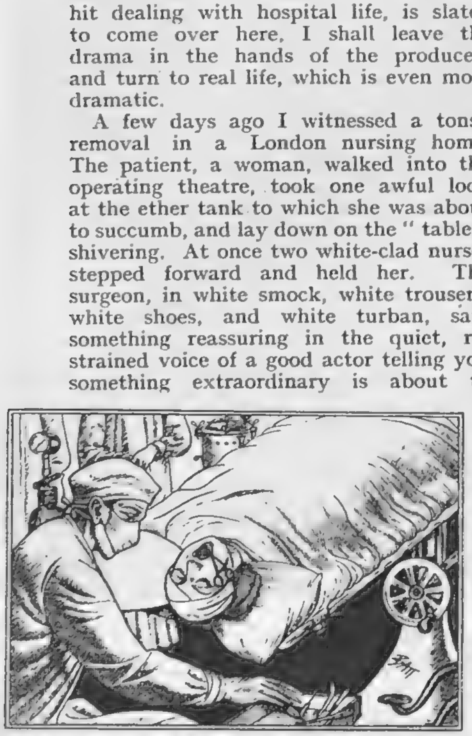
**1934.** Russia at last rises literally above her oppressors : to-day the foundations are laid for the tallest, largest building in the world ! The Palace of the Soviets ! Lenin, cast in bronze, rising 260 feet above its 1100-foot tower (thus beating the New York Empire State Building by more than a hundred feet). Here in this Palace (the mere word used to be intolerable) are great halls to seat 26,000 Soviets seeking the culture of the theatre, the radio, the cinema, and the 500,000 books which are all housed in this great " Radio Centre."

" Citizens of the United States of Soviet Republics," we can imagine the proud

## Reproduction of Death

I REPRODUCE here an illustration of an operating theatre. It strikes me as being one of the most dramatic " stage sets " one could ever find. But since " Men in White," a Broadway hit dealing with hospital life, is slated to come over here, I shall leave the drama in the hands of the producers and turn to real life, which is even more dramatic.

A few days ago I witnessed a tonsil removal in a London nursing home. The patient, a woman, walked into the operating theatre, took one awful look at the ether tank to which she was about to succumb, and lay down on the " table," shivering. At once two white-clad nurses stepped forward and held her. The surgeon, in white smock, white trousers, white shoes, and white turban, said something reassuring in the quiet, restrained voice of a good actor telling you something extraordinary is about to happen ; then he turned to his assistant and they stood whispering. A moment later the anæsthetist, also completely in white, stepped forward, something in hand ; the woman squirmed ; gently, firmly, barely glancing at the wide, tortured eyes of the face staring up at him, he lowered a big cone over her nose and mouth. At the same time I became aware of a steady, increasing hissing of escaping gas.



*Does Gilbert Miller know about this?*

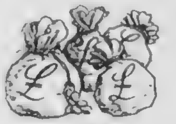
" NO ! " the woman called out.

A moment later she was " dead " to the world.

The nearest reproduction of death that one could witness, the losing of consciousness by ether is even more terrifying than it is dramatic. Many people who should " go under the knife " put off their operations for years rather than take ether. They cannot bear the sense of suffocation. Women, I have noticed, particularly hate it.

But now, I have just heard, we can reproduce death without any pain whatsoever. No more ether. No more oxygen or nitrogen. No awful cone over the face. Just a simple pin-prick of a hypodermic needle in the crook of the arm—and 15 to 30 seconds later the patient is completely unconscious. This new invention has already been tested. In a few months it is hoped it will be generally on the market. So I give you its name—for your next operation !—EVIPAN.

## Long Live



*We give gold . . .*

FROM now until June 15—that is the Red Letter Day, by which I mean the day we are supposed to go " in the red " to America for £18,000,000—you may be sure we shall hear a great deal about that old and jagged saw, The War Debt.

Twice a year this Bugbear has haunted us for twelve years. Every " pay day " we find ourselves between the Scylla and Charybdis of not having any income from the Allied debts owed to us with which, in turn, we might pay what we owe America, or, failing to do so, having to suffer the stigma of people who settle their bills on the " never-never " system.

PARTICULARLY difficult is our situation this time, when our Budget shows a surplus, for this surplus has raised, naturally, many a question and hint across the Atlantic.

" If we have all this extra £31,000,000, why don't we pay our debts ? " say the Americans.

The question is, from the point of view of anyone who knows anything about the difference between internal budgets and international budgets, so impossible that I shall pass at once from the sublime to the ridiculous with the *riposte* that it seems very silly to me to worry about paying America the Debt when the Americans are

# *By* Wilson McCarty

McNeilis. . . . Speaking of publications, the most daring I've ever seen is the new French *Minotaure*, with cover by Derain and reproductions of paintings by Braque, Picasso, Matisse, and articles on erotic symbolisms . . . even the French call it a "public danger." . . . While most spectacular of all news-reels is a full, clear "shot" of Stavisky's body being exhumed, with a pre-sequence leading up to his death in Switzerland. . . . I doubt very much it will ever be publicly shown. . . .

IN a week or two watch for the young Englishman who plans to cross the Atlantic in three days in a home-constructed speed-boat. . . . Has anyone thought of posting letters via his ship? Might be a good scheme for the stamp enthusiasts. . . . Watch also for return to power of General Balbo, Italian Air Armada commander, in struggle between him and Mussolini. . . . Forthcoming burlesque on "Anthony Adverse" is called "Romeo Reverse," author Hardly Alum, a take-off on Hervey Allen. . . . French banning "House of Rothschild"—is it a political move not to offend Germany by such a pro-Jewish story? Watch this. . . .

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backers of this scheme proclaiming, "Brothers of the Proletariat liberated from the stifling rule of the former Czars, lift your eyes to this Palace which is yours!"

And lifting their eyes, the Czar-hating citizens will gaze upon—believe it or not—a building which in architecture is so classic, so traditionally pseudo-Romanesque, so utterly unmechanistic, so exactly like the tremendous towering wedding-cake sort of architecture beloved by kings and queens, that even the Russians cannot help smiling—and to realise that somehow or other, in the turning down of the modern design submitted by Hector Hamilton because he is English-born, and substituting instead the design of their own Boris Michailovitch Yofan, somewhere here an ironic, fantastic mistake has been made.

Why has it happened? What does it point to? Consider one more amazing fact before coming to conclusions: Moscow maternity hospitals now have a radio by every bed so expectant mothers can harken to culture talks! In the words of my old Greek professor, "A little culture is a dangerous thing!"

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# the Debt!

*we get back glasses*

practically taking possession of our country, anyway!

*We're all Americans now*—

Look around you: is it not true that America is changing our national character as verily as any victor of war?

EVERY modern building we put up is an exact replica of American architecture (of the non-skyscraper type). Dozens of our great "British" companies are subsidiaries of American companies. Nearly every jazz band on our radio is either American or trying to be American. Every other entertainer in our night clubs is an American crooner or torch-singer. On every corner or two we now find springing up like mushrooms (only they're ham sandwiches instead) what we like to call SNACKBARS—but what are in franker languages nothing but American Sandwich Counters and Soda Fountains. No bright person to-day would dream of talking five minutes without exclaiming "Okay!" . . . "Hot Stuff!". . . "Is Zat So, Baby?" . . . or "Get Me, Kid!" While in business it's hardly etiquette to go to a conference without your horn-rimmed spectacles. And when it comes to speed and crime, our motor deaths and fire insurance rackets are enough to make any American proud of his new "citizenry."

BUT in all seriousness I do think the only way the man-in-the-street can regard that super-technical problem of the Debt is to view it as a just debt we do owe, which we will pay *when we can*, but which when we cannot pay we shall not use as a mud-sling against the American people, to whom we may be deeply obliged in the coming years.

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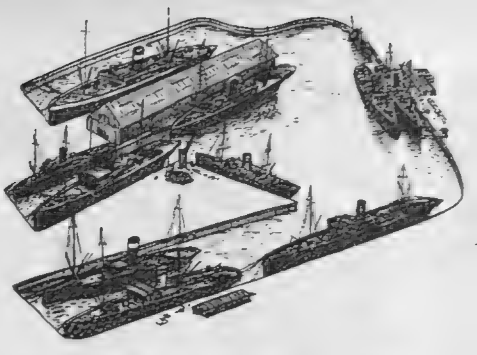
# Poor Man's Yacht



*They're living in discarded railway carriages... why not in discarded ships?*

IT'S a topsy-turvy world. Princes are living in one-room flats. Sales girls marry millionaires and become the toast of two continents overnight! Wheat and tobacco are burned by the acre, yet men are starving and unable to afford a smoke.

So perhaps the scheme that has just come to me is not so fantastic after all. It is for those who are unemployed or too poor to put a roof over their heads, to charter steamships for themselves!

A steam yacht was always the rich man's ambition. It may now become the poor man's refuge. For there is an actual proposal afoot to "salvage" the hundreds of thousands of tons of British ships which are lying wasting in every harbour of England by converting them into sort of floating County Council houses!

The shipping companies say it is an absurd, impractical scheme. They have refused to "let out" any of their idle ships to a group of poor men who have pooled their resources with the idea of taking over one of these ships and running it themselves. Or, rather, anchoring it themselves. For the plan is to anchor such a ship—of which there are hundreds in good working order, but which are too obsolete to compete with the present oceanic trade—in one of the rivers or harbours where the anchorage fees are small, live in the empty cabins, build rough but clean "dormitories" in the holds, operate the kitchen on a communal basis, and run a regular launch from ship to shore. Free of taxes, they would have a more spacious, luxurious and healthier home than many of them have known for years.

There are obviously many practical obstacles, but in any case it's a valiant thought, and I'm all for it!

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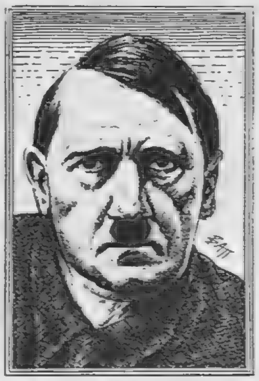
# Immortal Play



*HITLER*

*A good actor might easily trip him up*

TWO "theatrical notes" have particularly caught my eye this month:

1. Hitler prohibits any film or play in which there is either a Jewish actor, a Jewish director, or any Jewish character depicted to advantage.
2. The 300-year-old Passion Play, just opened in Oberammergau for the first time since the Nazis came to power, will not be tampered with, in spite of the fact that there have been several attempts—so far futile—to rewrite the Bible from an Aryan standpoint or, failing this, to depict Christ as a pounding militarist seeking revolution!

That the Passion Play is to escape any such pogrom is the most significantly fortunate news I have gleaned from theatrical circles in Germany to-day.

Though the reason for tolerating the internationally-attended Oberammergau is obvious, I nevertheless cannot regard it only as a matter of *noblesse oblige* and good diplomacy, but I see in it the very good meaning that it is—perhaps yet unconsciously—a triumph of Art.

To-day Art is allowed gratuitously to live its own life at Oberammergau. To-morrow the same insistence that Art is above national or racial limitations will bring back life to the German theatre which Hitler has done his best to kill by banishing the best talent in Germany because it is Jewish, and by distorting their work until every ounce of Art or true life is squeezed out of it and only an empty shell of propaganda is left.

Will it not be extraordinary if, as I largely suspect, the so-called vague, unreal, ineffectual "artist" turns out to be the very one who will trip Hitler up when, as is inevitable, the hands-off policy at Oberammergau is extended to the rest of German art?

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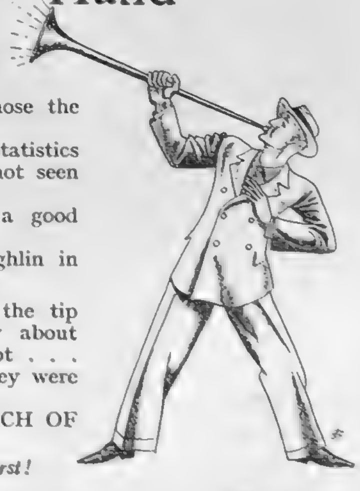
# With Trumpet in Hand



THE MARCH OF TIME points with pride to cheering excerpts from letters received from rival London editors praising its efforts to give actual news-beats* as well as to diagnose the trends of the day:

". . . Where did you get your box-office statistics on what plays are really successful? I have not seen them anywhere else."

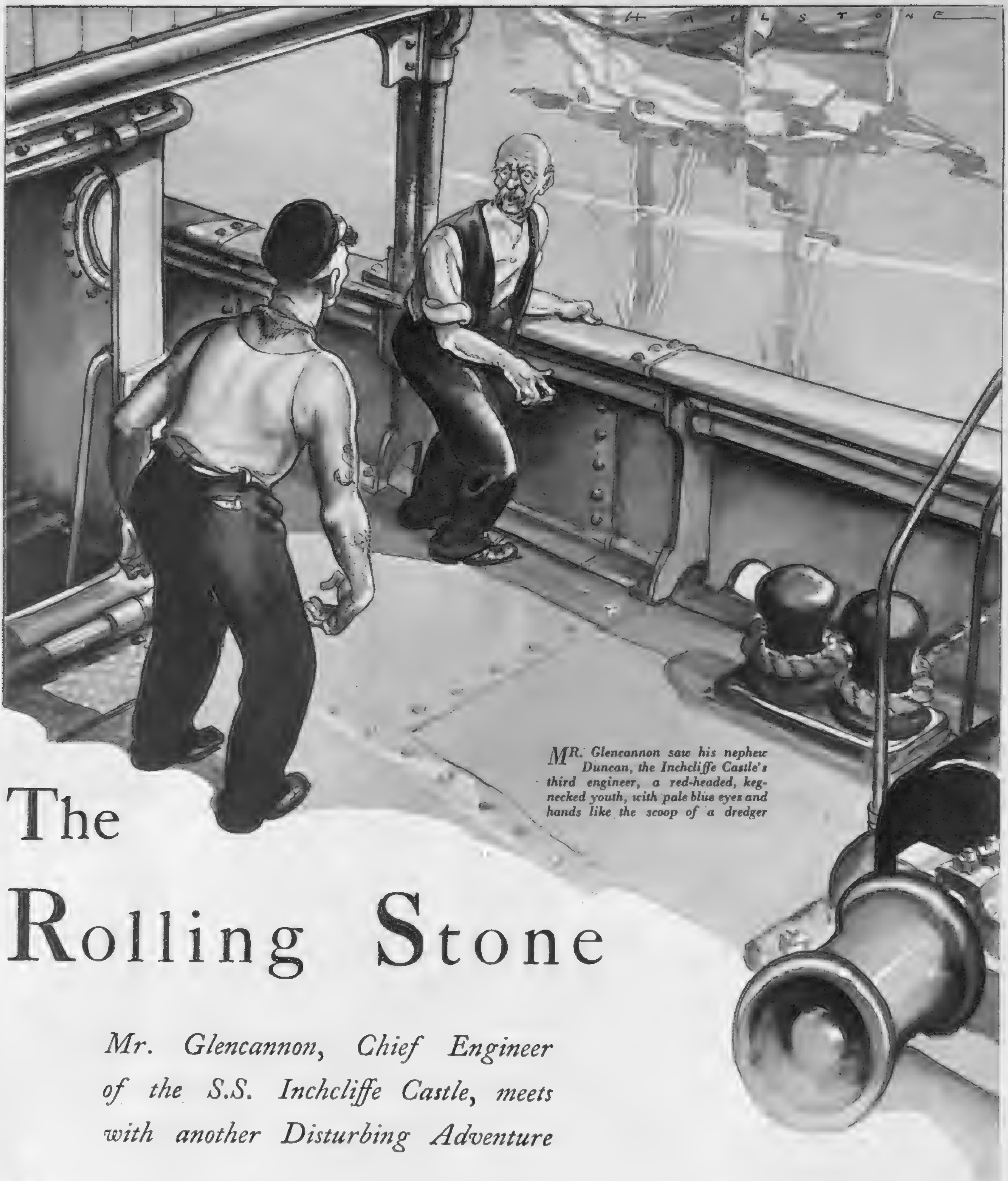
". . . Your Stavisky story in April was a good tip. . . ."

". . . I saw your story about Father Coughlin in one of the dailies *two weeks later*."

Thank you, Gentlemen! I hope you liked the tip on the Switz Spy Ring, too . . . the story about Bermuda being offered in payment of the War Debt . . . and the Marie Laurençin note. . . . I think they were beats, too.

I shall be grateful to readers of THE MARCH OF TIME for suggestions, criticisms and questions.

* *A beat is a journalist's way of saying he got there first!*



*Mr. Glencannon saw his nephew Duncan, the Inchcliffe Castle's third engineer, a red-headed, keg-necked youth, with pale blue eyes and hands like the scoop of a dredger*

# The Rolling Stone

### *Mr. Glencannon, Chief Engineer of the S.S. Inchcliffe Castle, meets with another Disturbing Adventure*

## *By* Guy Gilpatric

To students of Scotland's history and to collectors of those stirring ballads, poems and pibrochs which laud the prowess of her sons, the name Glencannon is one with which to conjure. Though the precise origin of the clan remains shrouded in the Scotch mists of antiquity, we may reasonably assume that its founder-patriarch was a shaggy barbarian who painted himself blue and who used his whiskers to filter out the tadpoles, wigglers and less animalculæ whenever he sucked up a mud-puddle, as was customary in the benighted eons before mankind bestowed upon itself the priceless boon of whisky. The earliest traceable mentions of the Clan Glencannon occur in the lays of the Gairloch minstrels, and though the patronymic is there variously rendered, the student cannot fail to be impressed by the frequency of its repetition in drinking-songs. The first individual member of whom we have record is Skene Dhu Glencannon, who in A.D. 1211 fell into a fit of piqué, brained five Englishmen with a bottle, skinned the cadavers with his dirk in the High Street of Ecclefechan, and nailed the pelts to the door of the church—a devotional gesture for which, so the chronicle tells us, his fellow pew-holders " were toe hym moſt deeplye beholden." In the year 1507 three Glencannons of Ballachulish were drawn and quartered for "ſtealing a tunn of ſpirits, the whych they dyd then and there moſt greedilye drinke, quaffe, imbybe, ſwill, ſwigg and ſwallow," and on St. Andrew's Day, 1740, one Malcolme of the ilk was pilloried and given sixty lashes "for that he did mayke a horryd noise when the Duke passed bye." Even as recently as June 12th of the current year a certain Colin Glencannon, variously describing himself as a temperance worker, a three-toed sloth, and the Dowager Queen of Roumania, but actually Chief Engineer of the s.s. *Inchcliffe Castle*, was detained at Dundas Street Police Station, Glasgow, for disorderly conduct, as the charge sheet duly attests.

Now from this last circumstance it is apparent that the Glencannon family is still actively engaged in upholding traditions established through the centuries; and so, to bring its history up to date, it is our purpose here to review the series of incidents leading to Mr. Colin Glencannon's incarceration.

LET us begin with the bright warm Mediterranean morning when the *Inchcliffe Castle*, London to Dar-es-Salaam and ports of call as ordered, headed down past L'Ahrash Point on the western tip of Malta, skirted the pile of rocky hills growing out of the sea, and swung between St. Elmo and Ricasoli into Calcara Creek, in the frowningly-fortified Grand Harbour of Valletta.

The anchor down and the engines rung off, a great and peaceful silence descended upon the ship. The accustomed rushing tumult of angry waters, the throbbing pulse-beat of mighty mechanism, the squeaks and rattles and groans of rusty riveted iron, all, all were stilled, and in their stead reigned a calm which was almost palpable, like that of Sabbath in a city.

Mr. Glencannon, perspiration dripping from his chin, emerged from the torrid depths which were his special realm, slouched to the rail and spat disconsolately over it. Before his eyes the turreted walls and rock-hewn bastions of the town reared like imperishable monuments to the Knights of the Maltese Order who had for centuries sallied forth to knock seven bells out of the Saracens. But Mr. Glencannon, if he saw Valletta at all, was less concerned with the glories and architecture of the past than with the finances of the present and future.

"Forty-seeven!" he muttered plaintively. "Aye, forty-seeven years auld today!—More than half o' life's appointed span is spun, and I'm still nowt but a rolling stone!—Twenty-eight weary years slaving in the bowels o' tromp ships, and what, oh what, do I amoont to?"

"Do ye really want to know, ye crankous auld sweer?" inquired a truculent voice behind him. "If ye do—weel, we're both off juty, so it wud give me great pleasure to tell ye straight to yere walrus face!"

Wheeling, Mr. Glencannon saw his nephew Duncan, the *Inchcliffe Castle's* Third Engineer—a red-headed, keg-necked youth with pale blue eyes and hands like the scoops of a dredger. He observed with concern that the red head and keg neck were thrust forward, that the scoop-like hands were slowly contracting into fists and that the pale blue eyes were fixed intently upon the point of his chin.

"Ah, Duncan, dear lad, what a start ye gave me!" he exclaimed, at the same time prudently edging out of range. "I was just the noo reflecting to mysel' that today's the forty-seeventh anniversurra o' my birth. Congrotulate me, Duncan, congrotulate me!"

"Congrotulate ye—what for?" snorted the nephew, emitting from between his teeth a high-pressure jet that sizzled past the clump of hairs which sprouted luxuriantly from Mr. Glencannon's left ear. "If there's any reason to congrotulate ye, it's that ye're still alive, and that's nowt to shout aboot. But noo, as I started to say, you and I are off juty, so I'll just mak' bold to osk what the heel ye meant by writing on the slate that it was my fault she primed three times during my watch the other nicht, and why ye reported yesterday to Captain Ball that..."

"Haw, tush, come come!" interrupted Mr. Glencannon, retreating still another pace. "As ye say, we're off juty the noo, so dismuss yere professional worries!—Dinna be so conscientious, lad! It's my birthday, my birthday, and..."

"And what?" Duncan took a quick step forward.

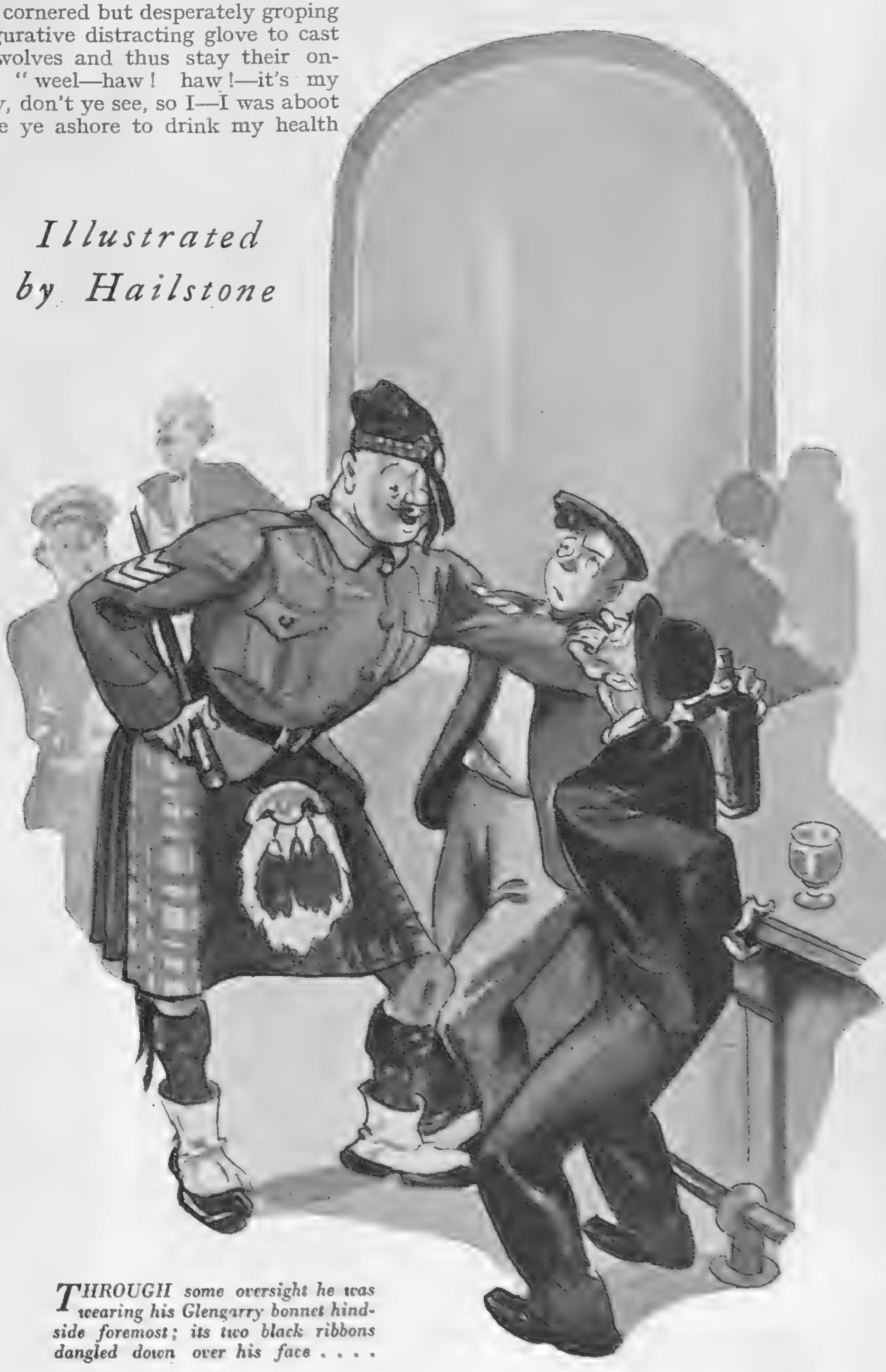
"W-w-weel," stammered Mr. Glencannon, cornered but desperately groping for a figurative distracting glove to cast to the wolves and thus stay their onslaught, "weel—haw! haw!—it's my birthday, don't ye see, so I—I was aboot to invite ye ashore to drink my health in honor o' it!" He spread his hands and smiled a smile that was fairly convincing in the middle but which petered out in palsy at the edges.

For an instant, Duncan Glencannon stood as one stunned. "Eh?" he gasped incredulously. "Ye mean ye're actually inviting me for a drink?—You, Uncle Colin?—Inviting me, meaning that ye'll pay? Why o' coorse I'll drink yere health, for yere mind's completely gone!"

Relieved at the success of his stratagem in so far as it had saved his person but smitten with dismay as he estimated the havoc it would play with his pocketbook, Mr. Glencannon relaxed dismally against the rail. "Aye, lad, we'll mak' high holiday!" he promised. "Put on yere shore clothes whilst I do the same, and then we'll hire one o' yon bum-boats to ferry us ower to town."

"Vurra weel," agreed Duncan, turning somewhat doubtfully toward his room. "I'll be ready in three shakes o' a whustle, so dinna ye dare attempt to scootle off withoot me, ye sliddery auld struntluggie!"

*Illustrated by Hailstone*



*THROUGH some oversight he was wearing his Glengarry bonnet hindside foremost; its two black ribbons dangled down over his face . . . .*

A SHORT time later, still shaken by his narrow escape, and more than ever melancholy over the stormy course of life in general, Mr. Glencannon followed his nephew up a steep cobbled defile, half-stairway and half-street, which had echoed the shouts of warriors long dead and which smelled as though they were still in the neighbourhood. At length, warm and thirsty, they emerged upon the Strada Reale.

Malta being a link in the mighty chain of fortresses and dockyards which stretches from England to India, the Strada was bright with the uniforms of His Majesty's army and navy. At sight of them Mr. Glencannon's spirits improved. " For after all," he explained, " Valletta is a white mon's town, and thus, instead o' the usual Dago dogwash, it affords a wide choice o' really potable liquors—by whuch, o' coorse, I refer to whusky. So come, Duncan, do we turn into yon estoblishment so amiably labelled ' Amabile's ' and dompen our puir parched gullets wi' a dollop o' genuine imported Scots bagpipe juice."

What with the soldiers, sailors, marines and aircraftsmen assembled therein, Amabile's was doing a rushing business. " Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch," ordered Mr. Glencannon, when he and Duncan had shouldered their way to the bar. " Aye, Duggan's Dew, my mon, and leave the bottle here before us. Tis my birthday, do ye see—a braw wet festival at my expense for all proud bearers o' the name Glencannon ! "

" Oh, aye ? " boomed a great voice behind them. " Then mak' way, gentlemen, for a Glencannon to slake his raging theerst ! " Through the crowd and towering above it, they saw approaching them a man—a colossus—full seven feet high and built to scale all over. He was clad in the forest-green tunic and scarlet-and-heather kilt of the Argyll and Dumbarton Highlanders, and on his sleeves were the chevrons of a sergeant. Through some oversight he was wearing his Glengarry bonnet hindside foremost ; its two black ribbons dangled down over his face, and he was forced to blow them out of his way with frequent gusty blasts which sounded like the *Inchcliffe Castle's* main exhaust.

" Cousin Douglas ! " gasped Mr. Glencannon, clutching the bar for support as recollections of this giant's liquid capacity bore in upon him. " Weel, weel, how are ye, Cousin Dooglas !—Four years since I've seen ye ! Why, I thocht ye were still in garrison at Gib ! "

" I dinna doot it ! " chuckled the giant, reaching for the bottle and playfully whacking Mr. Glencannon across the trousers with a swagger-cane made from the butt of a billiard cue. "Ye'd no hae been so free wi' yere invitations if ye'd thocht I was in the neighbourhood ! But how are ye yersel', Cousin Colin ? "

With black ruin staring him in the face, Mr. Glencannon could do nothing but make the best of it. " I—I'm as ye see me," he said, filling his glass again. " Ye understond, Dooglas, that I . . . "

He winced as a violent kick caught him in the shin. " Exockly who in the heel is this great loomp, Uncle Colin ?" demanded Duncan loudly, considering Sergeant Glencannon with a hostile eye. " Losh, when I consented to be yere guest at this debauch, I didna onticipate ye'd osk me to consort with freaks and munstrussities ! "

COUSIN DOUGLAS, scowling cross-eyed through his ribbons, leaned over to obtain a better view of the speaker. Mr. Glencannon hastily intruded himself between.

" Ah, pairdon, pairdon ! " he apologized. " It ne'er occurred to me that ye didna know each other. Nephew Duncan, this is Cousin Dooglas, and *visa versus.* Ye're both Glencannons, and so . . . ."

" Weel," Duncan broke in, " if there's one thing that clogs my liver more than one Glencannon, it's another Glencannon and yon brute—" he jerked his head toward the Highlander—" yon brute amoonts to at least three Glencannons anyway ye look at him."

" Shoosh, Duncan ! " Mr. Glencannon admonished him. "Cousin Dooglas is no beauty, tis true, and he's no' even vurra inteeligent, but that's no reason ye shud forget yere manners, lad ! "

Cousin Douglas shifted his feet, and the sound was like that of moving furniture. " Noo, hae a care, the two o' ye ! " he warned. " I'm a patient mon, and I'll stond for just so much, but when I've stud for just so much, I've stud for just so much !"

" Let's all hae a drink ! " Mr. Glencannon strove to stem the rising tide of war. " Come, we'll move the bottle ower to yon table and mak' it a guid auld family reunion ! "

" Oh, vurra weel," Cousin Douglas agreed. " I can drink just as weel sitting doon as I can stonding up, e'en though I canna stond up as weel when I've been drinking sitting doon as I can sit doon when I've been drinking stonding up."

" Blosh ! " commented Duncan, disgustedly. " What ye say doesna' mak' sense, ye hulking mullett, and what's more, I dinna lik' yere looks ! "

Sergeant Glencannon was arranging his elaborately accordeon pleated kilt preparatory to settling himself into a chair, but Duncan's words gave him pause.

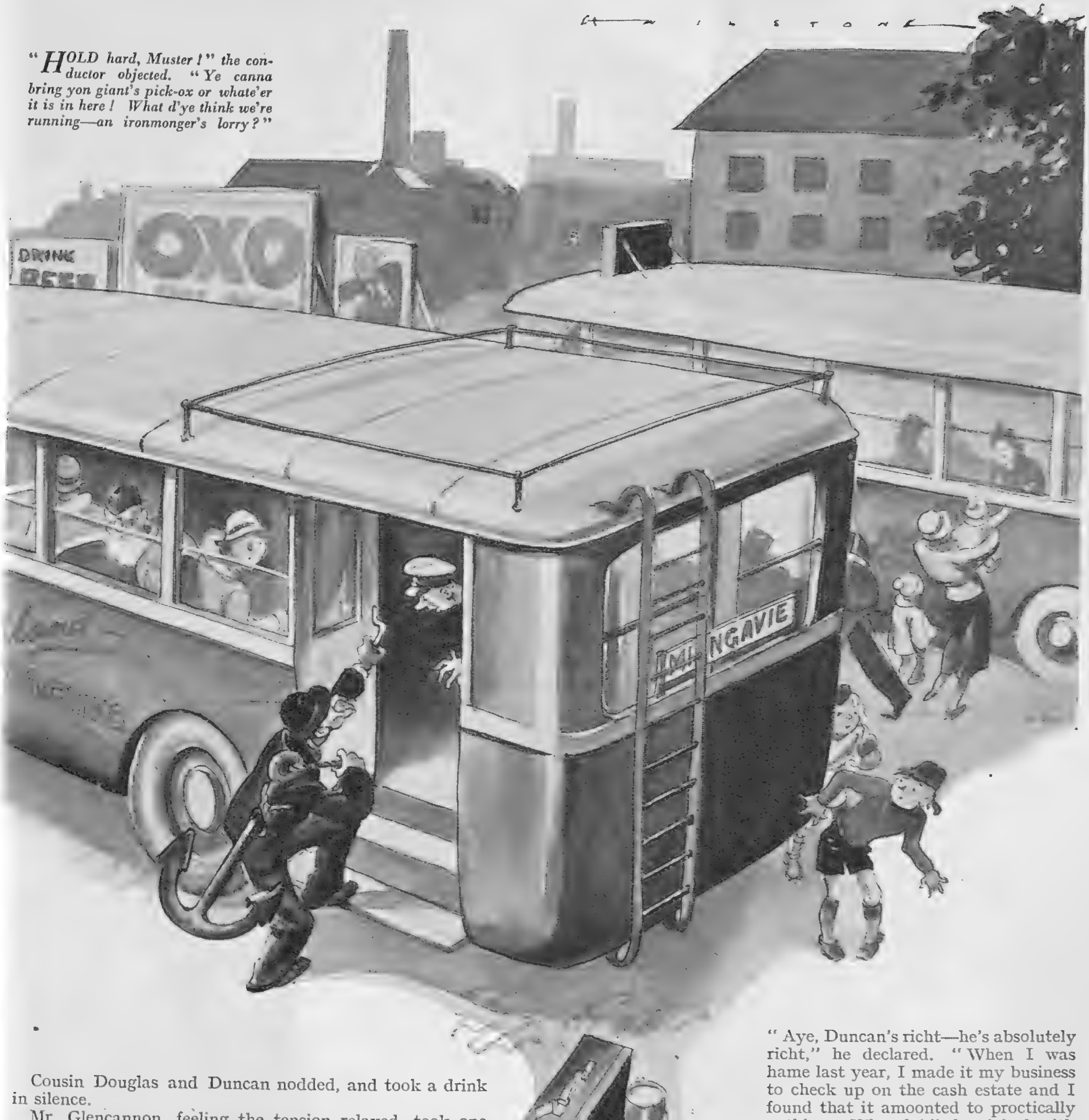
" Cousin Colin," he said, " just so's I'll know whose gore it is I'm spilling, will ye please explain to me exockly what relation yon snirtling, pig-eyed boor is to the two o' us ? "

" Aye, mak' it plain to him, Uncle Colin," Duncan urged, "—as plain as yere ain mean faculties will pairmit. And dinna be such a miser with that whusky ! "

Mr. Glencannon's hand trembled as he filled the three glasses.

" Weel," he said, " the geneology o' our clan is reediculously sumple. Cousing Dooglas here springs from that bronch o' our ilk whuch inhobits Inverfarigaig on Loch Ness and the nearby foothills o' the Monadhliadths. Salmon poachers, they are mostly, although one of them got bruk on the wheel for piracy in Kingston, Jamaica, in the Year o' Our Lord seeventeen-hoonderd-and-something, or thereaboots, AD. His grondson was one o' the MacFeergus Glencannons, some o' whom still live aroond Craigellachie-on-Spey, as weel as in Tillieludlem, doon Larnark way. Their cousin by her second marriage—no, it was his third—was Tamish Glencannon, o' the Ichnadamph Glencannons, though his mother, as we hae just seen, was born in Drumlanrig. The sole fruit o' this union, the Reverend Strathallan Glencannon, got transported to Tasmania for sheep stealing in 1853, but shortly after sairving his time, he came into a tidy bit o' money by dynamiting a safe in Hobart. He died wealthy and in the cairtitude o' a glorious resurrection, amen. The Drumtochtie Glencannons, on the other hand, a collateral bronch originally o' Balquhidder and sodly addicted to alcohol, later migrated to the Island o' Muck, one o' the small isles north o' Ardnamurchan, and to Llandydnowyddykilthragowrfydd, a picturesque little hamlet lost in the north-east corner o' the map o' Wales. Does that mak' everything clear ? "

*“HOLD hard, Muster!” the conductor objected. “Ye canna bring yon giant's pick-ox or whate'er it is in here! What d'ye think we're running—an ironmonger's lorry?”*



Cousin Douglas and Duncan nodded, and took a drink in silence.

Mr. Glencannon, feeling the tension relaxed, took one himself. “Aye,” he said, settling back, “that's how it comes aboot that the three o' us here, but especially you two, are the logical heirs to the estate o' auld Uncle Jock Glencannon, o' Milngavie, and so he arranged it in his will. Strange!” he mused, “but this is the feerst time—the vurra feerst time—that the three o' us hae been together. —Hae ye had any news o' Uncle Jock lately, Douglas?”

“Nowt that's encouraging,” said the Highlander, gloomily chewing the ends of his cap ribbons. “The last letter I got fra' a friend o' mine in Milngavie said that the dommed auld rip is getting tougher every day. E'er since he bruk his collar-bone falling oot o' the tree, that time on his hoonderd-and-eighth birthday when he fancied he was an eagle, he's been taking vurra guid care o' himsel'. He's turned streect vegetarian, consuming nowt whatsoe'er except a quart o' whusky, a quart o' oatmeal, and a packet o' snuff per day.”

“Aye,” nodded Duncan, “I heard, too, that he's guarding his health and spending all his money doing it. He's e'en bocht an owercoat—an owercoat, think o' what that cost! Ho, dom it all, gentlemen, unless the auld reeprobate dies pretty soon, there'll be nowt left but the property for the three o' us to inherit!”

Mr. Glencannon pursed up his lips and frowned judicially. “Aye, Duncan's richt—he's absolutely richt,” he declared. “When I was hame last year, I made it my business to check up on the cash estate and I found that it amoonted to proctically nothing. Whoosh!” he sighed with relief, “Ye can weel believe me, dear reelatives, I didna sleep a wunk o' nichts until I'd contrived to get mysel' weel clear o' the rotten business!”

“Clear o' it?” repeated Cousin Douglas, hitching his bulk forward in his chair. “Why, what do ye mean ye got clear o' it, Cousin Colin?”

“I mean I got clear o' the whole dom inheritance, and especially the taxes that will go with it, that's what I mean!” said Mr. Glencannon, chuckling happily. “Ye see, I hired a Glesga lawyer to figure it all oot, and he deemonstrated conclusively that the estate tax on my share wud run to approximately a hoonderd-and-seventy-three poonds three shillings and saxpunce more than my third o' the prooperty is worth. That's because the tax assessment stonds at the original purchase price; since it was made, o' coorse, the whole tract has depreciated way doon in value due to their running the new Glesga highroad richt oot in front o' it and putting in sewers and all. Ah losh, ye wudna reecognize the puir auld place noo!”

“But great swith, Cousin Colin!” exclaimed the Highlander, “do ye mean to tell us that when

(*Continued on page 78*)

Studio Piaz

*A CORNER of the Concierge's Loge (or stage-door keeper's room) at the Folies Bergère. The other section is a small bar*

Manuel Frères

*A SCENE from the ballet " Le Spark," at the Folies Bergère*

*"NANA," the dresser of the idol of the Folies Bergère — Mistinguett*

Studio Piaz

*MISTINGUETT, in the garden of her country house at Loureciennes, with her sister-in-law, Mme. Marcelle Bourgeois. The dog drawing the cart was presented to Mistinguett by some Belgian admirers*

## By Margaret Chute

BREATHES there an Englishman worthy of the name who has not visited or at least heard about the Folies Bergère Music Hall, a minute or two removed from Rue du Faubourg Montmartre, in Paris? Just the repetition of the words " Folies-Bergère " is enough. Visions of music, laughter, song; of swaying white forms whose clothing has mostly been left in the dressing-room; crowded *Promenoir,* with half its occupants trying to watch the show, and the other half very much occupied in a different direction; that long brightly lighted bar with such expensive drinks; that blaring music, making the Foyer quiver with sound; those coloured pictures, changing second by second; the brass-lunged man bellowing the attractions of the inevitable *Danse du Ventre.* Programme Officielle . . . Harpies snatching hats and coats; more harpies ripping tickets viciously, extending claw-like hands for the desired pourboire . . . The bored members of the Claque, taking their places at the extreme side of the circle . . . The girl with her wicker-tray of " Chocolats, Bonbons, Acidulées " . . . The man who sells disques and chansons from the Revue . . . The trek back to stall or strapontin; a burst of music, and up with the curtain again.

" Folie en Folie " pursued its sprightly way. Mistinguett, as remarkable and throaty-voiced as ever, André Randall, popular in Paris, London, New York, debonair, witty, daring. And then an idea born in my mind as I watched him making " Mis " laugh at his gags in an up-to-date sketch. From the stalls each Revue is a familiar friend. What would it be like Behind the Scenes? Would one be permitted to watch an entire performance from the wings, instead of from an expensive velvet-covered fauteuil! Why not? Worth a try, anyhow.

So, to the Stage Door during the entr'acte. Hard to find, like so many stage doors. Turn to the right, outside the front of the theatre; turn sharp to the right again, and proceed down a very dark, very shabby street. There, on the right, about half-way down, a lighted sign: " *Bar des Artistes.*" That must be it—or nearly. A man passing hurriedly. Which is the Entrée des Artistes, please?

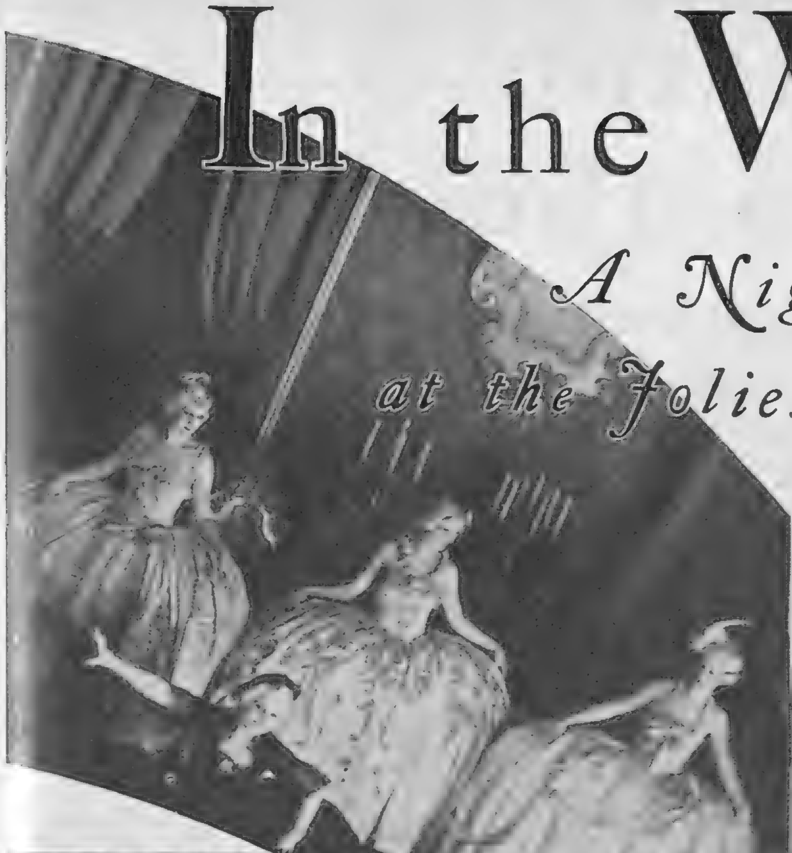
Two doors further down; there, beyond the bar. A tall, queer door, like those leading to a warehouse or storeroom. A lot of heat, a lot of light; men in dinner-jackets rushing out, smoking violently. The orchestra, snatching their longed-for cigarettes.

Some scenery lying round, in unconcerned fashion; many smallish men, in rough coats, scarves knotted round collarless throats, standing in groups, talking, smoking. Not a soul taking the slightest notice of an intruder. A nervous search for the usual stage-door keeper's office, or for somebody who would demand Who, How, and Why? No such thing or person. But over on the left a ten-foot square room absolutely jammed with people; girls with scarlet cheeks, heavily shadowed eyes, vermilion lips, vivid dressing-gowns, clashing hideously with their make-up; men with painted faces, some in elaborate costumes, some in evening dress, some in dressing-gowns.

All of them talking, drinking coffee, beer, or one of those sweet, syrupy drinks so beloved by the French nation. A bar right along one wall, with half a dozen shelves laden with bottles of every size and shape; behind the bar a harassed man, cap pushed well back on his head, trying to serve ten people at once and answer the shrilly ringing telephone

# In the WINGS...

## *A Night behind the Scenes at the Folies Bergère*



*WAITING for their cue. Dancing girls in the wings of the Folies Bergère*

*Studio Piaz*

*J. Atadjian*

*ANDRÉ RANDALL, famous in London, New York and his native Paris, rehearsing a number with Mistinguett for the revue "Folies en Folie," at the Folies Bergère*

*Studio Piaz*

beyond his counter at the same instant. One glance at that scene of pandemonium nearly caused me to give up my quest. A stage-hand, removing his cigarette, looked enquiringly in my direction. Monsieur Randall? Oh, demand of the Concièrge, Madame. That is the Concièrge, Madame, over there, in the room with the bar. Don't be afraid. Go in, Madame; he will direct you. Me, I do not know the number of the loge of Monsieur Randall.

And so to the loge of Monsieur le Concièrge. Unnerving stares from the girls and boys; a desire not to shout my request too loudly, half because my French accent might not be so good, half because I was so sorry for the boy who was screaming down the telephone on the far wall, trying to hear and be heard in all that row. But a shout it had to be, for the Concièrge was not only much occupied but slightly hard of hearing.

Monsieur Randall, please? . . . What? . . . Could I go to the loge of Monsieur Randall? . . . Oh—first floor, number fourteen. Go on; go up; two citrons, two coffees, and a couple of demis . . . Easy, after all. Such a twisting staircase, not at all new, with worn wooden steps, hollowed by the flying tread of thousands of feet mounting and descending for many, many years. A shaky banister, liable to give up its task at any moment. Grey doors, narrow corridors; two cats sleeping peacefully on a piece of rug outside one of the rooms.

Number 14. On a hard chair in the passage beyond the door a grey-haired female of stern aspect, having an intense conversation with another of the same brand. Then inside Number 14,

(Continued on page 80)

# The Skeleton in their Cup

*THE Insull Memorial Wing of the National Temperance Hospital, Hampstead Road, N.W.*

*INSULL tries to avoid the photographer. A picture taken when he was under arrest in Athens*

*AN overhead view of where Insull had*

*WHILE the Economic Tide is Rising we can recall with detachment the Incredible Exploits of the High Financiers whose Downfall was brought about by the Slump. In this short series of articles Mr. Patrick Thompson presents Ivar Kreuger, Alfred Lowenstein, Stavisky, Samuel Insull, and others. He shows that only a miracle could have averted the fate of these financiers—one of those miracles which may happen in fiction, but not in fact*

FAR away in the golden haze of the morning a thin, long smudge appeared. The great white yacht lounged towards it. Now it was clearly defined as a coast-line. In that bright sunlight, over the intensely blue sea, it looked like the shore of one of those lands of enchantment where fauns frolic with nymphs and mermaids lie around on the rocks combing their hair and talking scandal about the tritons.

So thought a romantic young man leaning over the rail with his arm in that of a pyjama'd young woman; and at that moment, as if to cap his poetic thought, a high sweet note arose from the depths of the yacht, held for a fabulous time, and died away, only to be replaced by a higher and even more fabulously protracted note. "Our prima donna is in good voice this morning," said the girl. "She sings like a siren," said the young man dreamily. The girl cocked a pencilled eyebrow at his abstracted profile. "She's a siren, all right." "Shut up!" muttered the young man, "here's our host." They turned. "Good morning, Mr. Insull."

"Good morning, good morning, children. So that is Greece!"

"That is Greece."

"Ah! I've always wanted to see Greece. In fact, I came on this trip especially to see Greece. Funny thing, I nearly came to Greece once. It was back in '32, the last year of the big slump. You youngsters were at college then, but I guess they told you something about it. A bad time, a very bad time, for everybody. Well, I had my trip to Greece all planned; and then I didn't go."

"Oh, that was too bad!" cried the girl. "Why, Mr. Insull? Couldn't you get away?"

"Oh, I guess I might have got away," said the old man, his sharp, blinking eyes surveying through glasses the distant white coast. "But it wasn't necessary any more. Things took a new turn. But I thought I'd like to see the place anyway before I die."

"Die?" exclaimed the young man. "Why, you're young, Mr. Insull. Hope I'm half as good a man as you are when I'm your age."

"I'm eighty," said the old man. "But I guess I do feel younger now than I did that time I first thought of coming over to Greece. Now I'll go to my grape-fruit and coffee."

The young man, glancing after him, saw a small, broad, compact man, age showing in the stiff, slow step and sag of massive jaw and neck. "Lord of

# board

Continuing
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*A PORTRAIT of Samuel Insull taken when he was at the height of his financial career. In the background are noted some of the 73 or more corporations over which he held sway*

*the city of Chicago, his headquarters*

## No. 4. Samuel Insull, America's Lord of Electricity

*MARY McCORMICK, the celebrated opera star. Insull built the £4,000,000 opera house in Chicago*

Electricity," he murmured. "What a life he's had! They say he started with nothing, and now he lights and powers all America."

"They say, too," observed the girl, "that he nearly cracked up in the big slump, and if it hadn't been for the Rockefellers taking him over, he would have. He may be President of the Electric Trust, but he doesn't really control it. The Rockefellers do. They gobbled him up in the slump. Dad told me."

"Well, he's got plenty, anyway. This yacht's bigger than Morgan's *Corsair*, and this trip's the best I was ever on."

"I'd agree with you if it wasn't for the prima donna."

"Oh, lay off her! The old man likes to hear her sing. After all, it is his boat, and it is his party."

"And his prima donna!"

IN his armchair under the awning aft, Samuel Insull lit his after-breakfast cigar, and looked at the blue smoke as it drifted up, up, in the warm, still air. The lap-lap of the lazy water slipping past soothed him, lured his thoughts back into a past which he did not often linger upon; he had always been a man who liked to live in the present, and the future. But now he could see his life unrolled long and straight, as a man might turn on a long road and see it going back until it tipped over the horizon edge; and it was like another man's life, or something he had read about in a book.

He saw a little frog hopping about a murky street. Little Sammy Insull playing outside his home off Westminster Bridge Road on Thames-side. His father had done well to migrate to England from the Frankfurt ghetto. But he was no good as a money-maker. The best he could do was draw pay from the United Kingdom Alliance for helping to propagate teetotalism among the British.

Not good enough for Sammy. He went out to make something of his life. Office-boy; clerk studying the new shorthand at home; stenographer studying law at home—he had worked! That was in the 'seventies. The new machines and methods were building a new world and making big opportunities. But England was slow. All the bright youngsters from Scotland, Ireland, Poland, Italy, Germany, Jewry, were making for America—young, rip-roaring, headlong, undeveloped but developing America. He scraped up the money for the immigrant-class fare, and joined the rush. His luck was in from the start.

How well he remembered that advertisement in the paper: "Secretary wanted; apply 11 to-morrow morning.—Edison." What, meekly join in the queue? Not he! He had chased down the "monkey-wrench" scientist that same evening and presented himself. "Mr. Edison?" "What d'you want?" "You advertised for a secretary, sir." "The advertisement said call at 11 to-morrow." "Yes; but I thought I'd come along in case you can use me now." "I may work all night." "I have often worked all night, sir." "All right. Hang up your hat."

EDISON was 30 then; he, Sam Insull, was 10 years younger. The inventor just devised a metal filament which would heat up under an electric current. As the filament got hot, it glowed; it gave light—a discovery destined to give the gas fellows as big a headache as the latter had given the paraffin-oil boys in their time. He saw at once the infinite possibilities of this new force. Edison thought ways might be found to make it propel carriages, drive machines, heat houses.

But Edison had too many irons in the fire, and no head

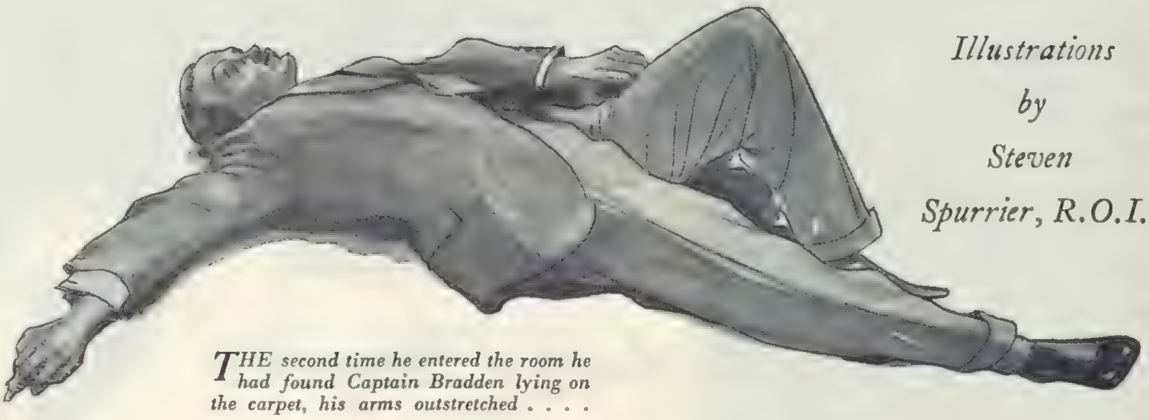
(*Continued on page* 103)

# His Best *Friend's* Wife

The One *who* died, the *Woman* who stood *between*, and *the* Man *who* "came back" . . .

## *By* Geoffrey Moss

*Illustrations by Steven Spurrier, R.O.I.*



*THE second time he entered the room he had found Captain Bradden lying on the carpet, his arms outstretched . . . .*

THERE was an inquest. The facts were clear, all except one, and that did not appear important. Here is what was elicited.

'Bunny' Bradden was forty-six. As to his health, he had always led an out-of-door and even athletic life and lately he had been examined by his doctor. The doctor gave evidence. Captain Bradden, whom he had known off and on for some fifteen years, had come to consult him but a few days before. He had spoken of sleeplessness, of his hand being unsteady and his eye 'out,' but there had been nothing in his physical condition to account for such a state. He, the doctor, had recommended a sleeping draught and a certain amount of steady work each day. He had not taken Captain Bradden's condition at all seriously and had been all the more surprised to hear of his sudden death.

There were no money troubles. 'Bunny' Bradden had a sufficient income and no important debts. And, if he had extravagant tastes and had always been apt to live on an overdraft, his affairs were not such as would have been likely to worry him. Enemies? He had none that anyone knew of. Indeed, he was popular with everyone.

Had he other worries? A friend, once a brother officer, had dined with him the night before. He had thought his friend's manner a trifle distrait, but that had been all. They had parted soon after ten and he had understood that Captain Bradden was taking some lady out to sup and dance. Her name was written on a piece of paper but she was not called.

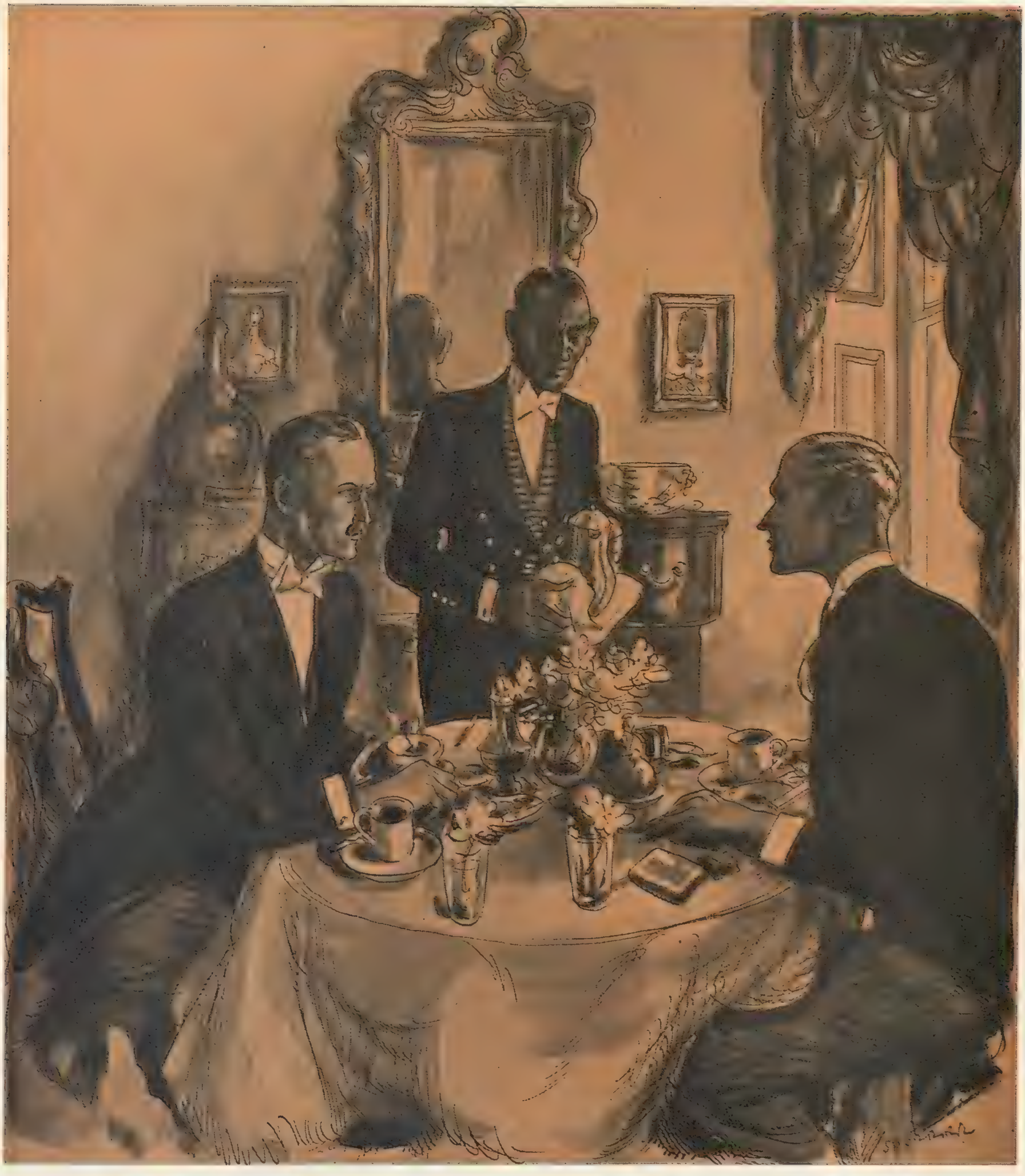
Here, briefly, is what he had done on the morning in question. The valet of the service flat in which he lived had called him at nine. 'The Captain' had eaten a good breakfast. He had gone to see a dog of his which was in quarantine after being brought back from Africa: he had ridden in Richmond Park: he had spent a half-hour at the Fencing Club, and an hour later, having changed his clothes, he had entered the Berkeley Hotel by the Grill Room entrance. He had spoken to the *maître d'hotel* about a table for two which he had ordered by telephone—a window table, and normally laid for four but kept for him as a favoured customer. He had given his hat and stick to the cloakroom attendant, who knew him well. After that he had returned to the little ante-room and had sat down.

The guest for whom he had been waiting proved to be an oldish lady, a cousin who was in London for the day, and the hour of their rendezvous had been, at her request, a quarter to two.

The ante-room, though it led both to the Grill Room and to the 'Buttery'—a small bar where meals were also served—was empty at the time, for it was late for those coming to luncheon and not yet the time when the earliest were ready to leave. The cloakroom attendant had twice come into the room, which was separated from his office only by a few feet in distance and by a screen. The first time he had seen Captain Bradden in conversation with a gentleman in a grey suit, to whom he had paid no great attention but whom he fancied he had seen with Captain Bradden once or twice before. The second time he entered the room he had found Captain Bradden lying on the carpet, his arms outstretched, limp before the chair in which he had been sitting.

A doctor was called. There was nothing to suggest the cause, but Captain Bradden was dead. The usual examinations had been made. They proved nothing. The friend with whom he had been talking was not identified, and did not come forward, and a verdict of 'Death from natural causes' was recorded. So much for what was proved—here is the rest.

'BUNNY' BRADDEN, as has been said, was forty-six, a pleasant-looking rather than a good-looking man, with an athletic body, a darkly tanned face and hair greying at the temples. His eyes were pale, humorous and friendly, and there was, too, a friendly quality in his gestures. He had a cheerful air, he had a way with him, and for years he had been popular with everyone except just a few husbands, and their disapproval he took good-naturedly and perhaps as almost a feather in his cap. Women liked him, and he had men friends, too, of course. But he was one of those who spread their friendship wide and do not concentrate it. He was there and everyone was glad: he went and no one worried much where he had gone. He did not give his confidence, for he did not give himself away; and of course he gave no one else away, or he would not have achieved the successes he had. He had, however, one dear and intimate friend, Fabian Blasker. Fabian and he had been inseparable ever since they had been brother subalterns in a Guards regiment years before. They were within a few weeks of the same age, and they had much in common. Both were fond of horses, of fencing, of big-game shooting, and both liked women, perhaps too well. Indeed since those far-off days before the war they had been more than friends, they had been allies. Often it was convenient for them to work in pairs. To



*THE valet from the restaurant downstairs brought in their haddock and their eggs . . .*

do so provides company and support as well as reduces expense. And how often when two women are alone and at a loss, two men are better than one.

War came. 'Bunny' and Fabian served together for most of it. And with peace they settled down together again in the flat in Jermyn Street. They had interests apart, of course. 'Bunny' had his tennis and dancing, Fabian had his golf and bridge. But with these subjects they did not bore each other, and for most else they worked as before, a couple. Then one spring Fabian went to stay with relations in Wales and when he came back he was engaged to be married.

'Bunny' was at a loss, taken completely aback. Here was a man he knew better than anyone else on this earth, whom he'd always regarded as being as sane as himself, but who was now about to do something which they both had always regarded as irrational. Why *marry*? He was genuinely shaken, genuinely distressed. That night he lay awake for over an hour and even considered reading that book which an aunt had sent him for a birthday and which had long lain on the chest of drawers. And next morning when Fabian had left the flat, he went for an extensive and unplanned walk. In St. James's Park the early tulips were massed like toy soldiers along the fronts of the borders. Overhead buds were opening, and the thought of that stirred again in him that sense of vague uneasiness which Fabian's news of the night before had awakened. Before him an almond tree was in flower, its pink delicate and disturbing against the London haze. Why? Why? The wild fowl by the lake were busier than ever.

Why? And near the gaunt five of the Guards' Memorial a youth and a girl lingered hand in hand. 'Bunny,' his rolled umbrella under his arm, his hat over his eyes, thinking of Fabian, hurried past them.

He reached the 'War House' and considered dropping in to see a friend of his who worked there, but instead he passed it and soon found himself upon the Thames Embankment. The tide was ebbing to the sea, and on it, with jury sails and helped by oars, barges were working down the stream. For a time he watched them. The sea, the tides! Down below bridges where the Thames was wider liners would be leaving port. Upon their decks would be people bound for new lands, setting forth upon new lives. Soon they would be down there, facing the West; Dover to right of them, with its damp grey cliffs, its windy smoke, its castle; lumpy seas; the salt west wind; a peep of lemon yellow sunlight through the clouds. He thought of these things, but he did not seek the words; he hated words.

He climbed some steps, he crossed a bridge and was on the Surrey side. Here was another world, one he caught glimpses of perhaps once in eight months, passing in cabs. Here, too, despite the soot and sordidness, spring was there; some wallflowers in a window-box, the buds swelling along the bough of a grimy tree. He met a cab, hailed it and drove back to his club. He drank a glass of sherry, keeping his back to the windows and the street. Here at least no change of season entered. The morning room was as it had always been, year in year out, dusted and cared for, yet dim. The tall lac screens, the deep inviting chairs, the solid central table with the weeklies in morocco covers. He crossed the room and stood, back to the fire. A man he knew came in and greeted him.

"Hullo."

"Hullo to you."

"How's Fabian?"

"Back. Came back last night." He did not mention that engagement.

"Lunch here to-day?"

"I think so."

"Together?"

"Willingly."

That was better. He did not wish to be alone.

A WEEK later Fabian's girl came to London and 'Bunny' had to meet her. He was neither agreeably surprised nor was he disappointed. She was much as he had expected from the description he had heard, a girl of two-and-twenty who had been up to London not more than a few weeks in all her life. She was neither short nor tall. At present she was still in the schoolgirl stage, unformed. Her eyes were of a pretty blue, her complexion was fresh and hardly helped by artifice. Her hair was fair and, when he first saw her, not very tidy. Jacket and skirt of check and round her neck a scarf Fabian had probably bought for her that morning in Bond Street: that was 'Bunny's' recollection of her. She was adequately well born, had an unaffected country manner and, when he saw her next and at dinner, her hair had been waved.

But for him Fabian's marriage must mean a great change, and after those years together he found it hard to face. So he retired to that wayside inn where their horses were stabled and had a fortnight's hunting. Yet, there, too, there was no escape from the implications of what was about to happen, and the spring was there also. From the hedgerows the young green mocked him. But he would not face the facts. Of course life would be changed for him: he would have to take a smaller flat or, if he did not financially have to, what would he do with that vacant room and that empty chair? In a corner of the stable yard daffodils drooped their heads at him as he passed. Most of his contemporaries, such at least as had survived the last war, had married long ago. Some had daughters of the age of Fabian's Dora. They had married and dropped out of his life. One by one they had gone. The once gay and careless circle of bachelors had narrowed year by year. Now he would be almost the last. And there in the corner of the stable yard were those daffodils. For a day or two his sense of derangement hemmed him in. Then he broke through and, fleeing from the daffodils, he went back to London.

The day of Fabian's wedding came, his baggage was packed, he took the last bath he would ever take in the familiar flat. 'Bunny' was already at the breakfast table when he came in, and on it in two tumblers were their two buttonholes which had just been sent round from Solomon's.

The valet from the restaurant downstairs brought in their haddock and their eggs.

"Well," said 'Bunny.'

"Well," answered Fabian. He was bird-like and had a big nose. His neck was thin. He had a pleasant laugh.

'Bunny' helped himself to coffee and pushed the pot across to his friend.

For a while Fabian was intent pouring hot milk into his cup. "We've had a lot of fun together, one way and another."

"Yes, one way and another."

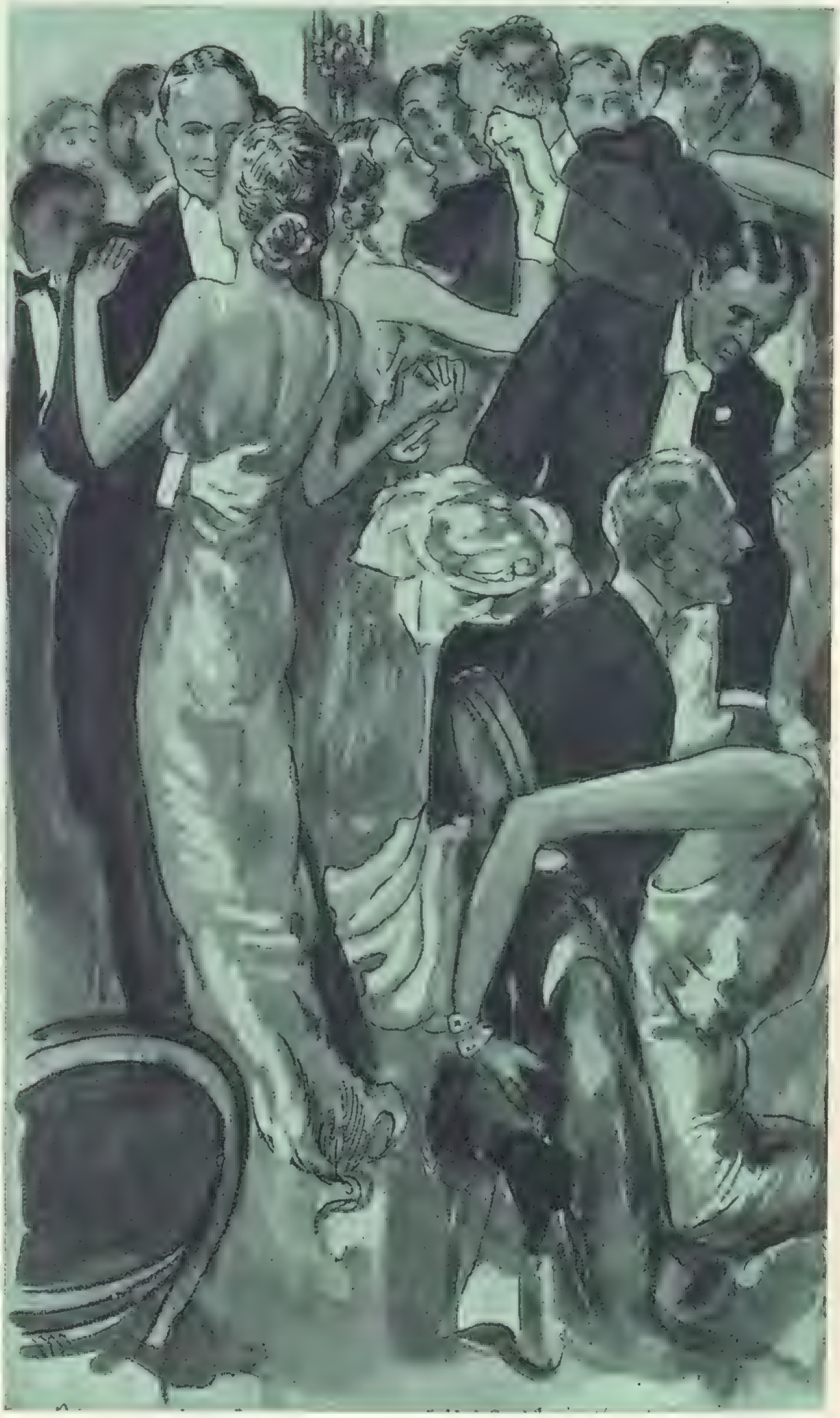
"And we've seen some times."

"The rough with the smooth."

"You'll come and see us when we get back. You'll treat the house as yours."

"Of course."

They ate their fish in silence.



*IN London Fabian*
*Now she had tasted*

Fabian spread marmalade thickly over his toast. " I never thought I'd marry."

" Like most."

" Of course I never thought I'd meet anyone quite like Dora."

" Like most," thought 'Bunny,' but he did not say so.

Fabian fingered the morning paper and every now and again glanced at the clock. It was still there. It ticked on comfortably.

" Do you remember that girl at Cap Ferrat ? "

" And mine at Villefranche ? "

" And that couple who'd run their Hotchkiss into the ditch ?"

" Hah."

" And . . . we've had the hell of a time, one way and another.

" Yes, one way and another."

" And we've never queered each other's pitch."

" Never a damned once."

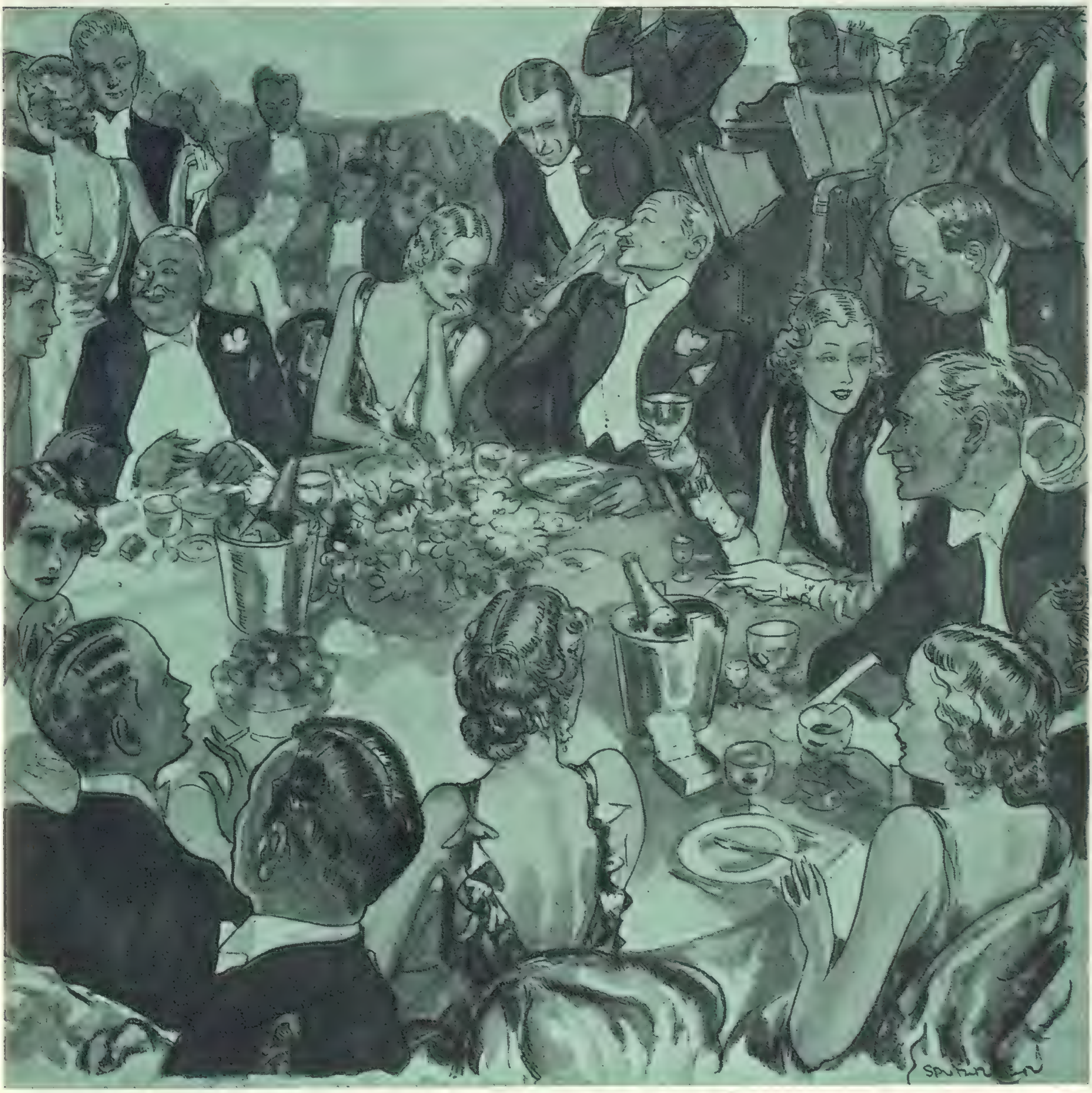
" And now it's all over and we never shall."

" That's clear," said 'Bunny.' Yet, as it turned out, he was wrong.

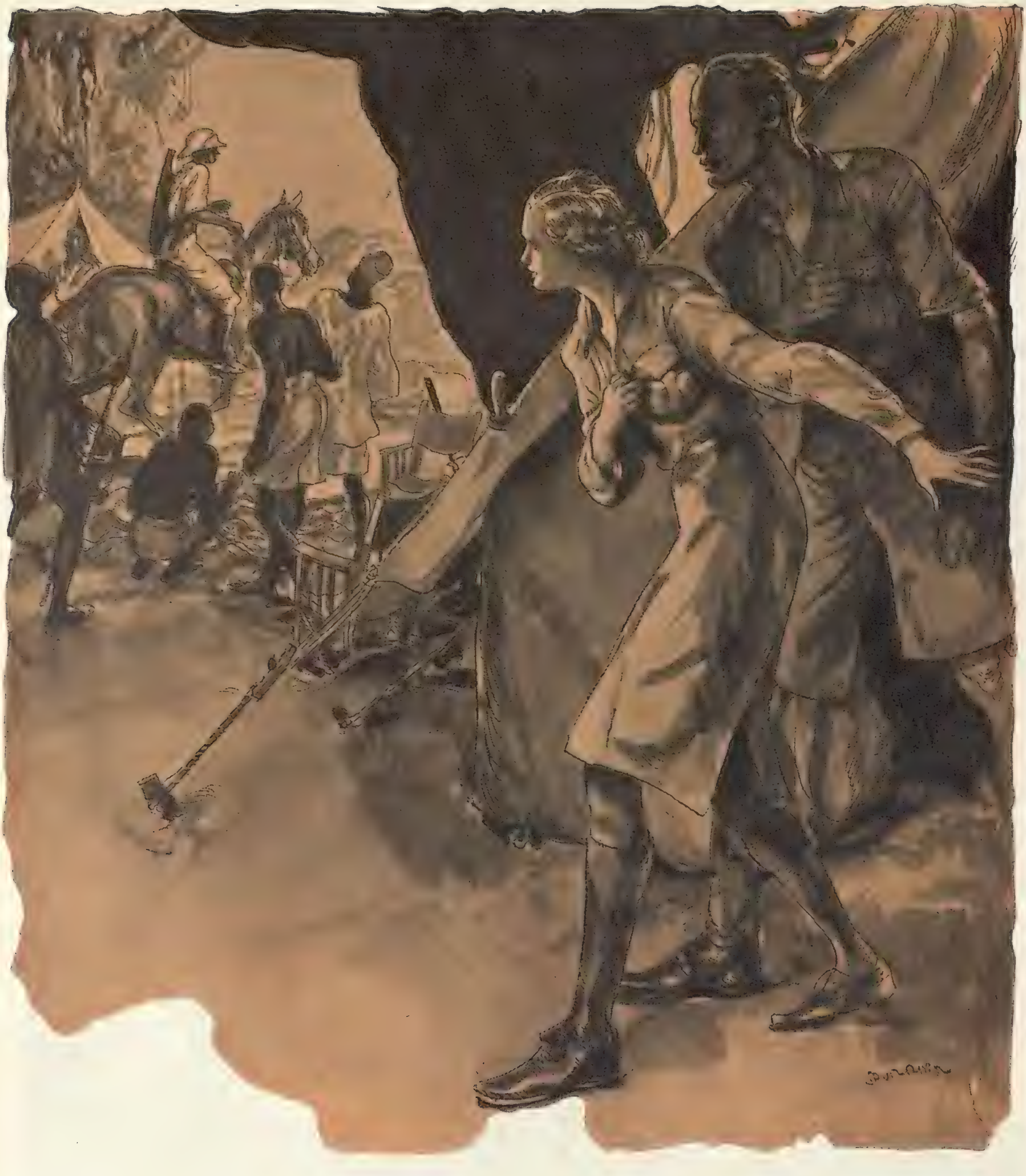
Fabian and his Dora settled down in Curzon Street. 'Bunny,' in a new and smaller flat, was in Park Place, not five minutes' walk distant, yet he seldom entered their house. Sometimes he would see them at supper in a restaurant and would sit for a little at their table. Sometimes he would run across them at a race meeting. Beyond that they seldom saw him, and indeed he was less and less in London. He had his hunting. He made a voyage and for months all they knew of him they gathered from some picture postcards posted in South American posts.

He was not as young as he had been and he was much alone. No more did the chance adventure tempt him. There was a pretty little woman on the steamer, widowed, partially or altogether, but he left her alone. Hunting in a couple had been all right. Now, alone, he lacked the proper take-off from which to start. So he played deck tennis, avoided women's eyes and watched the sea. Hunting days were over, and as he stood, lather brush poised, before his shaving mirror, he avoided his own glance and kept his thoughts on other things. He was not as young as he had been . . . and there it ended ! But it did not.

IN London Fabian and his Dora were making the money fly. Now she had tasted gaiety, and she wanted more of it. Sometimes Fabian would have been glad to stay at home, but she



*and his Dora were making the money fly.*
*gaiety and she wanted more of it . . .*



*As it was, he told them in twenty words what he thought of them, he called for his pony to be saddled and, alone and at once, he set off on the return journey to his farm*

might think him old, and that he would not risk. No doubt at first he had not set her a good example, and now it was too late to begin. Yet the income which had been enough for him alone was certainly not enough for the two of them as they were living. They overspent, and when 'Bunny' returned to London at the end of the next season's hunting they were talking of clearing out and of settling afresh, this time in Kenya.

He went to Le Touquet that Easter and, when he came back they had decided upon going. He gave them a farewell dinner and farewell presents, and he saw them off. After that for nearly two years he hardly heard from them.

Then a letter came, from Dora, proposing that he should come and visit them on their farm and that they should make a big-game shooting expedition together. He thought it over; he was still lonely, and in the end he went.

Dora met him at the station with her car—a changed Dora. She had had a baby in the meanwhile which had died, and her girlish plumpness was gone. He noticed with a sudden twinge the clear line of her jaw, those redder and more definite lips, the cigarette between them which moved but little when she talked. Her eyes met his directly, looked away and met his again. Their expression had certainly changed and the change was one of kind rather than degree.

"It's dullish here, you may imagine."

"Your farm is big?"

"Not as they go round here. No."

"Your neighbours?"

The cigarette tilted. She laughed between her closed lips.

They reached the farm. Fabian was there to greet them, the same Fabian, with the same bird-like nose and the same shy earnestness, the same pleasant laugh. But his hair was thinning, he did not hold his shoulders so squarely and a little of the old barrack-square starch had gone out of him. He was delighted to have 'Bunny' with him again. A hand on his shoulder, he led him away to see his room. They were together again; three now, not two and the girl who had become the wife of one. Now within the trio the centre of gravity had shifted. Once it had been Fabian who had talked to 'Bunny' and 'Bunny' who had answered, though seemingly to Dora, yet actually through her to Fabian. Now it was Dora who held the word. She was a woman, and it was to her husband's friend she talked. Not that Fabian minded. He was delighted. Here was someone to amuse Dora; and she had been bored of late. It was better than in the past, for now no one of the three seemed an interloper. A week passed, ten days, then they started off on their shooting expedition.

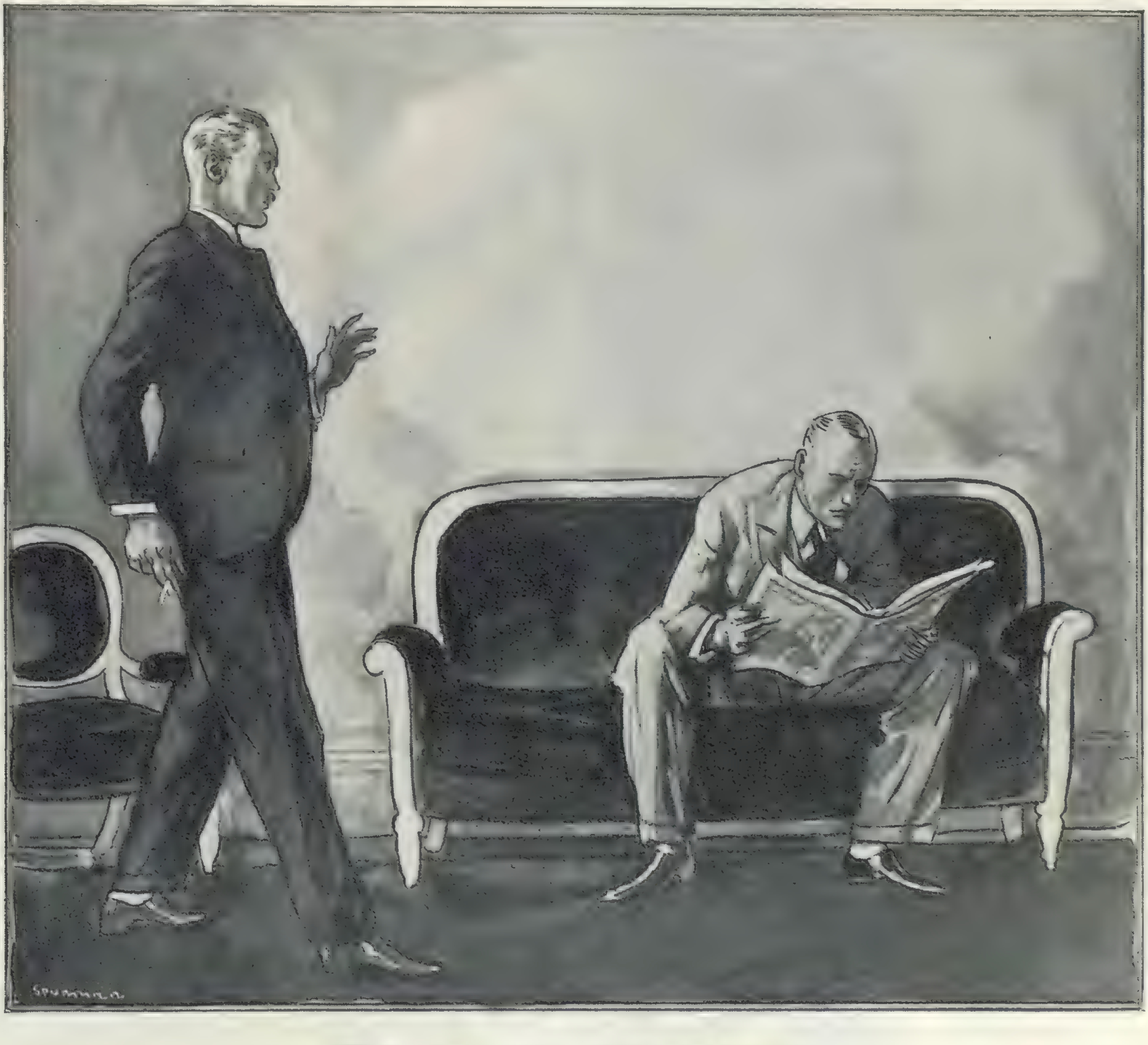
With their sport on the trip we need not concern ourselves. Of the two men Fabian was more in his element, more at home. He was keener, too, for he was now physically the fitter, and often he would be off and away while the other two remained in camp. 'Bunny' did not care. It was a pleasant life, and here was a woman who had now all the agreeable freshness of a stranger. Not that he could be of any interest to her, nor that he would have wanted it so; certainly not. And in any case he was a contemporary of her husband, of whom she was obviously fond but whom, it was equally obvious, she did not find exciting. Yet as he brushed his hair 'Bunny' took that extra trouble which always meant that he might perhaps meet an attractive woman that morning. As for Dora, she had been for a long time without admiration—that was the way in which the loneliness of their life affected her most—and she had come to need it. 'Bunny' was easy-going, he hated to deny anyone anything, and he was not accustomed to deny himself much.

Did he not struggle against temptation? Oh, yes, he struggled, but he had never been energetic in such matters. He did not look ahead and hardly noticed what was happening or what was likely to happen next.

Then one hot afternoon he went to Dora's and Fabian's tent to ask for a book. Fabian was asleep, breathing heavily; he could hear him from outside. Perhaps Dora was not fully dressed; in any case she did not open the flap of the tent but stretched out a hand and bare arm. She could not see where his hand was, and when he had grasped the book she did not at once let go of it; thus his fingers touched the palm of her hand. He heard her draw a quick breath; he thanked her and he went away. The book under his arm and his fists in the pockets of his shorts, he strolled off into the bush, into the heat.

"Well, I'll be damned," he said aloud. He was at the same time surprised, disconcerted and yet secretly a trifle flattered. So he did not seem as old to her as he had fancied? Well, well, his old power had not altogether left him. Not that he meant any harm. Indeed, he seldom had. "Well, I'll be damned," he said again, and it occurred to him that as likely as not he would be.

Of course he should have changed his manner to his friend's wife. He would have been the first to agree about that. But partly because he was what he was, and partly more still because he had been it so long, he did not do so. Habit rules us. So often (*Continued on page* 93)



*THEN he looked up and there on the settee against the wall, and not two yards from him, was Fabian reading the "Tatler"*

# Rain

## By

*Illustration by*
*Eric Fraser*

PETER WALLSON'S life was transformed, and ruined, by a raindrop.

He was a correspondence clerk in the City, in the grinding days before the war. £2 a week. Long hours of translations. "Yes, sir," all the time. Re-writings of dreary letters, in German, about detailed consignments into equally dreary English. Lodgings in the suburbs. Long evenings spent alone.

Then, one day, a raindrop fell!

Countless millions had fallen since Peter Wallson was born. But, apart from getting wet, he did not notice them. Millions, no doubt, fell on this particular day, although it was only a shower.

Yet almost, it would seem, because of a miracle, one, for a fraction of a second, singled itself out from all the others and, falling immediately in front of Peter Wallson, flashed the radiance of the sunset between him and the sun.

And, in that fraction of a second, Peter Wallson saw what he had never noticed before—all the colours of the rainbow in a particle of water.

It changed his life. He started chasing rainbows!

IT was about that time that I saw him looking, once, at the sun through a piece of glass. Every now and then, he would hold it, so that it reflected on the wall pale colours.

He would not explain. Indeed, it was not till long after that I remembered the incident, or knew what it meant.

What I did notice, however, was that the dull correspondence clerk with no ambition and with no future began to change.

A few months before, he had spent his £2 a week, careless, apparently, of the fact that, after thirty years of work or so, a City clerk is thrown on the scrap-heap and that another City clerk, equally dull, takes his place, for a few years before his turn comes to be cast aside.

I missed Peter on the train in the mornings. He was absent from the cheap restaurant where we used to lunch.

One evening, when I remarked, "Are you coming home?" he replied, almost furtively, that he was going to walk "to get the exercise."

He had always been meanly dressed. What can a clerk buy on £2 a week? But soon I noticed that he was almost shabby, which is dangerous in a world where the less you have the more you have to show for it.

Then he changed his diggings. And I lost sight of him.

One day, enquiring casually from one of his fellow clerks, I learned that he had left, mysteriously. So, but for an accident, we might never have met again. We were only to meet three times.

Amid London's teeming millions, what are two of its obscure inhabitants?

Months after, while passing through an obscure suburb, I saw Peter Wallson enter a door in a mean street. Following him out of curiosity, I found that he answered my rap upon the door. I brushed in after him and soon, in spite of his remonstrances, found myself inside his room. He held out his hands as though to hide from me what I was to see.

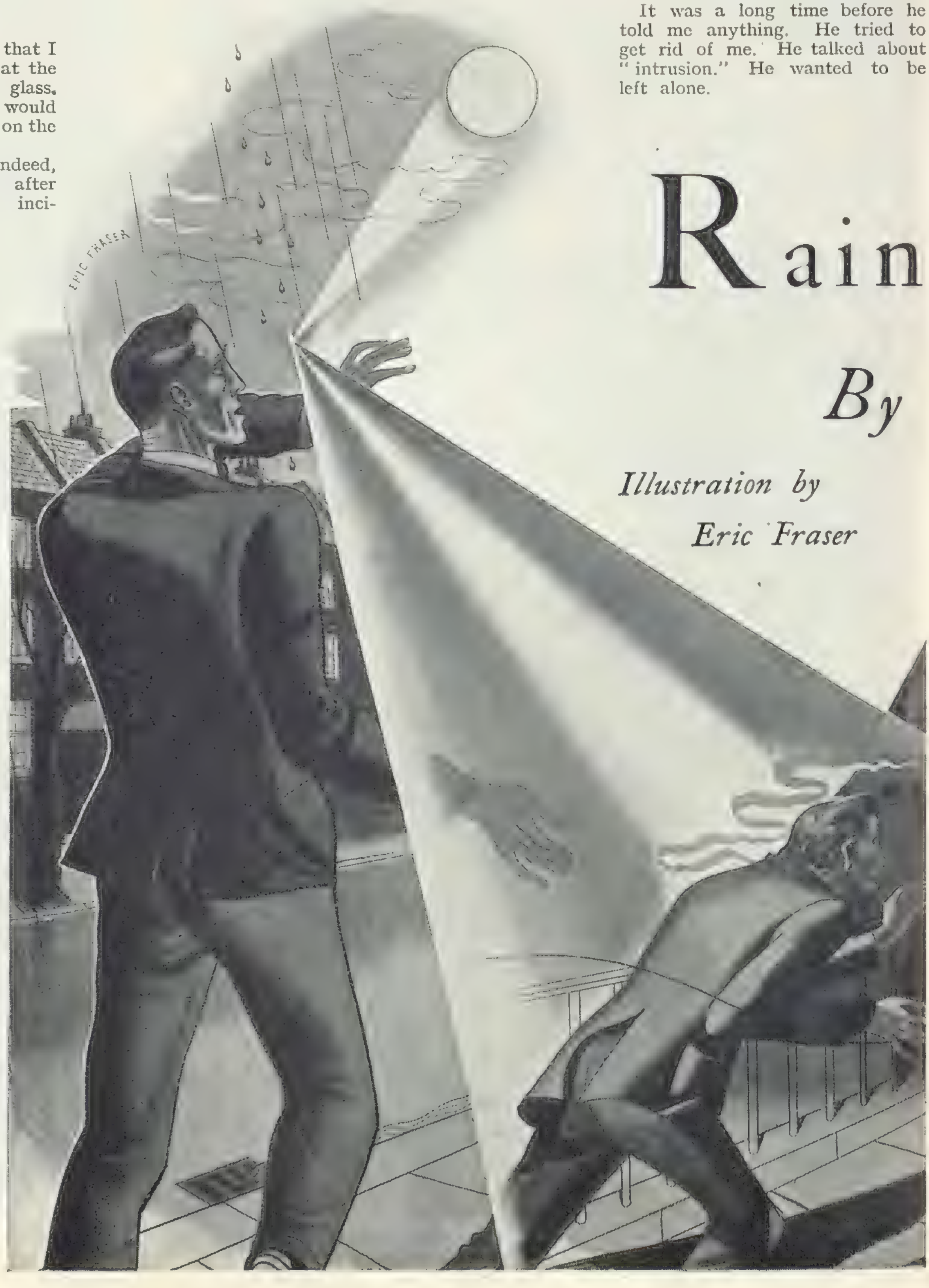
I noticed that he had grown a straggling beard, that he was very, very thin, that his jacket was torn and ragged, and his trousers over-worn.

"What do you want?" he said, gruffly.

I am not easily put off. And I had always liked Peter. I always wondered why a man who knew languages, as he did, could endure the grubbiness of the job he held so long. And frankly, when he had left it, I had always wondered what had become of him.

"What on earth are you doing now?" I asked. For behind him, hanging all round the walls, were long threads, hundreds in a row. In other parts of the room I saw bundles of thread.

It was a long time before he told me anything. He tried to get rid of me. He talked about "intrusion." He wanted to be left alone.



Then he said, "*I have seen beauty.*" And there came into his eyes a light that I had never noticed before. "*I saw a raindrop fall.*"

Now you would not believe the story that he told me. Just one raindrop falling on a great city! One raindrop seen by one man when millions of raindrops were falling on millions of people.

"Life is colour," he said. "Light is colour. Everything is colour. I saw a raindrop and then I dreamed a dream. And I am going to leave behind something that no man has ever done before."

You would not credit it, but from the hour he had made his mind up what he was going to do, Peter Wallson had started to save, and, while he saved, he studied the markets. And then he had invested a few pounds and made a few more. And, the more he made, the more he saved, stinting himself all the time, going short of all the things he needed.

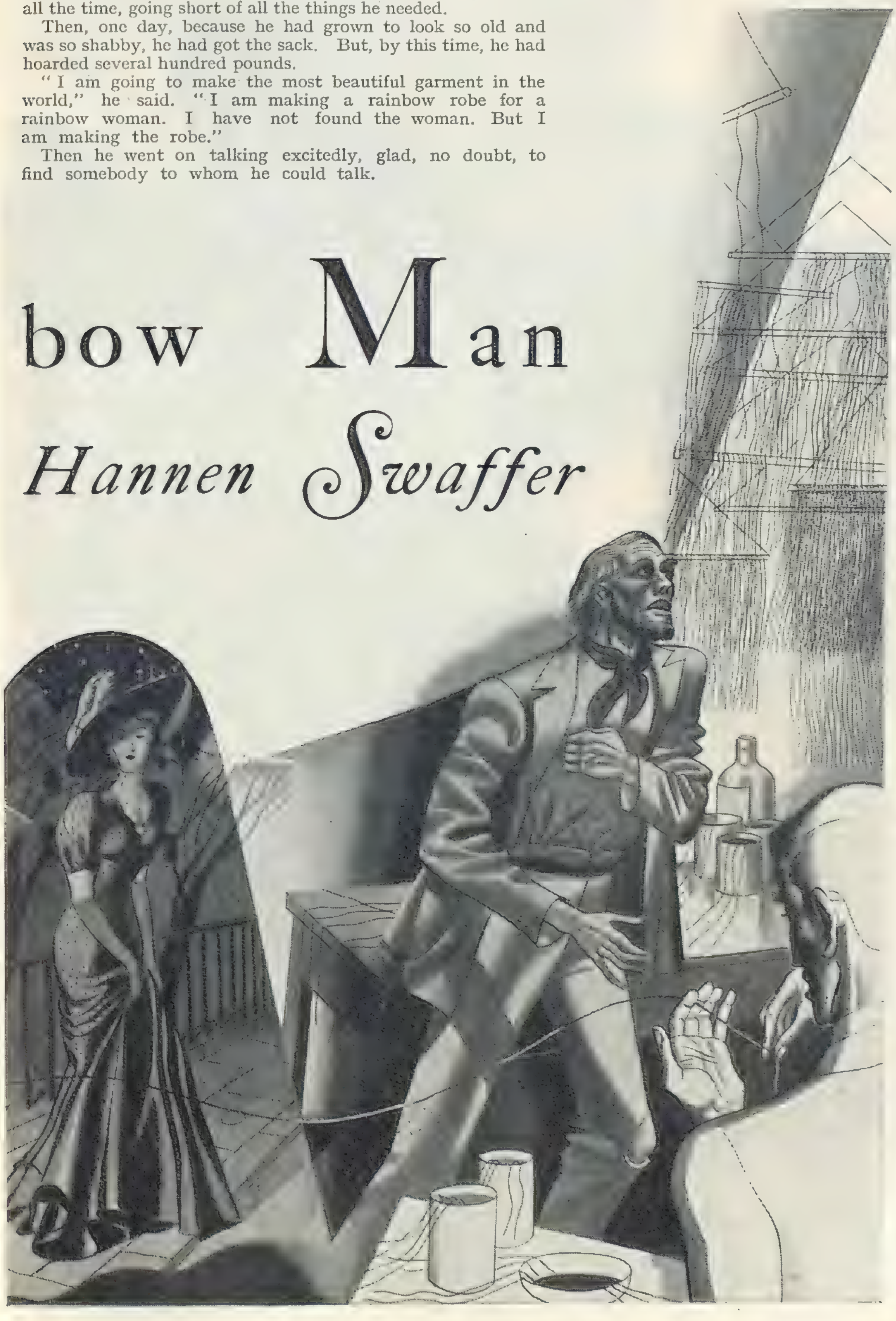
Then, one day, because he had grown to look so old and was so shabby, he had got the sack. But, by this time, he had hoarded several hundred pounds.

"I am going to make the most beautiful garment in the world," he said. "I am making a rainbow robe for a rainbow woman. I have not found the woman. But I am making the robe."

Then he went on talking excitedly, glad, no doubt, to find somebody to whom he could talk.

# bow Man

## *Hannen Swaffer*



"I never knew before the raindrop fell," he said, "that white consisted of the three cardinal colours, red, blue and yellow, perfectly mixed, that black consisted of no colours at all and that, in between all the colours, perfectly mixed, and the absolute negation of all colour, were all the shades—the ambers and the pearls, the roses, the mauves and the greys.

"Suddenly I thought of a garment that could be worn only by the most beautiful woman in the world. It could not be a dress because shaping it would get the colours out of place. So it would have to be a cloak. I thought of the whitest of whites at one end, the blackest of blacks at the other, and, in between, the rainbow."

And so the poor fool had learned how to dye. He had read that William Morris did it. Why shouldn't he?

"I could not buy all the colours," he said. "The sordid world makes merely for its own requirements. I wanted a perfect gradation. So I had to start all on my own and do it all myself. I have had to dye each thread separately."

And he had bought 20,000 threads!

"Fancy a cloak which, when wrapped round a woman," he said, "shows, in front, the deepest of blacks contrasting with the whitest of whites at the other end. Fancy a perfect red, just one thread, in the middle!

"From white, I am going through thousands of threads, each one separately dyed, from white gradually into blue, and then, thread by thread, into red—then, from red to yellow, and from yellow into black. From the earliest of dawns to the deepest of midnights, thread by thread, one at a time!"

Then he told me how he had grubbed and saved and then how he had studied. He had mastered the art of dyeing. And he was dyeing, most days, two threads in a day, a separate dye for each separate thread.

"I have been working for a year," he said. "Perhaps it will take me thirty years longer. The Rainbow Robe for the Rainbow Woman! No one has ever thought of it before."

"Who is the woman?" I said.

"I shall find the woman," he replied.

THE next time I saw Peter Wallson, he was in a cell at a police station! They called me up on the telephone and asked me if I would bail someone out. They gave

(*Continued on page* 93)

# For Damages Received...

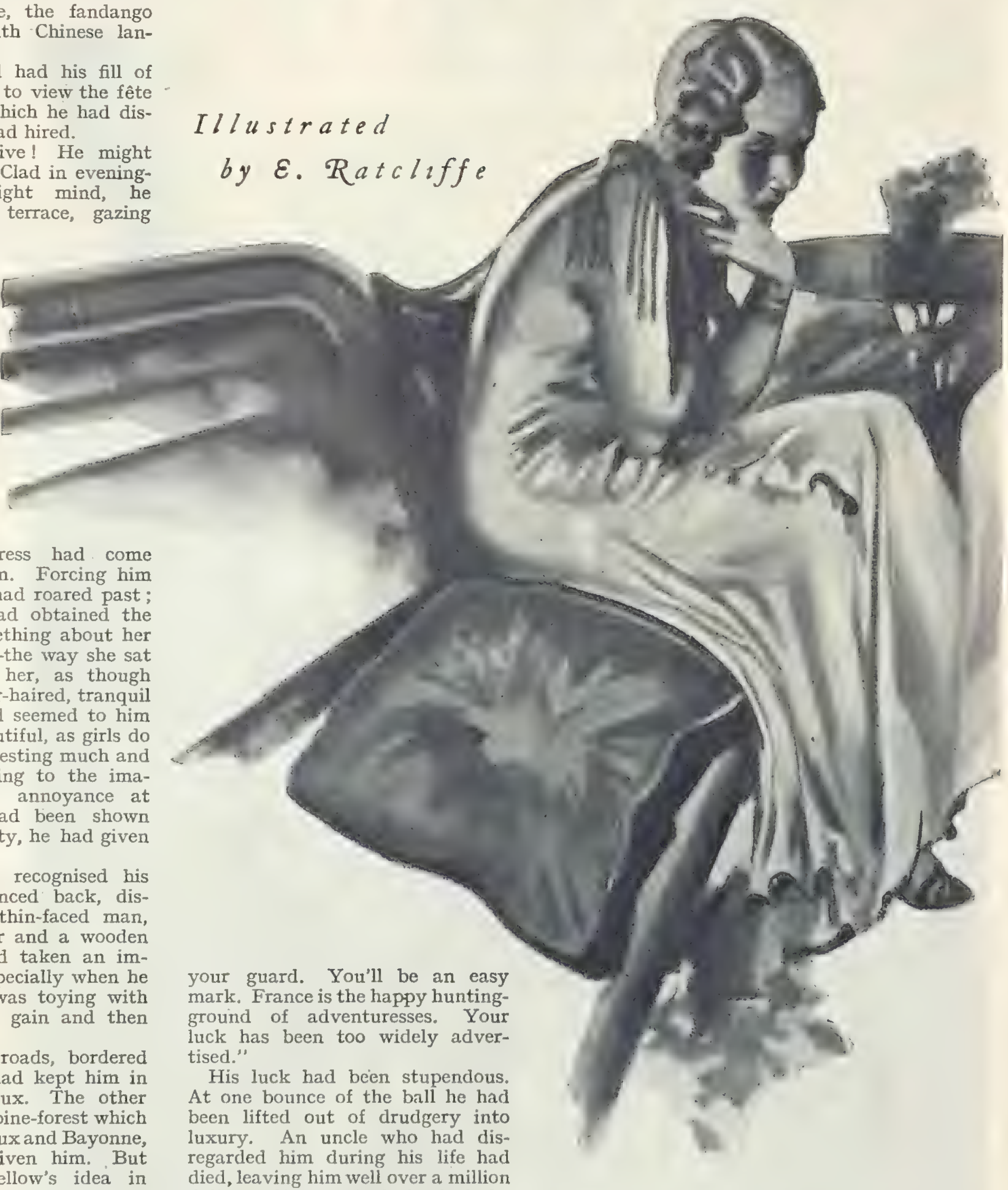
Illustrated by E. Ratcliffe

THOUGH daylight lingered, fireworks were already shooting above the sun-parched roofs of St. Jean de Luz. There was to be a fête to-night, drums and fifes in the half-Spanish square, the fandango danced, processions with Chinese lanterns, madness.

Terence McBride had had his fill of madness. He proposed to view the fête through the telescope which he had discovered in the villa he had hired.

Heavens, what a drive! He might have broken his neck. Clad in evening-dress and in his right mind, he lounged on the buff terrace, gazing down the hillside to the harbour studded with yachts. The risks one takes for no good reason!

He had been returning from a trip to Paris and had spent the night at Angoulême. Making an early start that morning, he had noticed a powerful car of foreign make in the hotel courtyard. An hour later, the same car travelling like an express had come shrieking up behind him. Forcing him almost into a ditch, it had roared past; but as it passed, he had obtained the glimpse of a girl. Something about her had struck him as odd—the way she sat staring straight before her, as though seeing nothing, like a fair-haired, tranquil doll. And then she had seemed to him more than humanly beautiful, as girls do when they flash by, suggesting much and leaving almost everything to the imagination. Partly from annoyance at the discourtesy that had been shown him, partly from curiosity, he had given chase.



The man ahead had recognised his challenge. He had glanced back, disguised by goggles. A thin-faced man, with lean lips, lank hair and a wooden expression. Terence had taken an immense dislike to him, especially when he realised that the man was toying with him, permitting him to gain and then drawing away from him.

Through switch-back roads, bordered by vineyards, Terence had kept him in sight as far as Bordeaux. The other side of Bordeaux, in the pine-forest which stretches between Bordeaux and Bayonne, the stranger had outdriven him. But what had been the fellow's idea in tantalising him? He had exceeded speed-laws as though he were escaping. He might have been a criminal trying to reach the Spanish frontier. Any conjecture, however far-fetched, was possible. Terence supposed that he would never learn the explanation and would never know whether the girl, faintly glimpsed, was as lovely as he had fancied. His lawyer's warning came to mind, handed to him on the point of sailing from New York.

"Terence, my lad, you must be on your guard. You'll be an easy mark. France is the happy hunting-ground of adventuresses. Your luck has been too widely advertised."

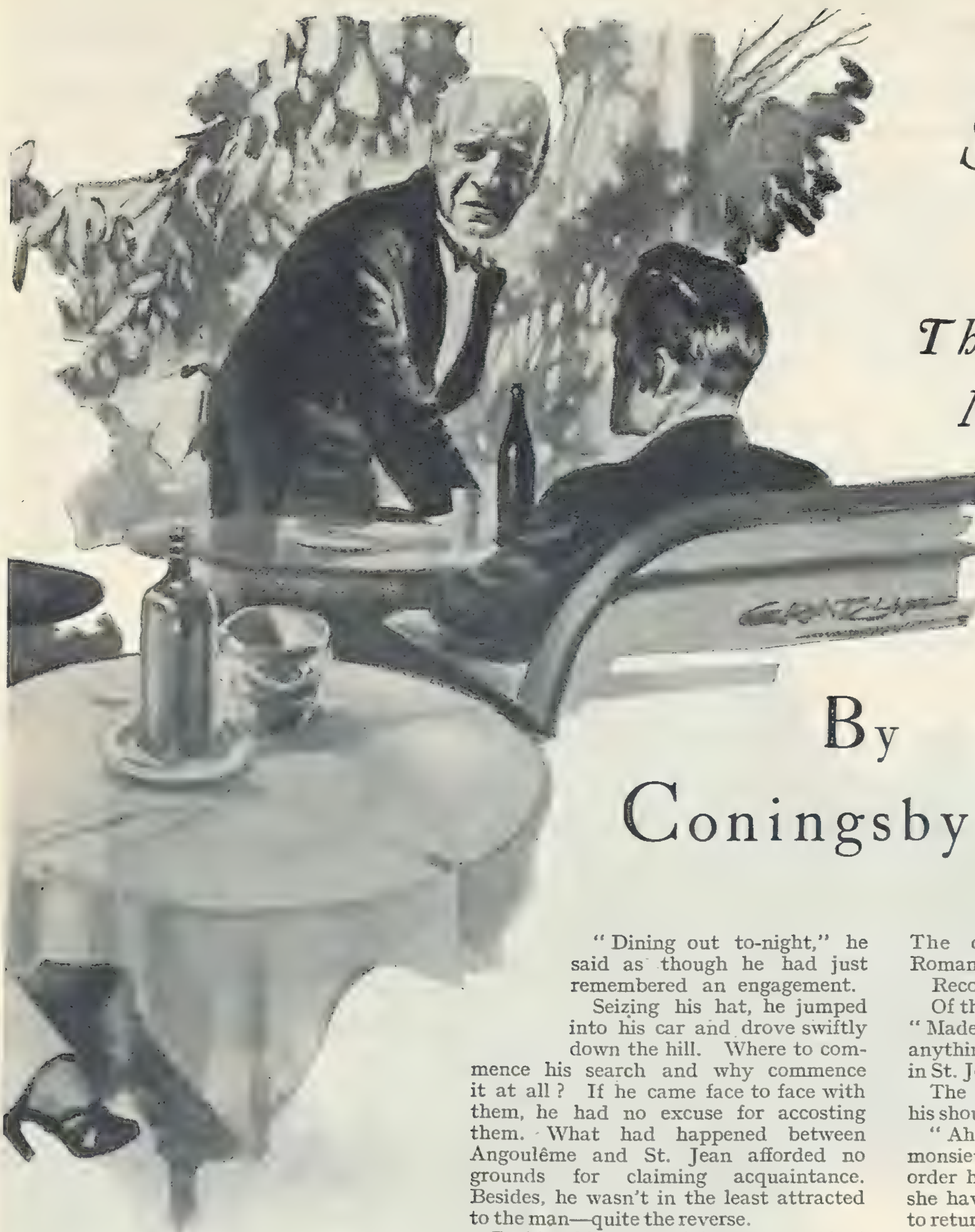
His luck had been stupendous. At one bounce of the ball he had been lifted out of drudgery into luxury. An uncle who had disregarded him during his life had died, leaving him well over a million dollars. Terence had chucked the job at the bank where he was employed and had set out in quest of glamour. The lawyer had proved to be correct; his reputation had run ahead of him. His arrival at Havre and the playboy rôle that fortune had thrust on him, had been heralded in the Paris editions of the American papers. So far he had disappointed the early birds who make a profit from the dissipation of worms. To-day's rashness had been his sole lapse from strictest sanity.

Vowing to himself that such idiocy should not occur again, he rose from his wicker-chair and applied his eye to the telescope. A new yacht was in the harbour. A boat was drawn up at its side. A tall man in evening-dress was handing a girl into the boat, while a sailor, leaning forward, stood up to assist her. The girl was all in white, except for the gold lace which embroidered the shawl which covered her gleaming shoulders. The man took his place beside her. The

# Lost, Stolen or Strayed—

## The Story of a Mystery Girl and her Knight Errant

### By Coningsby Dawson



OF the waiter who served him he asked, " Mademoiselle over there, do you know anything about her? I have not seen her in St. Jean before "

sailor started rowing, pulling the boat round and bringing the faces of his passengers directly into the vision of the telescope. Terence caught his breath. They were the people who had eluded him. The man rested his hand on the girl's knee possessively. She took no notice. First impressions had not been mistaken; she was exquisitely beautiful.

The boat arrived at the jetty. They joined the crowd sauntering along the promenade, crossed the road and were hidden beneath the slope of the hill.

THIS second encounter had the air of fatality. It was too unusual to be ignored. As the English butler, Jodrell, whom he had inherited with the villa, came to announce dinner, he arrived at a decision.

" Dining out to-night," he said as though he had just remembered an engagement.

Seizing his hat, he jumped into his car and drove swiftly down the hill. Where to commence his search and why commence it at all? If he came face to face with them, he had no excuse for accosting them. What had happened between Angoulême and St. Jean afforded no grounds for claiming acquaintance. Besides, he wasn't in the least attracted to the man—quite the reverse.

Parking his car, he joined the carnival mob. Balconies overhanging narrow streets were already illumined. Trees were strung with fairy-lamps. He passed a group of young Americans, who greeted him. He pressed on and entered the square.

He watched the firework display; then the dancing. No sign of her. He started on a round of the cafés. The hour was past midnight when he bethought himself of the Casino. He examined the gambling-tables, the dance hall. Not there. Tired and annoyed, he was on the point of reclaiming his car, when he saw her. It was as though she had been waiting for him—had staged herself especially to delight him. She was seated in the restaurant-garden of the *Eckola* against a background of shrubbery, the electric light flooding down on her. She was alone and still as a statue. From the darkness of the pavement he stood estimating her. She was a picture posed by an artist—pale gold hair, white dress, gold embroidery on her shawl. He took in her surroundings. Table sheltered by gaily coloured umbrellas. The fountain playing. The orchestra in a dim recess. Romance!

Recovering his calm, he entered.

Of the waiter who served him he asked, " Mademoiselle over there, do you know anything about her? I have not seen her in St. Jean before."

The waiter glanced negligently across his shoulder.

" Ah, Madame—she sit for hours. Her monsieur come in and place her. He order her meal and leave her. She find she have no money, so she wait for him to return and pay."

The callous brute! It was what Terence would have expected of him. The girl looked wearied and dazed. Her small hands supported her delicate face. His chivalry was roused. The motives of a girl unaccompanied at this hour might easily be mistaken. A young Spaniard murmured something to her in passing. Then other men. Terence determined to constitute himself her protector.

" If I had the courage of my longings," he thought, " I would go across and say to her——."

What would he say? Something extravagant. But in these modern days of female emancipation one no longer acted like the hero in a Dumas novel.

The hour drew toward three o'clock. The chill of dawn was in the air. He beckoned the waiter.

" I will settle the young lady's account for her."

He saw the waiter go over, say something and start to clear the table. The girl rose as in a trance, and walked slowly from the garden to the pavement. There she halted uncertainly. Throwing conventions to the winds, Terence hurried after her.

"Is there anything I can do for you?"

She pressed a hand to her forehead.

"If you could tell me who I am."

He peered at her. A curious turn the adventure was taking!

"You came off a yacht," he said. "It's at anchor in the harbour. If you'll allow me, I have my car and can drive you."

"A yacht!" she murmured. "But then I remember nothing. Something awfully queer must have happened."

When they had reached the car and she was seated beside him, he delayed starting.

"I can tell you a little more about yourself. You were at Angoulême this morning. I fancy you had driven through the night. You were with a man who was in a terrific hurry. The next time I saw you, you were in his company, landing from the yacht. Does that recall anything?"

She shook her head as though she had only partly comprehended him.

"I'm in a fog. Don't leave me."

"I'll stick by you," he assured her. "We're both Americans. You can trust me."

At the jetty no boat was waiting. Across the still expanse of water, pale in the early dawn, he made out shadowy figures on the yacht. He hailed them. They at once sprang into energy, hauling up the anchor and starting the engines. He had supposed that they were going to come alongside for her, instead of which with gathering speed, they headed for the open sea and vanished.

"Well, that beats all!" He turned to her; but she was half asleep.

He led her back to the car. No hotel would accept her at this hour without luggage or papers of identification.

"I have a villa. If you don't think the suggestion too fantastic. . . ."

BY the time he halted in his garden, she was drowsing against his shoulder. As he helped her out, he glanced up at the shuttered windows and was thankful that there were no witnesses of his indiscretion. Stealthily he admitted her. In the dim hall he clutched her hand.

"Look here, on the level, you're not fooling me? Don't you really know who you are?"

"Perhaps after a rest I may . . ." Her answer was cut short by a yawn.

He showed her to his bedroom, which contained the only bed prepared for occupancy. Descending to the salon, he stretched himself on the couch without undressing. He had the vague idea that if he were discovered fully dressed, circumstances would appear less compromising.

He was awakened by the shutters being thrown back. The stately Jodrell was going about his accustomed task of letting in the sunshine. Terence lay very still, waiting to be noticed. While he waited, he strove to conjecture how Jodrell would receive the news that he was about to break to him. Jodrell outwardly was smug and respectable, chop-whiskered and portly; but he must conceal a vein of romance, for he had married a French cook and adopted her country. They worked in situations together.

To cut short suspense, Terence addressed him from the couch.

"Morning, Jodrell."

The man looked shocked as he surveyed his crumpled master.

"My word, sir! A thick night you must have had. Couldn't you get no further?"

"You do my sobriety an injustice, Jodrell. We have company. There's a young lady in my bedroom."

"Is there indeed, sir?"

"There is, indeed, Jodrell. I don't know what to do with her. Of course she may be all right when she wakes up."

"Then she wasn't all right last night, sir?"

"Far from it. I found her suffering from loss of memory."

Jodrell rubbed his chin.

"She'll be good looking?"

"Very."

"And young?"

"Pathetically."

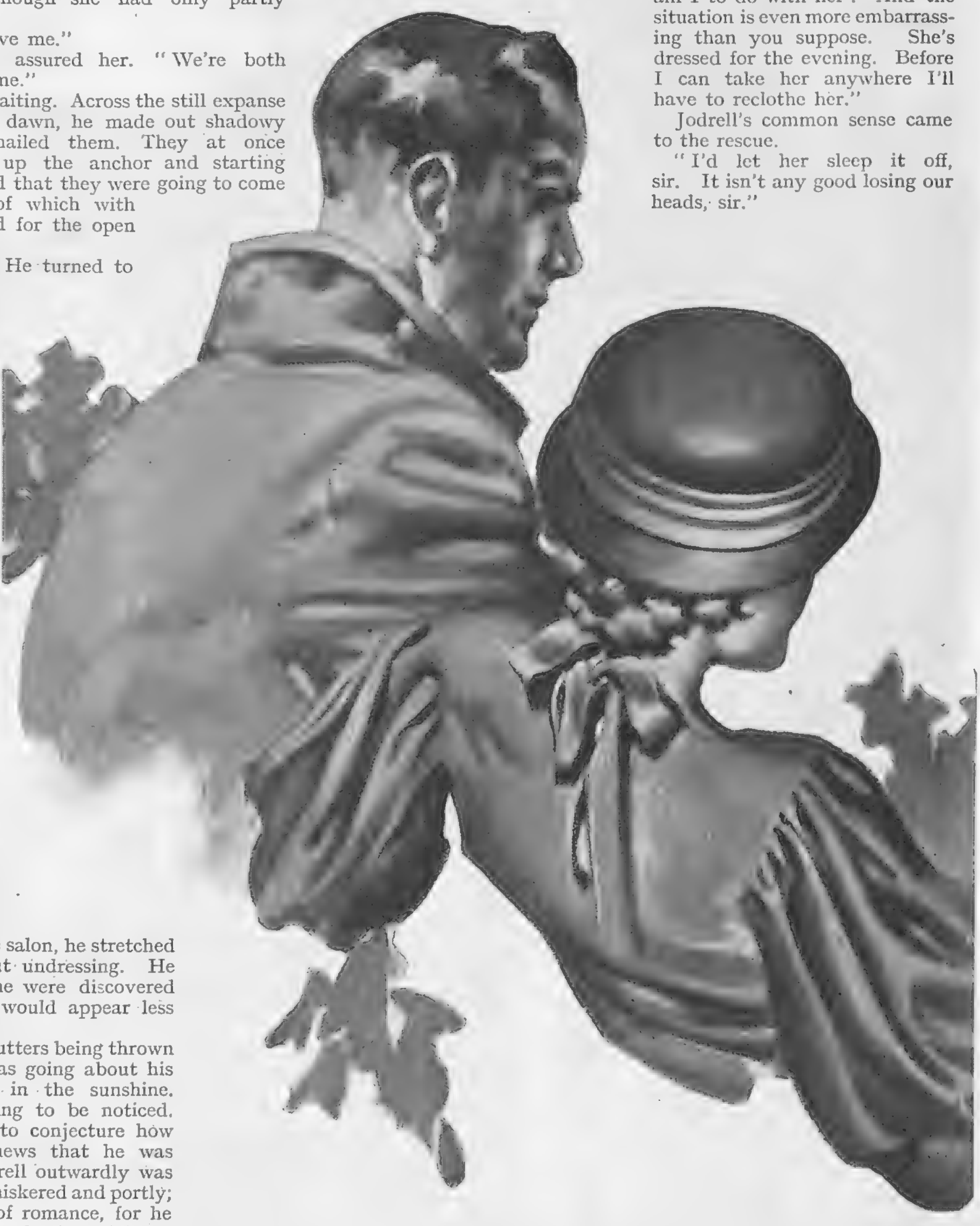
Jodrell pursed his lips.

"Loss of memory don't sound natural—not in a woman. An embarrassing situation, sir. If she insists that she's lost her memory and nobody comes to claim her, what do you propose to do with her?"

"That's the point—my reason for consulting you. What am I to do with her? And the situation is even more embarrassing than you suppose. She's dressed for the evening. Before I can take her anywhere I'll have to reclothe her."

Jodrell's common sense came to the rescue.

"I'd let her sleep it off, sir. It isn't any good losing our heads, sir."



"I'm not losing my head, Jodrell. And now I'll run upstairs and change. Serve my breakfast on the terrace."

During breakfast Jodrell hovered.

"My wife took a peep at her, sir. The young lady's sleeping like an angel—in a suit of your pyjamas. My wife says she's a beauty."

"She's all of that," Terence agreed heartily.

"But there ain't no labels on her clothes, sir. Even her shoes have no labels. Everything's been removed—I mean everything that would trace her, just as if it had been done on purpose."

"On purpose!" Terence repeated.

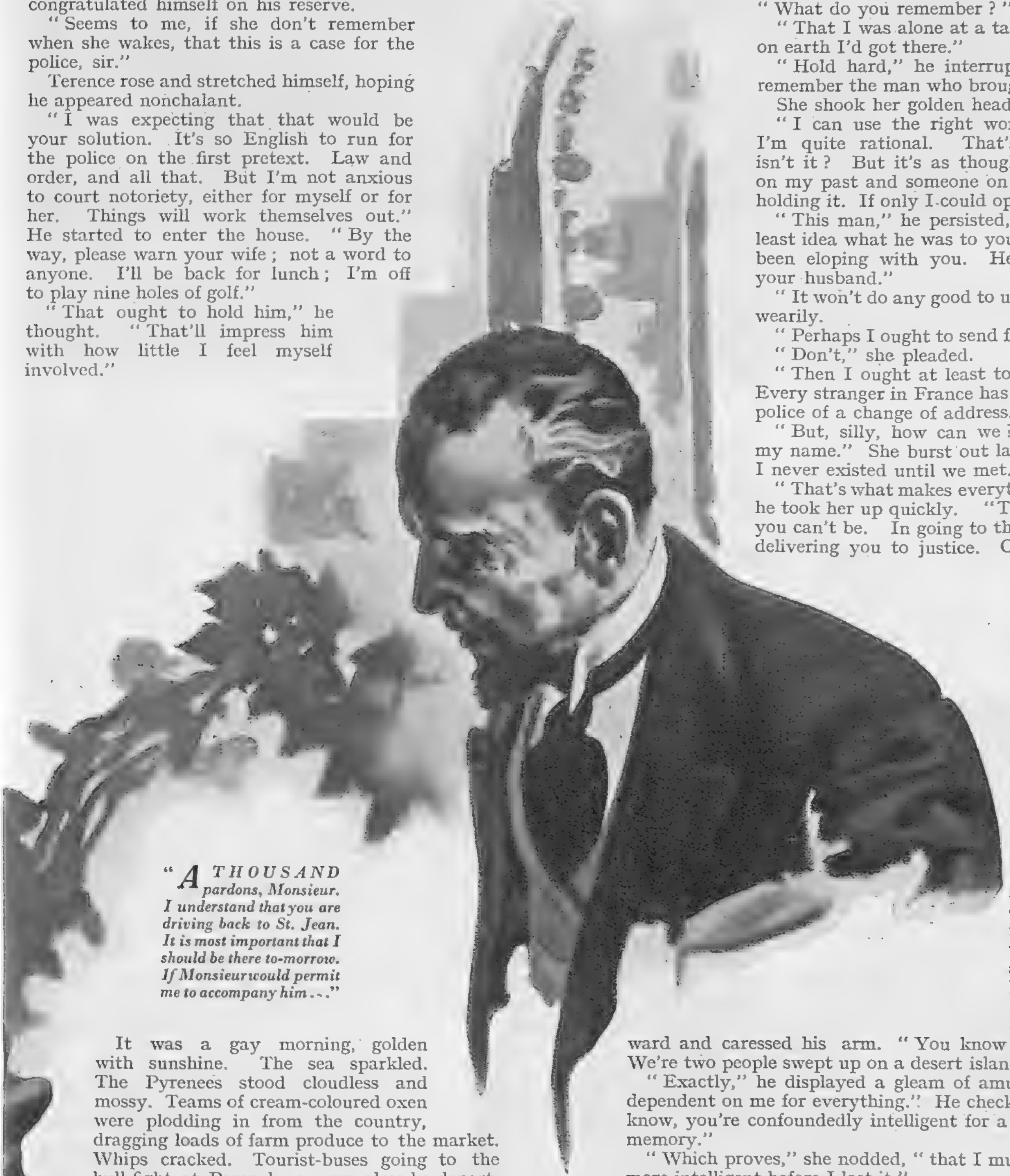
He was wondering whether he ought to confide to Jodrell the sequence of events that had led up to this strange visit—the racing automobile, the chase through France, the vanished yacht. He decided to keep his counsel. The older man might think him an infatuated hothead. He would certainly suspect that the girl was party to an imposture. The next minute he congratulated himself on his reserve.

"Seems to me, if she don't remember when she wakes, that this is a case for the police, sir."

Terence rose and stretched himself, hoping he appeared nonchalant.

"I was expecting that that would be your solution. It's so English to run for the police on the first pretext. Law and order, and all that. But I'm not anxious to court notoriety, either for myself or for her. Things will work themselves out." He started to enter the house. "By the way, please warn your wife; not a word to anyone. I'll be back for lunch; I'm off to play nine holes of golf."

"That ought to hold him," he thought. "That'll impress him with how little I feel myself involved."



*"A THOUSAND pardons, Monsieur. I understand that you are driving back to St. Jean. It is most important that I should be there to-morrow. If Monsieur would permit me to accompany him . . ."*

It was a gay morning, golden with sunshine. The sea sparkled. The Pyrenees stood cloudless and mossy. Teams of cream-coloured oxen were plodding in from the country, dragging loads of farm produce to the market. Whips cracked. Tourist-buses going to the bull-fight at Pampeluna were already departing. He saw it all as in a dream, this cheerful, contented world. The reality in his mind was that mysterious intruder sleeping in his bachelor bedroom. He longed to hear her speak again. He imagined her childlike dependence on him. The trustful way in which she thrust her arm through his. She might have wakened and be asking for him. But the circumstances were altogether too unconventional. Jodrell mustn't be allowed to think that he attached too much importance to her.

Golf that morning was a failure.

IT was the mid-day cocktail hour as he re-entered St. Jean de Luz. Friends hailed him from tables arranged on pavements, making signs that he should join them. He waved and drove on. Nothing mattered except the girl.

As he alighted from his car Jodrell met him.

"She's on the terrace, sir—been there for the past two hours. But she's still peccooliar. That's my judgment."

On the terrace, reclining in the wicker-chair, Terence found her. Jodrell was right. She did look peculiar in her low-cut, white evening frock. She glanced up, her eyes clearly blue and sensible.

"I remember you. Isn't that funny? You're the only person I do remember."

Drawing up a chair, he seated himself beside her.

"What do you remember?"

"That I was alone at a table, wondering how on earth I'd got there."

"Hold hard," he interrupted. "Don't you remember the man who brought and left you?"

She shook her golden head.

"I can use the right words for everything. I'm quite rational. That's the right word, isn't it? But it's as though a door had shut on my past and someone on the other side was holding it. If only I could open it!"

"This man," he persisted, "haven't you the least idea what he was to you? He might have been eloping with you. He might have been your husband."

"It won't do any good to urge me," she sighed wearily.

"Perhaps I ought to send for a doctor."

"Don't," she pleaded.

"Then I ought at least to inform the police. Every stranger in France has to notify the local police of a change of address."

"But, silly, how can we? We don't know my name." She burst out laughing. "Perhaps I never existed until we met."

"That's what makes everything so awkward," he took her up quickly. "There's nothing that you can't be. In going to the police I might be delivering you to justice. On the other hand, you may even be the victim of a crime."

She darted up in her chair.

"Isn't it exciting?" Then, with a shrewd glance, "You don't think so? You're not anxious to be rid of me?"

"Heavens, no," he assured her. "But I'm a bachelor."

"And what of it? I'm perfectly certain that I'm not married. If I were, wouldn't a husband who had deserted me deserve——?" She leaned forward and caressed his arm. "You know this really is fun. We're two people swept up on a desert island."

"Exactly," he displayed a gleam of amusement. "You're dependent on me for everything." He checked himself. "You know, you're confoundedly intelligent for a girl who's lost her memory."

"Which proves," she nodded, "that I must have been even more intelligent before I lost it."

Jodrell, with the dignity of a bishop, announced lunch.

"Oh, for the love of Mike"—Terence swung round—"serve it here on the terrace."

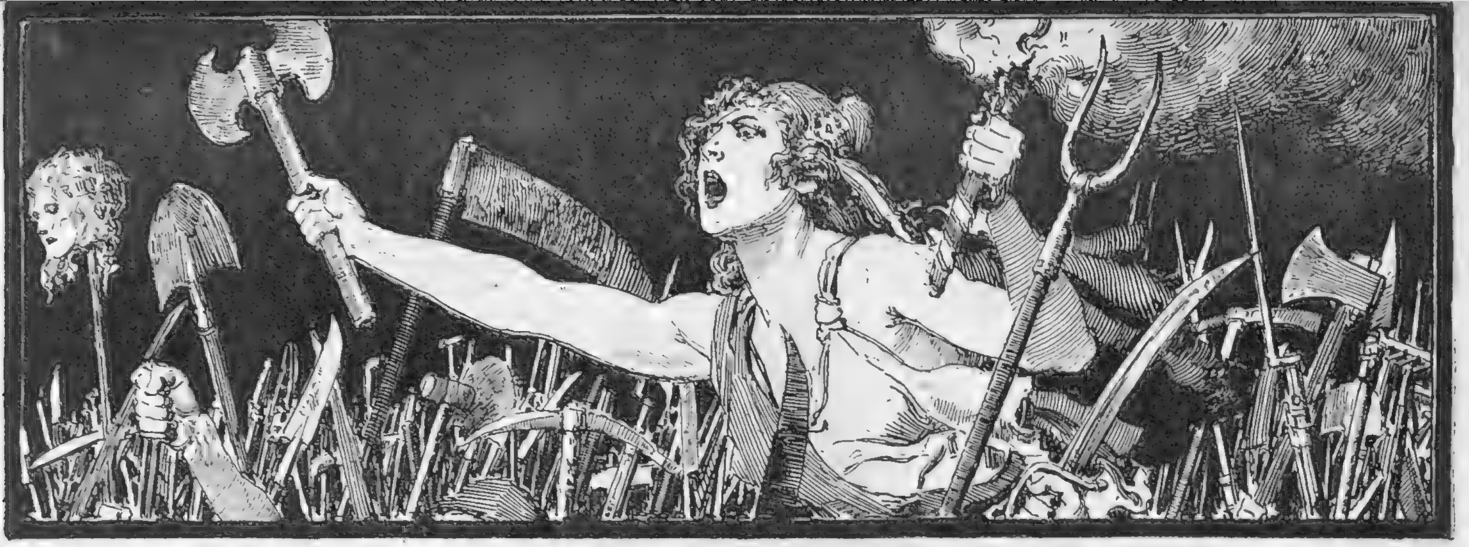
After lunch—a really elaborate lunch which had started with cocktails and finished with cognac and coffee—Terence turned to her glowingly.

"Now that we're rid of that old crab, meaning Jodrell, I must tell you where we stand. As a lady who's lost her memory, I don't suppose you can at all estimate the queerness of our position. My first duty is to buy you clothes. I'll do that this afternoon. My second is to protect your reputation. If anyone were to learn that you were staying with me——. Of course I want you to stay."

"I can see you do," she spoke mockingly.

"But it's rarely done," he warned her. "Your case is so exceptional. It's difficult to explain."

"I can understand without you telling me," she arrested him. "I don't know why or how I understand." (*Contd. on page 96*)

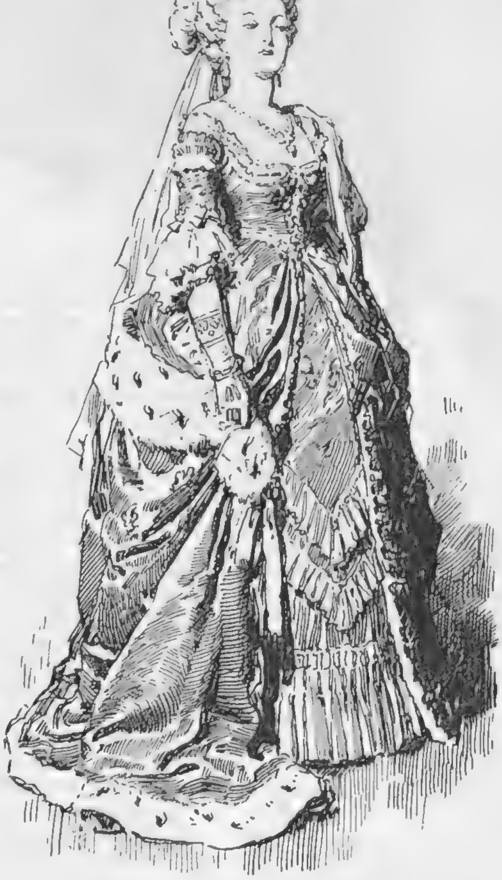


# OLD TALES RE-TOLD

## CARMAGNOLE: *When the Pawns stormed the Castles, overthrew the Knights, unfrocked the Bishops, and discrowned the King and Queen on the Chess Board of History.*

Written and illustrated
by

### F. Matania, R.I.



*Marie Antoinette*

THE magnitude of the French Revolution is such that it would be absurd to attempt even an outline as a simple preparation of the background to my story this month. A few fragmentary hints alone must suggest that era of strife when France was riven in twain.

France was divided into two parties. The first was composed of 270,000 souls—and bodies. Of these 140,000 belonged to the nobility; 130,000 to the clergy. Together they were masters of one-half the very soil of France, besides holding the monopoly of every power and every appointment, from the highest to the humblest; this quarter-million, also, was exempt from taxes.

The second party numbered 26,000,000. Workers these, crushed by coercion, impoverished by impositions, brought to starvation in order to maintain in luxury the privileged classes, at the head of whom stood—the King.

The clergy, chosen by the Crown, had put at the service of its earthly god its vested interests in Heaven and Hell as fee for their terrestrial privileges.

Inhuman state of affairs! Still more inhuman was the reaction which made of France one river of blood, engulfing not only those responsible, but the very machine which had put in motion the Revolution.

The obstinacy of the Royal Family degenerated into mere blindness. Refusing to follow the evolution of time, the King tried, almost to the end, to save his privileges. He never realised that he was already half-way down the Gorge of Fate. For the sake of his Royal dignity, he was utterly unable to assume an acceptable aspect before his people.

Progressively and fatally, the discontent of the nation swelled from suspicion to resentment; from resentment to rage; from rage to frenzy. Provocation, direct and indirect, changed this rage into a lust for blood and death.

One event which had roused the ire of the public had been the attempt on the part of the Royal family to reach the frontier in disguise and leave France. This act of the King was not considered a mere escape from the responsibilities of his exalted position, but an open acceptance of the armed protection of Kingship raised by several nations who, to reinstate the old privileges of Louis XVI, were ready—and more than willing—to crush France.

It was on the 29th of June that, in an ordinary mail coach, a party composed of three women, one man and two children—a little boy and a girl of about thirteen—coming from the direction of Paris, had reached a village called St. Menehould, near Châlons. As they were changing horses, a man standing close by took from his pocket an *assignat*, a currency note of the type that had been specially printed during the early stages of the Revolution.

His gaze turned alternately from the man in the coach to the note.

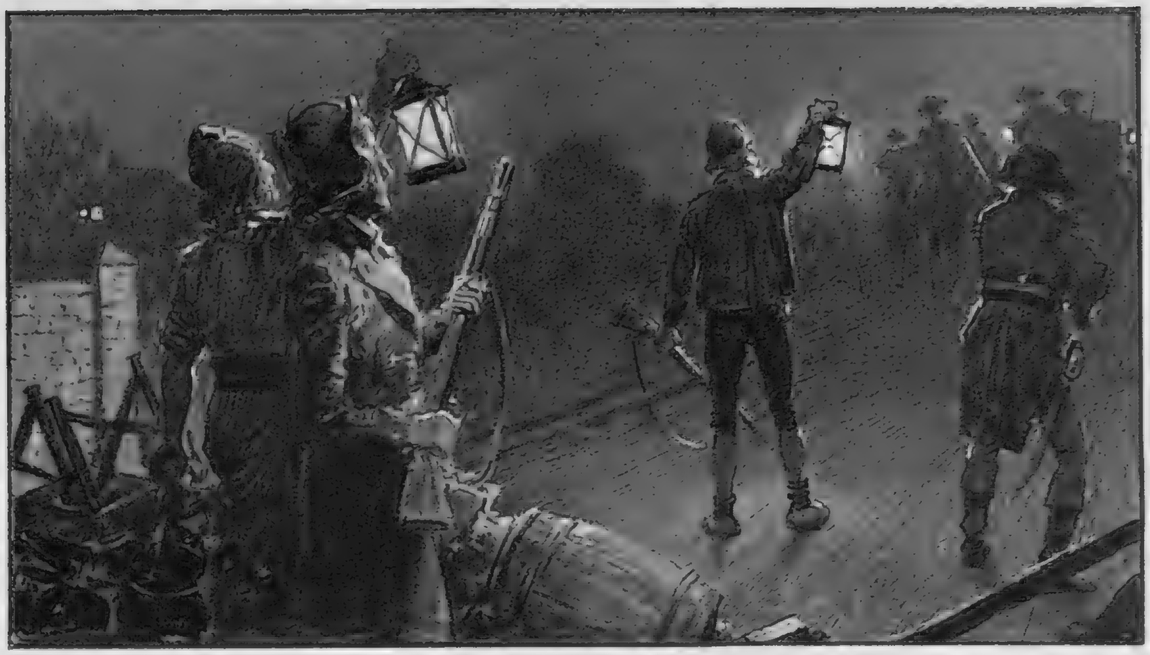
The object of his attention was supposed to be a butler, but his demeanour did not reveal the spontaneous professionalism of such his humble status. His age—not over forty—coincided perfectly with that of Louis XVI, who was then thirty-seven years old.

The revolutionist felt the indescribable thrill of having made a discovery that was to raise a storm throughout France.

The coach was about to resume its journey towards Varennes when the man, Drouet by name, without wasting a second, saddled a couple of horses and, with a companion, mounted and followed the coach. At a certain point they diverged, took a short cut, and reached Varennes. The little village was asleep.

Long and laborious had been the preparation of that attempt to escape. Friendly eyes watched mysteriously the long length of their road. With every step of the galloping horses the unhappy Capets drew nearer to success.

As they reached the little bridge at



*THEY saw some lanterns gleaming in the darkness, and on reaching it they heard voices shouting " Halt ! "*

Varennes, they saw some lanterns gleaming in the darkness, and on reaching it they heard voices shouting *" Arrêtez-vous ! "*—" Halt ! " Three or four muskets were levelled at the carriage. What to do ?

A more resolute prince, surrounded by horsemen and faithful servants, might have forced that barrier, until then too weak to resist them. But Louis was a timid father of a family rather than an adventurous knight. It was Danton, not Louis Seize, whose motto was " *De l'audace, encore de l'audace, toujours de l'audace.*"

Hoping to overcome the difficulty by merely showing his false passport, he obeyed the command.

An hour later, the little village had run stark mad. The tocsin was tolled incessantly. The roll of the drums mustered the National Guard. Only those too ill to leave their houses were not in the street. Drouet had made no mistake. The Royal family was arrested.

Only the Queen realised the gravity of their interception. Within the space of a few hours, her beautiful hair turned grey.

That was the baptism of terror imposed on the little Louis XVII., then a child of six, whose existence was later to be considered a danger to a nation, and whose mere name was to be his death-sentence.

Forget, for a moment, the tragedy of royalty. Think of the tragedy of the people. The real revolution was still latent in their hearts. They wanted something more than sporadic, episodic outbursts of violence. Even the unexpected doom of the Bastille, and the various horrors of bloodshed, had not slaked the thirst of that ravening lust.

A PATRIOT of the Convention, named Grangeneuve, decided to provoke a reaction among the people by offering himself to be killed by one of his friends. Others of the Jacobins would accuse the aristocrats of his assassination.

This did not take place. The men charged with the task failed to appear at the spot of the sacrifice. But Grangeneuve was still an optimist. The French Revolution not only found no difficulties in piling up accusations against her Royalty, but also found a way to put the heads of the hero and his friends in the " lunette " of the guillotine.

" La Belle France," wearing the Phrygian cap, run mad with cruelty, rendered insensitive to the sight of her own blood, was mutilating not only her own body—but her soul.

I pass over the seething mania of every organisation, the streets flaunting with the new heraldry of the *Tricolour*, the walls covered with flaring placards that only too often contradicted one another, the festivities which were neither more nor less than another form of convulsion, where the *risus sardonicus*—the grin of disease—was so easily mistaken for a smile, the smile for a grin.

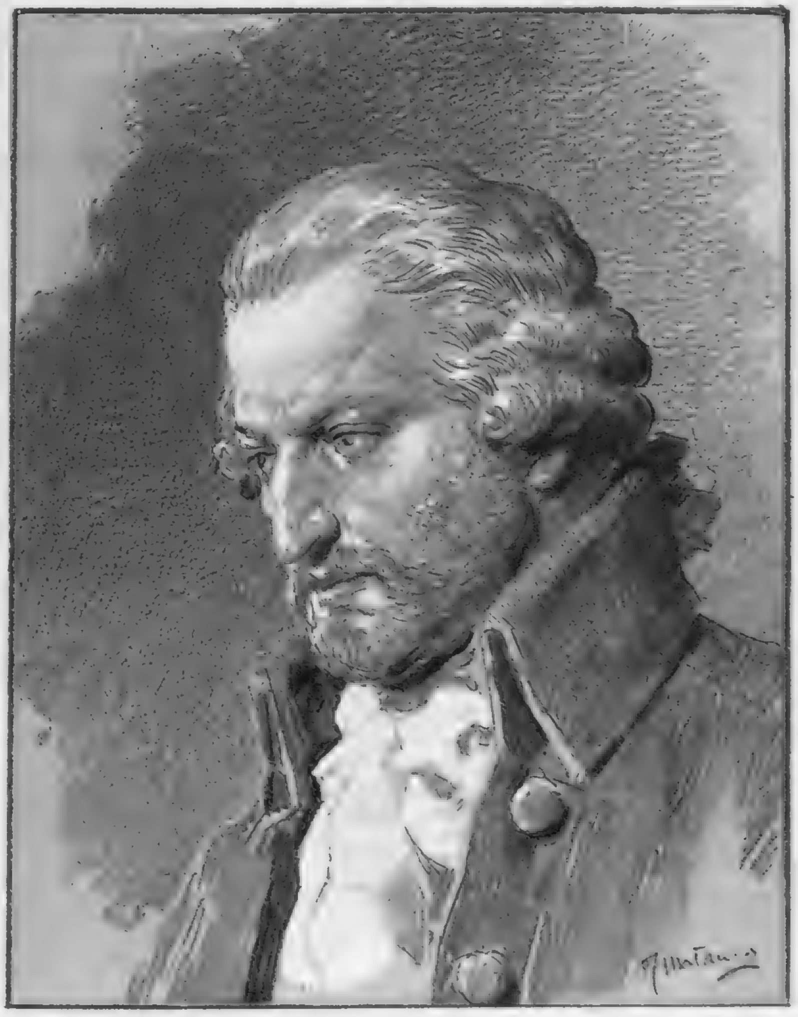
I pass over the tumultuous sittings of the Assembly preparing the Republic, this terrifying Moloch, swallowing victims even his belly could not contain ; the Tribunal where the least approach to human pity cost the head of him who dared to exercise it.

I want to show just a few impressions of the Royal family in captivity, more especially the youngest victim, the Royal culprit of the age of David Copperfield, Louis XVII., so called both in hope by the foreign nations surrounding France and in the bitter gibe of cynics wading through blood to destroy the throne.

THE sensation of being prisoners must have been felt by the Royal family since the moment that, from the sumptuous balcony at Versailles, they had the first view of the people under arms surrounding the palace, that thitherto had been heaven on earth.

From that moment the stately windows became spy-holes through which anxious eyes began to discern glimpses of the approaching storm ; and, when the will of the people expressed itself with those well-known words—more a peremptory order than a desire—" Le Roi à Paris," the Royal family left heaven for ever, and passed to the " Purgatory of the Tuileries."

This Royal residence was refurnished and touched up for the occasion. The activities of carpenters, decorators and upholsterers gave to the Royal family an illusion, with a faint basis of reality, that in some strange fashion their Royalty was still an object of deference.



*NO one would have recognised the King. His razors had been taken away from him, for fear of suicide, and the grown beard gave him a most pathetic and extraordinary appearance*

The King's favourite hobby was to do locksmith's work. His tools were fetched from Versailles, and all his spare time was spent in filing keys, scheming new combinations, devising fresh wards and springs. . . . His other great pastime had been hunting, but that was over. He had a new sympathy with the quarry of the chase.

Whatever might have been the appearance of security at the Tuileries, Louis was no more than the poor wooden king who had passed from one square to another of the chess-board. His castles had been razed, his bishops unfrocked, his knights unhorsed. France had called "Checkmate"; and the King could not move—save to be thrown away into the box.

When he desired to spend Easter at Saint Cloud, the alarm was spread that he intended to fly, and at the very moment when the Royal carriage with eight horses was about to start, strong hands took hold of bridle and rein, and the carriage was kept motionless until his Majesty descended and disappeared again in his golden prison.

But the hope of leaving France had never vanished from the hearts of the Royal family.

Two members of the Revolution were sent to Versailles to get a glimpse of what was going on there. Carra, writing in the "Annales Patriotiques," says: "In the King's stables (at Versailles), also the stables of the Whilom Garde du Corps, they found there from seven to eight hundred horses, standing always saddled and bridled, ready for the road at a moment's notice. The same deputies, moreover, saw with their own eyes several Royal carriages. Men even then were busy loading them with large, well-stuffed "*vaches de cuir*" ("leather cows"—big travelling bags).

IN August of the same year, the Marseillaises, bringing with them the song of Rouget de l'Isle, Tyrtæus of Provence, that has survived until to-day, assaulted the Tuileries. While the musketry reciprocated death from the windows of the building and the adjacent streets, this poor Royal family was hustled down to the Assembly for protection. They entered the Grand Hall in a mixed crowd, half-dazed, half-resigned, the little Dauphin in the arms of a huge Grenadier, who deposited him on a table, while the members prepared an abode in the building—four rooms on the second floor for his Majesty and his family.

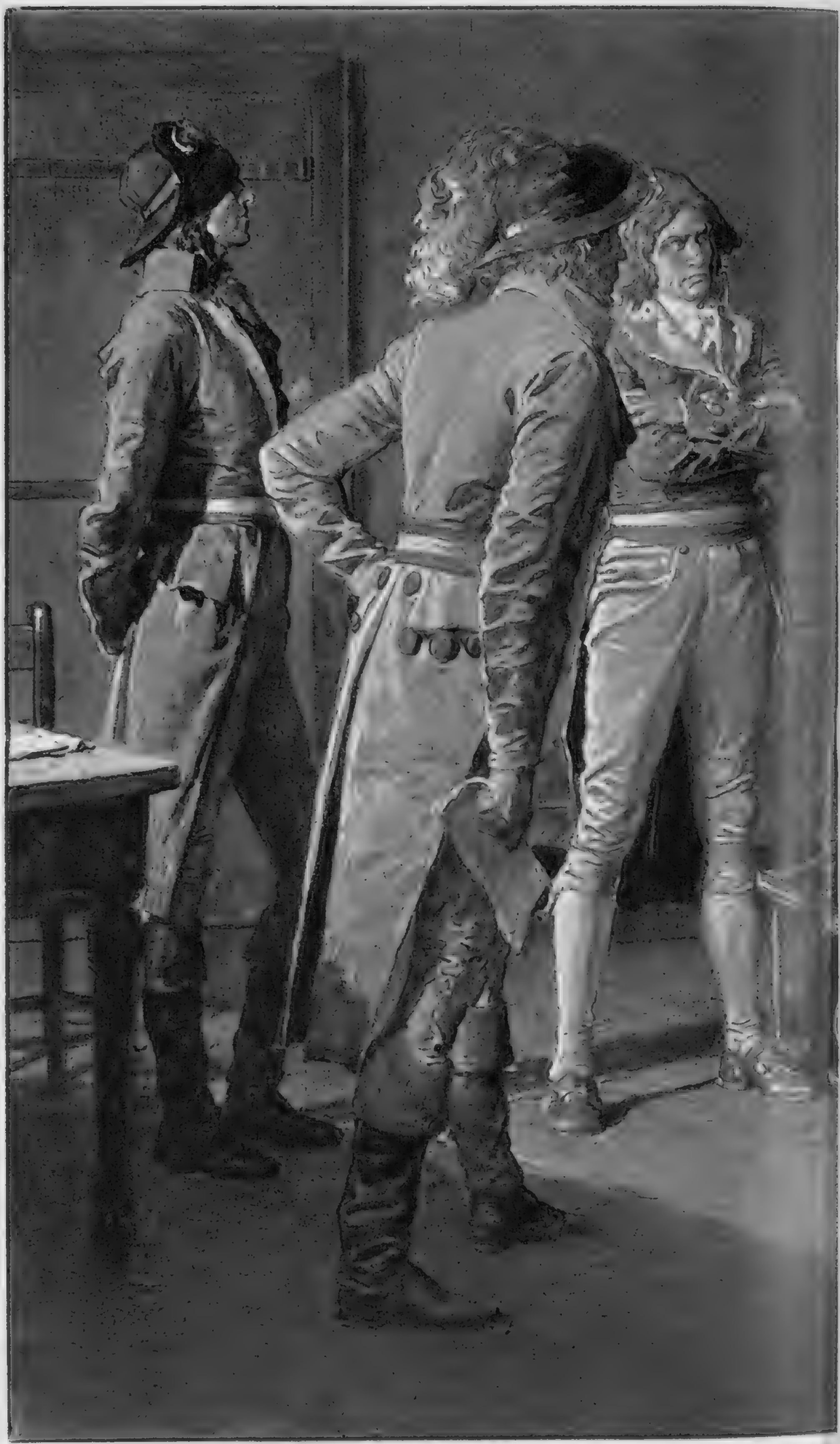
The toll of that day had amounted to about 4000 deaths, between the Swiss—who, said Napoleon, might have won had they but been led—the Marseillaises, and the rabble. The battle had been fought neither for power nor for spoil. It had only been another holocaust to Liberty, the fruit of which, fertilised by blood, was to be enjoyed only by the generations to come. For three days the Capets (the Bourbons) occupied four rooms above the Hall of the Assembly in the old monastery of the Feuillants. What a difference from the Royal Palace of the Tuileries!

They were allowed to have a few faithful friends with them, amongst whom was that superb, supreme figure of fidelity and heroic friendship, Princesse de Lamballe.

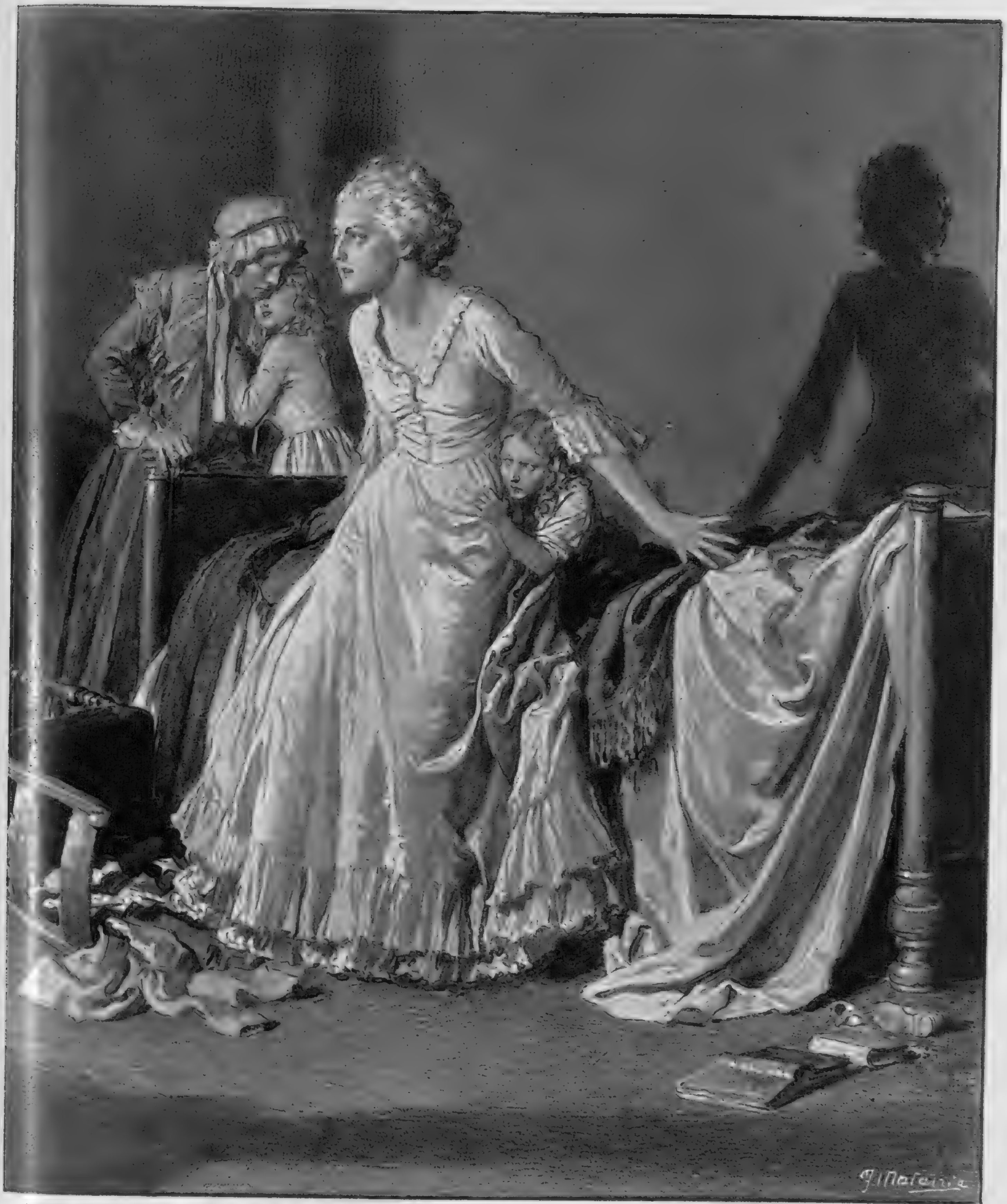
Before the Royal family was removed to residence number four, they were allowed for the last time to be served at dinner by their servants, a last affirmation of Royal etiquette rendered more touching by the squalid background of the naked walls. The table was surrounded by five lackeys, rigid and conscious of all the solemnity of this last Royal performance. They all made only a pretence at eating, but prolonged the dinner immeasurably. It was the last spark of Royal dignity, fighting against the shadowing ghost of To-morrow.

Deprived of everything, the Royal wardrobe held only what they wore. It was an Englishwoman, the wife of the British Ambassador, inviolate in her diplomatic immunity, who provided the Queen and the other women of the Royal house with the necessary garments of decency.

The procession to the new abode, it had been decided, should take place in day-time, at a slow pace, through the most thickly populated streets of Paris, that the people might have the satisfaction of seeing their King brought to prison. For two hours the torture of this slow *défilé* lasted.



MARIE
*between*



*ANTOINETTE turned like a lioness to the officers. She stood them and the bed on which the child lay and defied them*

Here, if ever, was a sight to move the stones of Paris to pity; but the Parisian hearts were harder than the Parisian stones.

The Temple had in past years been an old fortress, built by the monks of the Knights Templar. It was almost a miniature Bastille, situate not far from that fateful pile whose fall had heralded the new Red dawn.

Louis realised that the Royal power was vanquished for good, and that he had fallen from the position of a King to that of an ordinary man. His hope was converged on retaining that position. Let him be forgotten in a peaceful exile, where he could make of his domestic affections the only reason of his existence. But Marie Antoinette, imperial daughter of Maria Theresa, whose imperious, imperial gallantry alone had inflamed the chivalry of Hungary to save her throne—Marie Antoinette would not forget. Not for her were the bitter sweets of resignation.

The family Capet was accommodated in an apartment in the middle of the big tower; but the persecution in the Temple began on the very day of their arrival.

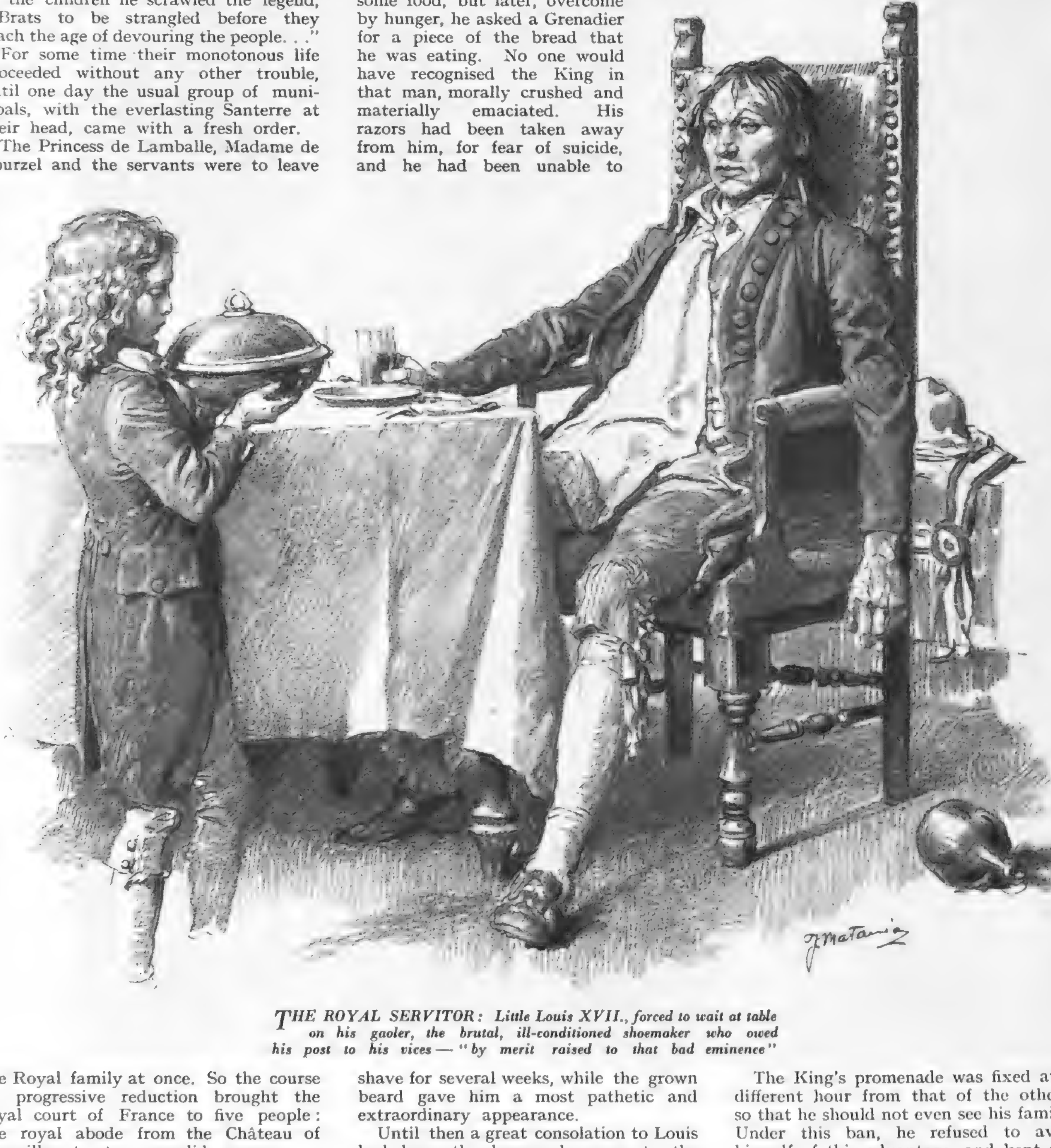
One hour every day was allowed to them for exercise, under the constant surveillance of their guards. These were commanded by the gaoler Rocher. He had been chosen for his supremacy of stature and ferocity of aspect. A big sword hanging from his side intentionally reached the ground, so that he might be heard going up and down the stairs.

Each time he had to open a door, he tried a dozen of the keys that swung from his belt for the mere pleasure of keeping the King of France waiting.

In his every action he revelled in showing his petty importance, his spiteful insolence. Those of the guards who had not the pluck openly to utter their insults, used to write them on the walls. Vulgar allusions to the obesity of the King, obscene jokes concerning the Queen. On the wall nearest to the room of the children he scrawled the legend, "Brats to be strangled before they reach the age of devouring the people. . ."

For some time their monotonous life proceeded without any other trouble, until one day the usual group of municipals, with the everlasting Santerre at their head, came with a fresh order.

The Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel and the servants were to leave the Royal family at once. So the course of progressive reduction brought the royal court of France to five people: the royal abode from the Château of Versailles to two squalid rooms.



*THE ROYAL SERVITOR: Little Louis XVII., forced to wait at table on his gaoler, the brutal, ill-conditioned shoemaker who owed his post to his vices — "by merit raised to that bad eminence"*

TOWARDS December the Convention decided on the trial of Louis XVI. Until then he had lived a life of comparative peace, adapting himself to the rigid and disrespectful treatment with a philosophy more worthy of the Cross than the Crown. He was completely isolated from his family.

No greater blow could be struck at one who stood alone against millions. His cross-examination was long, painful, and extremely difficult to answer. He knew that by mentioning names he would have pronounced as many death sentences. And when the documents were placed before him as the argument required, he was confronted with all his secret papers that he had hidden in a safe concealed in the Palace. They had all fallen into the hands of the Convention.

He was taken away exhausted and half-fainting. He refused the offer of some food, but later, overcome by hunger, he asked a Grenadier for a piece of the bread that he was eating. No one would have recognised the King in that man, morally crushed and materially emaciated. His razors had been taken away from him, for fear of suicide, and he had been unable to shave for several weeks, while the grown beard gave him a most pathetic and extraordinary appearance.

Until then a great consolation to Louis had been the lessons he gave to the Dauphin, first elements of grammar, history, geography, etc. He had carefully avoided anything that could have reminded the boy that he had been born of a rank superior to any other citizen.

The little pupil showed an exceptional precocity. His memory made him retain everything and his sensitivity facilitated his understanding. All the tragic events through which he had passed, without understanding the reason for so much suffering, had left a deep imprint of sadness in his little soul, had given him the instinctive perception of the friendliness or enmity of people.

The abrupt passage from the luxury of the Court to the palpitating bosom of a sobbing mother had united him to his parents with all the urge to affection poor children know, and this attachment expressed itself in the most subtle and delicate way. He never put any question or mentioned anything that could remind his parents of their miserable state.

The King's promenade was fixed at a different hour from that of the others, so that he should not even see his family. Under this ban, he refused to avail himself of this advantage, and kept the seclusion of his cell.

One day he saw a small piece of white paper, hanging from a piece of string, descending slowly in front of his window. It was a note from the Queen. She occupied the room above his and had found this means of communication. A few words of reply, and the literal thread clothed the spiritual thread of communion between those two broken hearts.

The trial of Louis was no more than an unnecessary prolongation of his agony.

His life was in the hands of people whose majority wanted only his condemnation.

A certain Louvain, one of the heroes of the Bastille, had dared to say that the Republic could be established without killing Louis XVI. He had hardly pronounced the last word when a sword was thrust through his heart.

At the Convention one or two attempts had been made to save the life of the King—but only by saying that Life was a crueller torture than Death.

The city had assumed the aspect of terror. The defence made by old Malesherbes in broken words—had broken.

The sentence was a foregone conclusion. In the hearts of the people of France, the King was not only dead but killed.

It was only from the shouts of the newsvendors that Marie Antoinette learned of the verdict. The execution was to take place within twenty hours.

For two hours, says Lamartine, the arms of his dear ones comforted the condemned man. The little Dauphin sat on his father's knee, fearing what he had not been told, not daring to ask what he feared.

The echo of the accomplished fact, starting from the foot of the Guillotine, reached the walls of the Temple.

A few months of unbearable silence elapsed while fresh tragedies kept the Daughter of the Revolution incessantly busy. An increase of rigour within the precincts of the Temple was followed by the announcement that the Convention had decreed not only the trial of the Queen, but also separation from her son.

The order was read to the Royal Family. Marie Antoinette —again Imperial Theresa's daughter for the penultimate occasion of her life—turned like a lioness to the officers. She stood between them and the bed on which the child lay, and defied them.

France had adopted her, the now hated Austrian, as their Queen; had asked her for an heir to the throne; now, having killed her husband, they wanted to tread under their feet the most sacred rights of nature.

She had been able to endure any outrage but that against motherhood.

Transfigured by her sacred rebellion, she declared that they should kill her before they touched him.

For two mortal hours she stood. . . . Then the futility of her effort dawned on her mind and weakened her body.

What could one woman do against a whole nation?

Persuaded by her sister-in-law, she dressed the reluctant boy, and with her own hands she handed him to the commissaries.

Fanaticism had killed every sense of humanity.

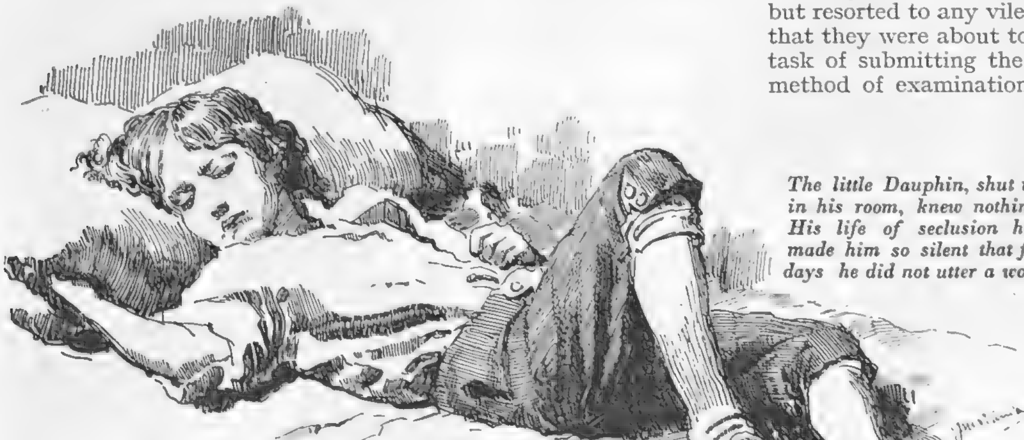
For two days the lonely little boy refused to eat or to rise from the floor where he lay, a beaten, broken dog in human guise.

Simon the shoemaker had been chosen as his guardian. He was a vulgar, ignorant man. His obstinate and inflexible cruelty had enabled him to retain his post at the Temple, where he acted as a supreme commander. Brutal and cynical in all of his expressions, he depraved the child in body and mind alike.

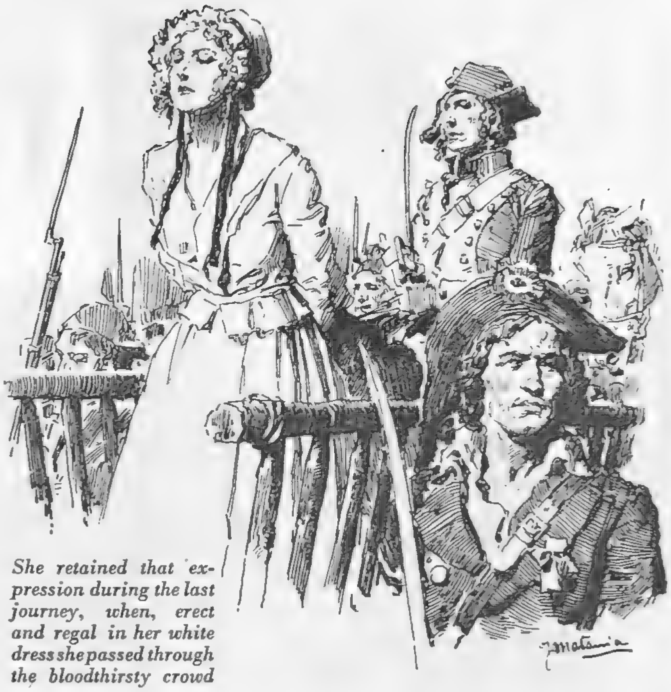
He found a perverse pleasure in teaching him the ribald songs composed by the lowest elements of the mud-loving Parisian mob, songs full of insults to his dead father, to his mother so soon to die, obscene imputations against the chastity of his sister.

Simon called him by the nickname of "Louveteau" (wolf-cub).

This was the man chosen to take the place of . . . his mother.



*The little Dauphin, shut up in his room, knew nothing. His life of seclusion had made him so silent that for days he did not utter a word*



*She retained that expression during the last journey, when, erect and regal in her white dress she passed through the bloodthirsty crowd*

IN vain the Queen had implored the Convention to allow her to see her son. In vain she had tried to catch a glimpse of him from the ramparts of the tower in case Simon had taken him out in the garden.

Simon made up his mind to obliterate from the child's nature every refinement and every trace of Royalty. Often the defenceless Dauphin had to deal with the menacing irresponsibility of a drunken man. He was compelled to serve Simon at table, to observe the obsequious formalities of a trained waiter, and stand all the time, until at length the gaoler, glutted to satiety, flung the dirty napkin in his face.

Three months passed like three centuries.

What could the Queen expect of a people animated only by hatred? People who had brought to her window the heads of her dearest, even of the Princesse de Lamballe, whose neck had been severed with the pocket-knives of the crowd—after she had been acquitted.

What could she expect from blood-mad men who cut open the breasts of their victims, pulled out their hearts, from which, as the juice from a lemon, they squeezed the blood and gave it to their converts—Red Communion of the Revolution and loathsome test of fanatical sincerity in one—with the toast: "Goutez le sang des aristocrats!"

On the second of August another blow befell the Queen—Queen no longer, but a broken woman. At two o'clock in the morning she was awakened and ordered to leave the Temple.

That meant the separation from her fifteen-year-old daughter and her sister-in-law. It seemed that the approaching knife of the Guillotine was lopping her limbs one by one.

She kept a queenly countenance through it all. Gently she pushed her daughter in the arms of her sister-in-law, with the words: "Be to them both mother and father."

The magistrates who were preparing the act of accusation not only tried to accumulate as much material as they could, but resorted to any vile means in order to justify the vengeance that they were about to take. Simon and Hébert accepted the task of submitting the Dauphin to a sort of "third degree" method of examination. They wanted proof of many things already formulated in their vile minds.

For hours they tortured the child without any result. He did not understand what they wanted. But his terror kept his little mind alert against any indiscretion. He knew that his words might prove fatal to "his Mummie."

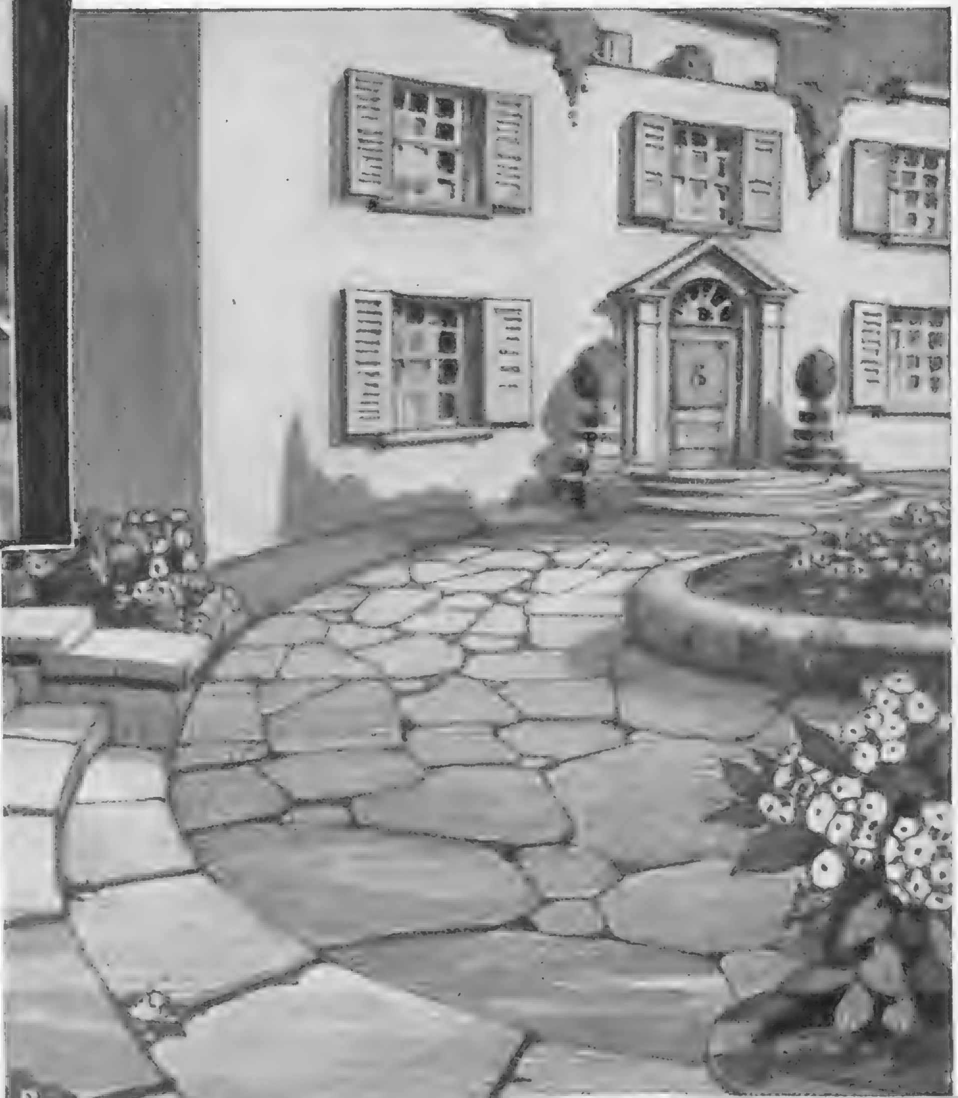
Another means was resorted to, one which will remain as an eternal proof of the baseness with which these proceedings were carried out.

He was forced to drink wine so as to make him talk without the control of the brain. Such things, they said, are "necessary to preserve society."

(*Continued on page* 108)

# My Ideal Home

*WINDOWS are large and uncluttered with curtains which keep out the air and sunshine*



*A PLACE neither too large for comfort nor too small for spaciousness. A blend of modern efficiency and gracious tradition. Terraces for taking the sun and a garden for framing the house with colour*

AMBITIONS are dangerous things. They lure you on to all kinds of indiscretions, often to prove, when they are at last achieved, only half as covetable as they have seemed.

Of all covetable things, houses are perhaps the most open to suspicion. Like people, you never know them until you live with them and, for that reason, one may have cherished an ideal for years, only to find, having miraculously attained it, that it has none of the endearing qualities with which fancy had endowed it.

All the same, it is pleasant to dream, and how blissfully content one can be in a house of dreams where alterations and additions cost nothing, where you can refurnish, and even rebuild, without a mite of trouble or expense, and with nobody's wishes to consult but your own.

I confess my ideal home is subject to interminable drastic reorganisations that are not even finished with yet, though, having fluttered incessantly between the modern and the old world, the palatial and the poky, I have at least firmly decided upon a compromise.

In all practical equipment and service my home is modern. I deplore wasted energy, and to see my domestics engaged in futile drudgery would spoil all my hopes of content. So, modern labour-saving principles are adopted in the design and equipment of my ideal house though, for all that, its personality has something of the past. Not for me the brutal outlines of metal furniture and glass walls. Clean, gracious lines, yes, and smooth, spacious interiors. Sunlight, too. I am a glutton for sunlight.

From the outside my house is a compromise between the bland graciousness of Georgian exteriors and the hygienic crankiness of the futurist ideal. Clear, white walls and clean uninterrupted contours describe the shape of it. The front door is sentimental—frankly so—with steps and wrought-iron rails and a pervading friendliness. The windows are large and uncluttered with the type of curtains that defeat the whole purpose of windows, which is to admit the air and sunshine. The roof is flat; there will be a sun-terrace, except where a superstructure rises to form a room, possibly a play-room, with windows on all sides for inviting the sun. The garden provides a suitable frame for my house; it is informal and spacious, merging into a view.

Now, come inside.

They tell me halls are extinct now, but I like halls and, as my imaginary house takes no thought for expense or any other tastes but mine, I shall have one. Small halls may be admirable in many ways,

## *A flight of fancy, not altogether divorced from practical things*

# By Winifred Lewis

but they divest a house of dignity, so mine will be large.

When ushered into a house, I object to finding myself thrust into the family circle. If my hostess wishes to express her annoyance at my persistence in calling I prefer not to overhear her. And then, again, I can think of people I might interview in my ideal hall with some reasonable hope of getting them out, whereas if they once got into a sitting room . . .

But now the dining-room, which is small. It is for dining only, and there are windows all round so that my summer meals will be practically al fresco. Being a small room it is snug in winter, and I shall never know the horror of eating a solitary boiled egg in the atmosphere of a banqueting room.

Look at the photograph on this page. It typifies the kind of furnishing I covet for my house. There will be delicate colours; though delicacy shall never interfere with comfort. If my men folk wish to put their feet upon the cushions, they may do so. This is a home, not a show-house. Furniture will be modern in conception—that is to say, simple and scientifically comfortable. Easy chairs must be deep and large. Backgrounds will borrow something from tradition, but I shall not be bound by rules of furnishing convention.

THE kitchen in my house will be bright and cheerful, but definitely a workroom as, in my humble view, kitchens are meant to be. My domestics will have a sitting-room of their own and will no more think of resting in the kitchen than I shall.

Cupboards line the walls—cupboards of all shapes and capacities, immaculate and orderly. The pantry is spacious and lined from top to toe with clean, cool tiles. There is limitless hot water at the sink from a central supply which gives heat to passages and stairs.

Upstairs, my own bedroom will have a private bathroom adjoining. I insist, above all things, upon this comfort. The bathroom itself will be small, always warm, neat with built-in cupboards, pleasant in its decorative treatment, but never exotic. I find it difficult to be exotic in my bath.

Built-in cupboards will figure again in my bedroom, where a lattice door, opening on to a balcony, will enable me to sleep outdoors and dream of far, far better homes than this.

*THE bathroom must be small, always warm and adjacent to the bedroom. My ideal bathroom is typified in this one, by Schrijuer, which has pale pink walls and facings of pink plate glass*

*A KITCHEN of scientific design. Symmetrical, cheerful, practical and workable. A hive of cupboards generously stocked and immaculately arranged*

*FURNISHING schemes will have the clean restfulness of modern furniture displayed against backgrounds of traditional grace. Schemes like this, where Maurice Adams has achieved a rare combination of the past and present*

# BOOKS: Reviewed

## Gossip as an Art—with a Note on Rossini

LORD CASTLEROSSE, author of "Valentine's Days"

Howard Cooter

VESTA TILLEY (Lady de Frece), whose autobiography, "Recollections of Vesta Tilley," is full of interest

A GOOD deal of uncertainty surrounds the future, and even the very existence, of Variety. Some people say that the Music Hall is dead, and that what looks like energy is merely the final twitching of a corpse; while others argue that the Music Hall, having been out of fashion, is now returning, and is in a stronger position in London than at any time for the last fifteen years. A strong case can be made out for both sides; but for my own part I shall be surprised if Variety does not go on kicking for some time to come. Of the great movements in the entertainment world I know no more than the next man. My opinion is formed by what I see and hear. At the few music halls left to us, the audience is not just a welter of sniffling and sentimental dotards. On the contrary, it contains a high percentage of young people who have discovered a good form of entertainment. The frequency with which variety programmes are broadcast is a proof of the size of the music-hall public, for the number and virulence of its correspondents leave the B.B.C. in no doubt about the unpopularity of an item.

So there is probably a warm welcome awaiting *Recollections of Vesta Tilley* (Hutchinson, 18s.). This autobiography is, indeed, full of interest. Yet it has, just a little, disappointed me. These recollections are of Vesta Tilley, but they are by Lady de Frece, and that makes a difference. Some quick readers will probably jump to the inference that Vesta Tilley has become a snob. They will be utterly wrong, for that is not my meaning. But I miss in her pages a quality I thought I was sure to find—warmth. She seems, at times, to be writing not of a crowded and vivid profession but of a world which she has left behind and now seems rather distant. I don't really suppose that the vibrant little singer has forgotten anything, neither her struggles nor her companions nor our cheers; and I don't really suppose that the personality which pours across the footlights can be expected to irradiate the printed page. But one hopes for fairly frequent glimpses of it, and here they are rather rare. Am I asking for too much? Who wouldn't, who has heard Vesta Tilley?

I DO not know whether Lord Castlerosse could fill a stage—with his personality, I mean—but being a born journalist he can take charge of a page and make it unmistakably his own. The accident of birth, resulting in social advantages and an army of celebrated acquaintances, has helped him; but had he been brought up in a manse in Argyllshire he would probably have made his mark in Fleet Street just the same. He is not a great journalist, like Scott or Massingham

## Short Notices

### "Gone Rustic": *by Cecil Roberts*

(Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)

COMPARATIVELY late in life, though still a man in the mid-thirties, Mr. Roberts caught the old-house-and-garden fever, and caught it badly, as adults do. It even started him off again, for the first time since his boyhood, on the writing of poetry. Here, in his new book, he gives us the temperature chart of his malady, and the poetry. His experience is akin to that of another well-known writer, Mr. Beverley Nichols, but any comparison between the literary results is in favour of Mr. Roberts. It is very difficult to talk of one's hobbies without becoming a bore, and when the hobby is gardening, most people become not only bores but attitudinizers. Mr. Roberts never falls into either of these errors, and his book, instead of being irritating, is easy and soothing to read. Some of the best fun in the book arises from Mr. Roberts's realisation that he is competing with Mr. Nichols, and Mr. Nichols's reception of his rival.

### "Smash and Grab": *by Clifton Robbins*

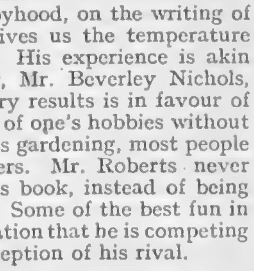
(Benn, 7s. 6d.).

### "The Preparatory School Murder": *by Richard Macnaughtan*

(Fenland, 7s. 6d.).

### "Death in the Stalls": *by J. R. Wilmot*

(Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.)



CLIFTON ROBBINS

NONE of these three detective stories, which I have tried to arrange in order of merit, rises above the average, but, since publishers are not in business for their health, one can only assume that the growing output of such books indicates an insatiable demand. The dust cover of Mr. Wilmot's novel is especially interesting. In the story, the unfortunate man who dies in the stalls is watching a "straight" play; moreover, as the play is enjoying a successful run, there are other people sitting next to the poor gentleman. In the picture, the corpse is placed in an empty patch of seats, and the entertainment in progress is clearly revue. Since neither artist nor author nor publisher, presumably, is bothered by these little discrepancies, why should I mind? For the life of me, I don't know.

# *by Arnold Palmer*

*Left:* *LEON UNDERWOOD, whose pamphlet "Art for Heaven's Sake" is a most stimulating piece of work*

*JULIE HELEN HEYNEMAN, author of "Desert Cactus"*

*FRANCIS TOYE, author of "Rossini," a most interesting and delightful book*

or Mr. Nevinson, but he is a natural one, knowing instinctively how to phrase the gossip his public wants to hear. In his volume of reminiscences, *Valentine's Days* (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) you can study his methods at leisure. Always amusing and shrewd, and with an air of complete inconsequence, he leads you gently from the social boundaries across which you gaze and brings you into what certainly looks like the centre of all worlds, political, financial, and even artistic. I shall quote none of his endless anecdotes, because if I once began I should, like him, never stop. But if you want to feel that you have been one of a party on a Duke's yacht, cruising with Stalin, Leon Daudet, Marie Dressler, James Joyce, Picasso, Lady Rhondda, Poiret, Arnold Dolmetsch and George Duller, here is your chance. Lord Castlerosse presumably inherited a family motto. I should otherwise have recommended him to borrow one familiar to all cinema patrons—"the eyes and ears of the world."

CAPTAIN GRONOW resembled Viscount Castlerosse in more ways than one. He, too, held a commission in His Majesty's Foot Guards, was a recognised figure in English and Continental society, and a lively diarist and chronicler. Had his heyday come just one hundred years later, it would take us even longer than it does now to master the contents of our Sunday newspapers. *The Last Recollections of Captain Gronow* (Selwyn and Blount, 10s. 6d.) is not a new book, for the happy warrior's reminiscences were given to the world some 50 or more years ago, but the publishers are to be congratulated on their decision to reintroduce it. Gronow (1794–1865) knew everybody, from the Duke of Wellington downwards, and indefatigably noted down every anecdote and story that came his way. The result, as may be imagined, is highly entertaining, and provides a colourful picture of the first half of the nineteenth century.

Amongst his acquaintances, Gronow included Rossini. His sketch of the composer is too long to be quoted, but here is a fair summary: good natured, humorous, appreciative of the pleasures of the table, fond of entertaining but not of going out to be entertained, adventurous in his art but extremely conservative in his habits, never trusting himself to the railroad but clinging to his coach, in which he travelled at a snail's pace. In his new life of *Rossini* (Heinemann, 10s. 6d.), to me a most interesting and delightful book, Mr. Francis Toye describes the musician's character thus: "Never the mere buffoon of popular legend, he was not even the flippant cynic that he himself liked to appear. He undoubtedly possessed some of the attributes of greatness, not to mention brilliant genius, but as a man he was timid,

(*Continued on page* 94)

## *Heroes, Life-size*

### "Heroic Lives": *by Rafael Sabatini*

(Hutchinson, 21s.)

### "Martin Luther": *by Brian Lunn*

(Ivor Nicholson and Watson, 12s. 6d.)

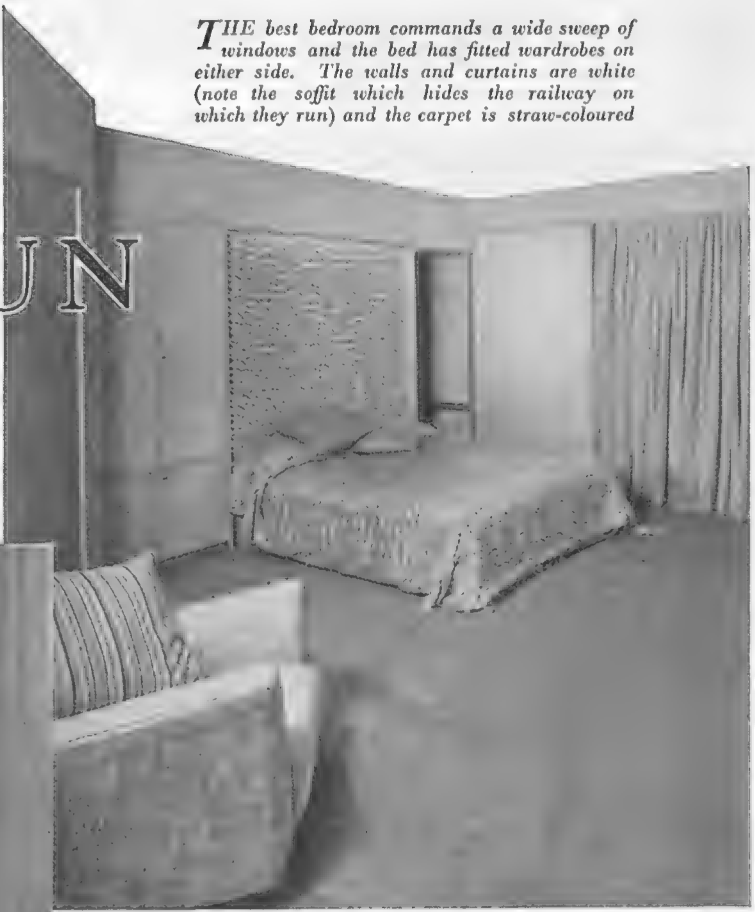
FEW writers manage to equal Mr. Sabatini's popularity and retain at the same time the respect of their fellows. In the case of Mr. Sabatini, it is easier to account for the respect than the popularity. He is a sound craftsman, with nothing meretricious about him, and he has a conscience; qualities admired in his profession, but not, as a rule, by the great public. But since the great public is always composed of other people, and nobody is a member of it, these considerations need not detain us, and we may more profitably pass to the discussion of *Heroic Lives*. The volume consists of six biographical sketches, the heroes being Cœur de Lion, St. Francis, Jeanne d'Arc, Ralegh, Nelson, and Florence Nightingale. While Mr. Sabatini will never be content with blind hero-worship, he has here chosen deliberately six heroic figures and studied them precisely for their heroism. The field is broad, from the old-fashioned heroism of Richard to the modern figure of the lady with the lamp; but all the six subjects were conspicuous for courage, and, in different ways, for powers of self sacrifice. Consequently, the book has, as well as interest, unity. It is not a chance collection of essays, but a work of set purpose, and should be read as such if its very real value is to be extracted.

Mr. Lunn's book, too, is genuine and readable. I am conscious, or rather, I was conscious, of no burning interest in Martin Luther, but Mr. Lunn, like other members of his family, is an admirable writer with a gift of vivid presentation and a grasp of essentials. Luther has for some time been out of fashion with historians and theologians. Mr. Lunn, without too much whitewash, champions his cause not only as a man, but as an influence, claiming for him "the creation of that great instrument for the expression of philosophical and religious thought and feeling—the German language." This unconventional history will probably provoke contention, but it is a most lively book.

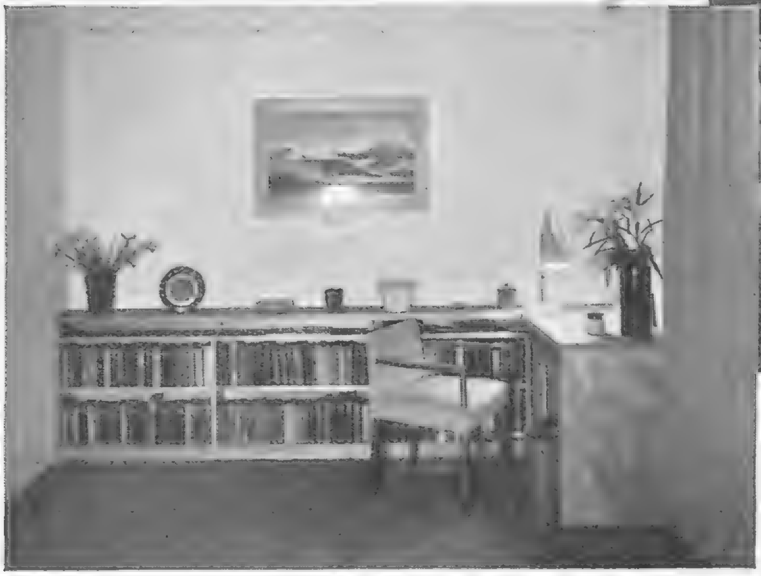
**BRIAN LUNN**

# A House to Span the Sun

*Here is a solution to a problem long thought hopeless: here is the house you will want to buy*



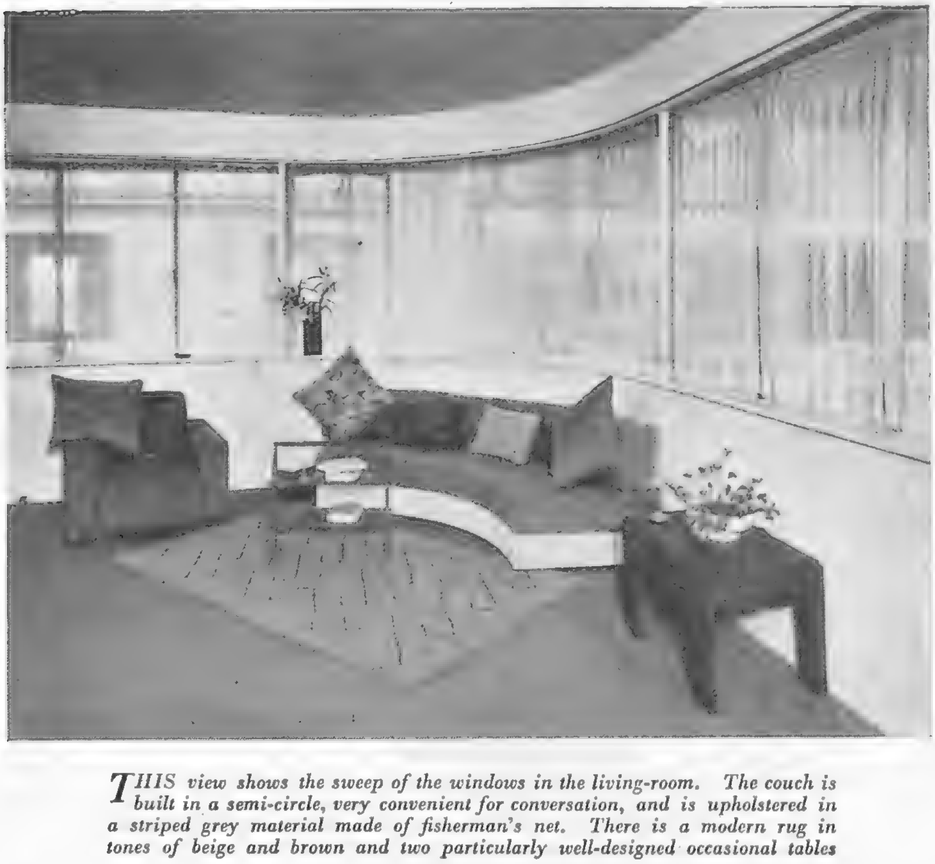
*THE best bedroom commands a wide sweep of windows and the bed has fitted wardrobes on either side. The walls and curtains are white (note the soffit which hides the railway on which they run) and the carpet is straw-coloured*



*THE study has sliding doors to separate it from the living-room. The walls are matt white, the built-in bookcase and desk are veneered in natural cedar and the all-over carpet is grey-brown*

LIKE all revolutionary ideas, the "Sunspan" house is the unexpectedly simple solution of what was long believed to be a complicated, if not hopeless, problem. Perhaps the most baffling problem of modern domestic architecture has been to design a house in which all the principal rooms will get all the sunshine there is all day long. To many architects it seemed like trying to square the circle. For if you build your house with a "true" south front, the windows facing that way lose a lot of direct sunshine when the sun is standing in the south-east or south-west; while the west front will get proportionately less sun in the morning, and the east in the afternoon.

THE difficulty has been overcome in the "Sunspan" house, designed by Wells Coates and Pleydell-Bouverie, by adopting the form of a regular square with its four corners, instead of its four sides, orientated to the points of the compass. Two of the sides are formed by exterior walls running south-east to north-west and south-west to north-east respectively, which meet at the front door, and are extended well out into the garden as roof-high screens to insure complete privacy. The remaining sides are rounded off to enclose the wide V-shaped space between these walls with a bowed S.E.-S.W. front almost entirely of glass. Thus no room faces due north, and the only ones that have either a north-east or north-west aspect are the bathroom, maid's-room and kitchen. Within that broad V lies a deep inner V, formed by the side walls of the living-room and the best bedroom above it, which stands wide-armed to the sun. From the first dawning to the last setting rays no scrap of sunshine can escape the hungry jaws of this sun-trap, because the angle between them is the full orbit transversed by the sun's daily course—hence the name "Sunspan"! The third wall of these two rooms is a sweeping curve round which runs a continuous sliding window. A study and dining-room—rooms



*THIS view shows the sweep of the windows in the living-room. The couch is built in a semi-circle, very convenient for conversation, and is upholstered in a striped grey material made of fisherman's net. There is a modern rug in tones of beige and brown and two particularly well-designed occasional tables*

## By P. Morton Shand

the very middle of the house; and on the right the spacious kitchen (painted off-white), with a separate larder behind it. Servery, kitchen, and larder are panelled with built-in fitments from floor to ceiling. Without the least crowding, room has been found in them for a terrazzo carving slab, a teak draining-board, a double 42 in. sink with mixing tap, a lino-covered flap-table, a folding ironing-board, a fly-screen ventilator, a refrigerator and capacious fruit and vegetable containers.

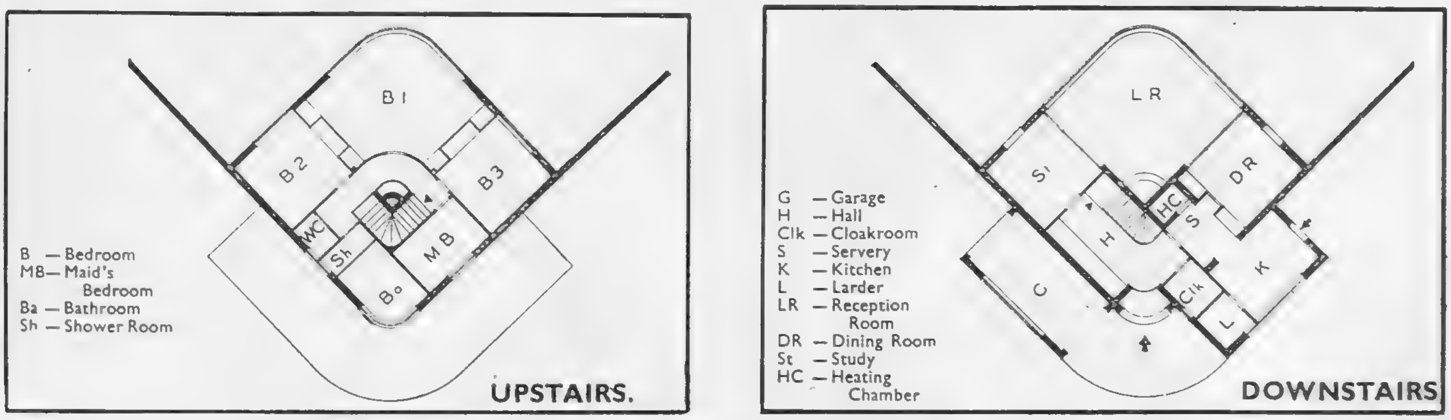
There is a serving-hatch between the servery and the dining-room. The latter has a leaf-table and a built-in sideboard veneered in natural cedar.

Upstairs the rooms are grouped round short semi-circular landing. The best bedroom has fitted wardrobes on either wall built in back to back with those of the bedrooms on each side. There is also a very attractive circular mirror, with a frosted-glass surround, illuminated from within. Beyond the second bedroom lie a separate w.c., a tiled shower-cubicle and a bathroom (cream relieved with a little red) with a full-sized built-in porcelain bath and lavatory-basin, a built-in medicine-cupboard, and a hot towel-rail. At the back of the third bedroom is a good-sized maid's-room.

There is an electric fire in every room except the living-room, which has a triangular brick fireplace in the angle where its two side walls meet.

THE plan of these "Sunspan" houses is entirely elastic, because it is based on the relation and proportion to one another of a nucleus of essential units and not on a rigid disposition or fixed dimensions of the individual rooms. These can be easily subdivided, or varied in size by giving more space to some and less to others. The plan is at once a plan for a new kind of home and a new way of living in it. "Sunspanning" is therefore equally adaptable for widely dissimilar sizes and types of house, ranging from one-story bungalows at £450 to suburban villas (having a tiled sun-balcony in place of the best bedroom) at £1,195, or country houses with five bedrooms and two bathrooms and dressing-rooms (in which the original V-shaped plan is expanded into an X) from £1,650 upwards.

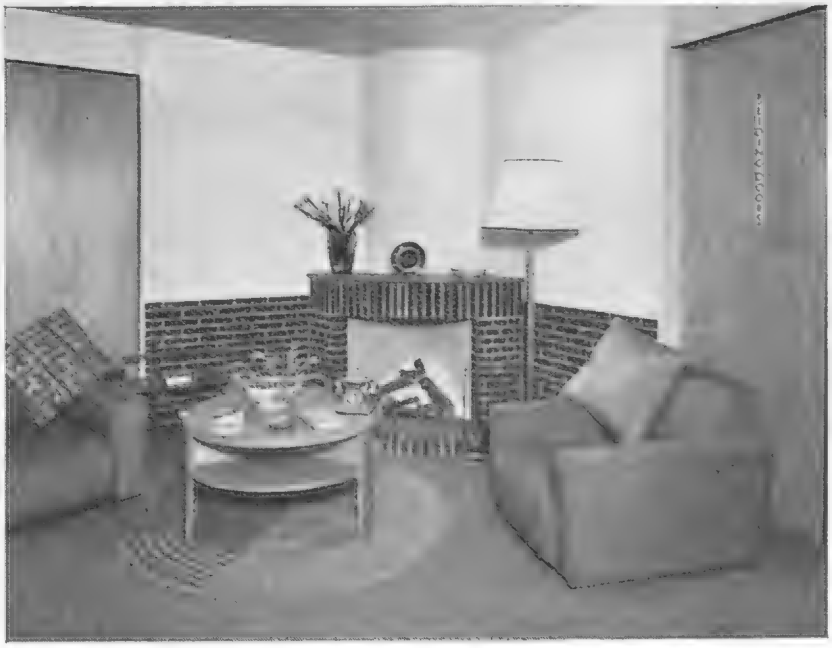
The plans and designs of "Sunspan" houses are the copyright of the architects. Their concessionaires are Messrs. E. and L. Berg, who are now busy erecting a whole colony of "Sunspans" on an ideally laid-out estate at Ditton Hill. The concessionaires are empowered to grant sub-licences for the erection of "Sunspan" houses beyond the limits of the Home Counties under certain conditions.



*IF you study these plans and the photographs carefully you will be able to reconstruct the house almost entirely. You will note that absolutely no space is wasted on useless corridors and landings*

of equal size that also face the garden—lie to left and right of this living-room, separated from it by sliding doors in plywood partitions that can be folded back to form a single apartment measuring 38 ft. across. The second and third bedrooms occupy the same positions on the upper floor as the study and dining-room below.

The front door (which is curved) stands at the northern apex of the house, well recessed under a wide flat canopy that unites the roof of the kitchen wing (right) and the garage (left). Entering the house we find a cloak-room on the right, and the hall (warmed by a radiator off the hot-water boiler) on the left. The stairs form one side of the hall and a row of wide built-in cupboards the other. Between the stairs and the cloak-room lies the servery, through which, and the dining-room immediately beyond it, the living-room is reached. On the left of the servery is the chamber for the hot-water boiler, completely isolated yet in

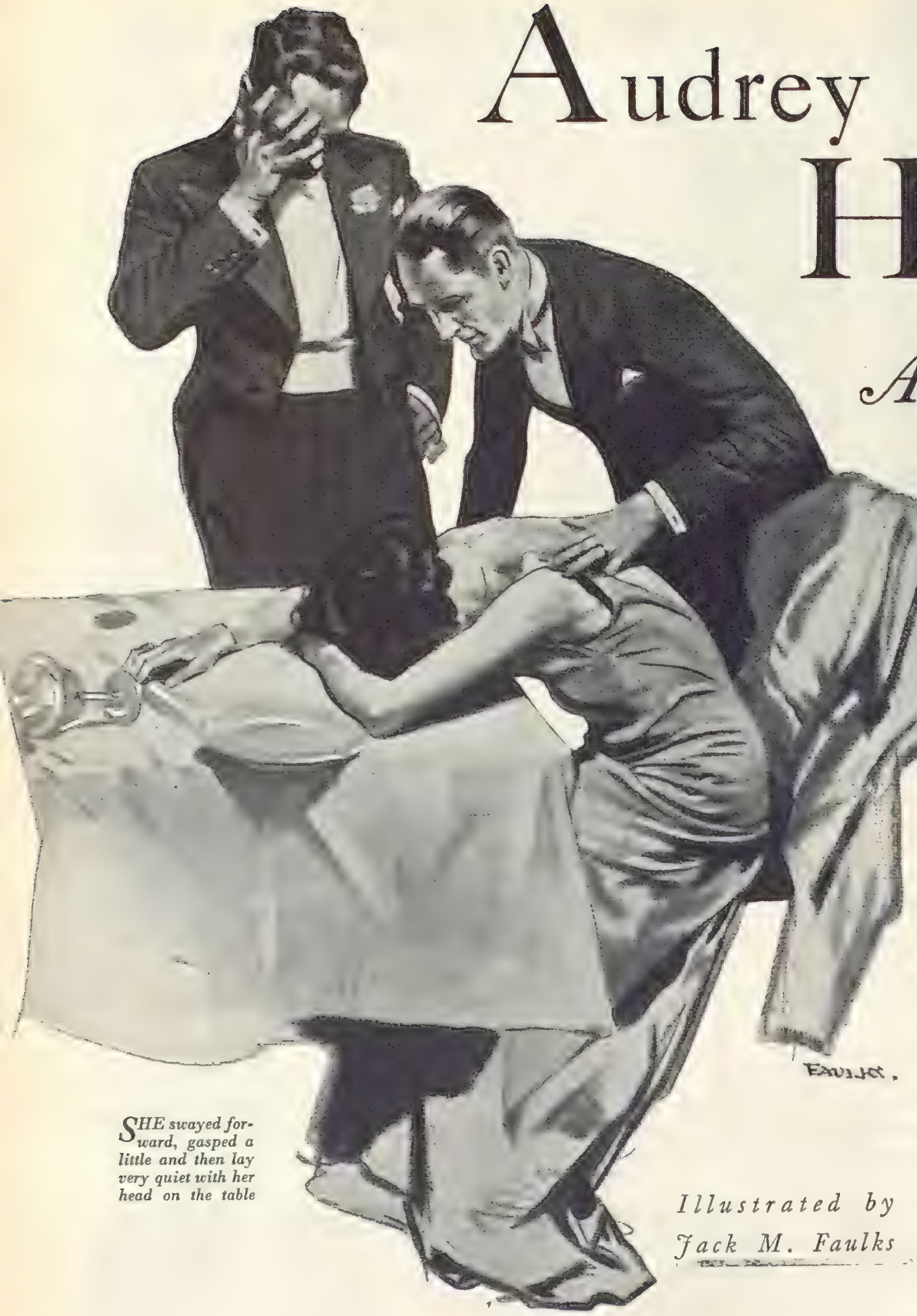


*ON the right of the brick fireplace at the apex of the living-room are the sliding doors to the study, and on the left those leading to the dining-room. The shape of the fireplace, like that of the windows, permits a maximum of comfort*

# Audrey Seaton's Husband

## *A Study in Emotional Reactions*

### By Barbara Hedworth



*SHE swayed forward, gasped a little and then lay very quiet with her head on the table*

*Illustrated by Jack M. Faulks*

AUDREY SEATON, the beautiful and famous scenario writer, and her good-looking husband, Michael, were supping at the Hungaria.

They had come in from a première of Audrey's latest picture.

The best thing she had ever done, congratulated the Astrada Film people with whom she was under contract. "Bound to go over in a big way, Miss Seaton," the producer waylaid her after the show.

Audrey shook his praise from her.

"Because for once you've an excellent cast . . . and a popular one."

Michael, whose opinion wasn't asked, thought that if hard work, giving oneself body and soul to a job of work, goes for success, Audrey certainly had put something big across.

He had known nothing about the story, qua story, until he saw it on the screen to-night. He never knew anything about Audrey's stories.

"You'd be bored, my darling, if I discussed all the silly working details with you," she had crushed his diffident suggestion: "Wouldn't talking the thing over help a bit?" soon after they were married and he came upon her, strained and pale, crouched over her typewriter in her study.

"You stick to your music, Michael," she urged him later on. "This is your supreme chance of creating something really you-worthy . . . it's your chance to fulfil a dream."

That was five years ago, when Audrey still took Michael's music seriously.

He ventured now:

"That's certainly a grand film, Audrey." And filled her glass with amber-coloured Hungarian wine.

"I'm glad you think so, darling."

Her tired eyes smiled her thanks, but Michael knew she didn't care two hoots about his opinion.

Presently she told him:

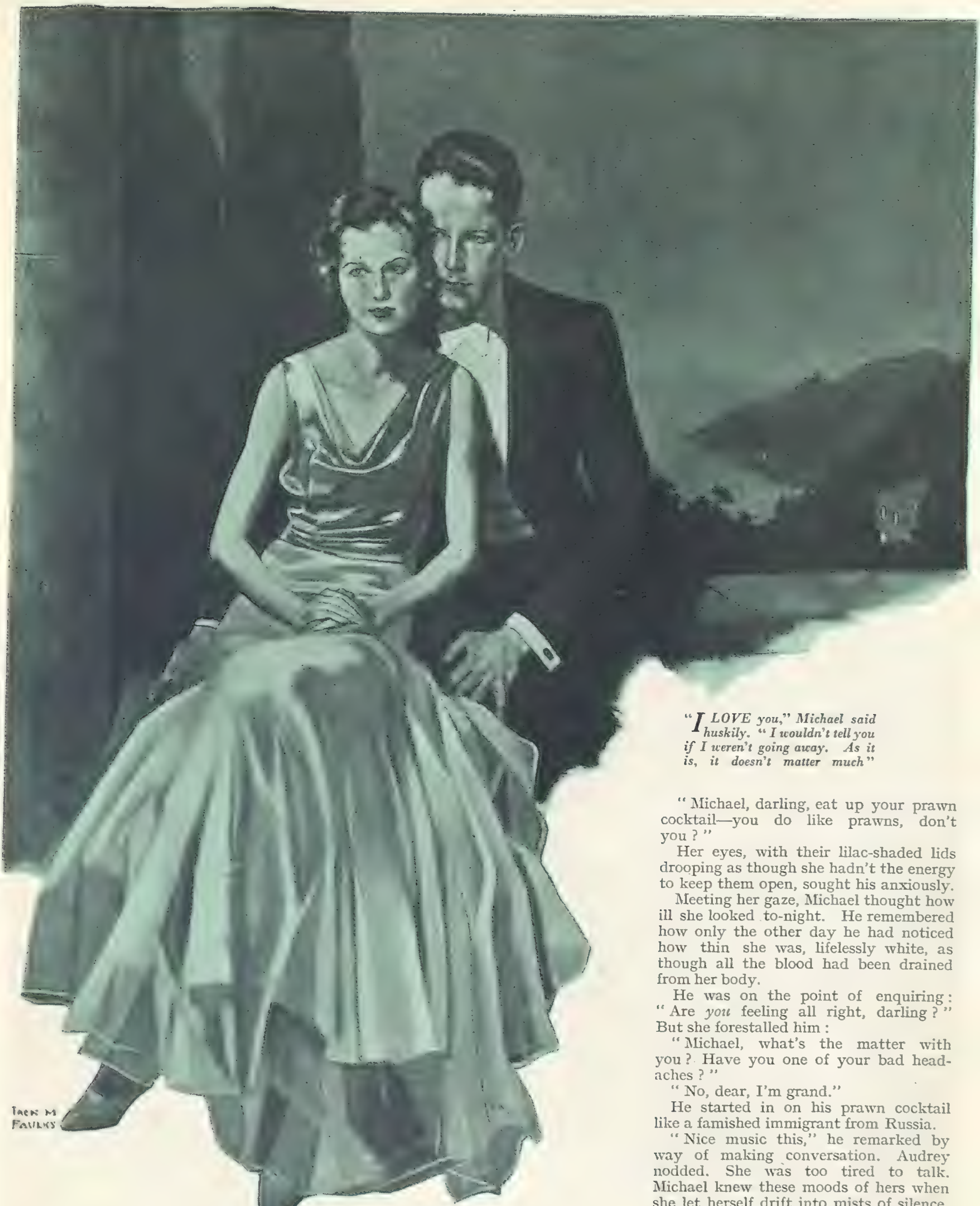
"They're giving a party at the Café Anglais, but I thought you'd rather we had supper alone. Last time we went to a film 'do' it gave you a terrible headache, didn't it, darling?"

Michael crumbled his bread and said nothing

The Tzigane band was playing wild, undisciplined gipsy music; it went to his head more potently than the wine he was drinking; plunged him unexpectedly into a cloud of memories, and made the past seem suddenly terribly important and real.

"Five years ago, to this very day"—he was marshalling his thoughts—"Audrey and I were married." He slipped his hand in the inside pocket of his coat to feel her anniversary present . . . a gold cigarette case with a tender inscription inside.

Five years ago, he reflected further,



*"I LOVE you," Michael said huskily. "I wouldn't tell you if I weren't going away. As it is, it doesn't matter much"*

he became Audrey Seaton's husband, and wondered why he didn't feel bitter. Her name wasn't that any more. She was Mrs. Michael Holloway. But no one except Michael thought of her that way.

"It's better for me to continue to work under my own name—don't you agree, darling?" she had put it to him five years ago.

Michael hadn't minded; hadn't realised at the time what it meant.

Audrey Seaton and her husband. He knew their friends thought of them thus; he ought to be used to it. It was this wretched Flamenco stuff which had got him under the heart, forcing upon him that it might have been the other way round: *Michael Holloway and his wife* . . .

Audrey's tired, strained voice brought him back:

"Michael, darling, eat up your prawn cocktail—you do like prawns, don't you?"

Her eyes, with their lilac-shaded lids drooping as though she hadn't the energy to keep them open, sought his anxiously.

Meeting her gaze, Michael thought how ill she looked to-night. He remembered how only the other day he had noticed how thin she was, lifelessly white, as though all the blood had been drained from her body.

He was on the point of enquiring: "Are *you* feeling all right, darling?" But she forestalled him:

"Michael, what's the matter with you? Have you one of your bad headaches?"

"No, dear, I'm grand."

He started in on his prawn cocktail like a famished immigrant from Russia.

"Nice music this," he remarked by way of making conversation. Audrey nodded. She was too tired to talk. Michael knew these moods of hers when she let herself drift into mists of silence. Usually they didn't bother him. But this evening, with the gipsy music weaving its odd spell about him, he was frightened of Audrey's silence, frightened of thinking back like this, wondering had things worked out all right really for Audrey and himself.

AUDREY was an established scenario writer when he married her. Slick in mind, beautiful to look upon and earning a four-figured income. Michael ran a three-man orchestra at one of the less fashionable London restaurants. One day he was going to compose something which would take the music world by storm, he told Audrey, his dark eyes fiery with ambition. His band and his lighter compositions brought him in an uncertain six or seven pounds a week.

He had asked her, forgetting her four-figured salary: " Can we make out on that ? "

" Give up the band, give up everything except your *real* work. I'll stake you," Audrey had said.

Three months after their marriage she signed a contract with an American film company for a year, and they went to Hollywood.

Audrey Seaton and her husband.

Michael did not write a note. He was much too occupied taking Audrey to the studios, doing odd bits of shopping and other commissions for her until it was time to begin hanging around the studio to take her home. What remained of the day was spent in trying to calm her shattered nerves . . . making a healthy, normal woman of her to present to the company the next morning.

They returned to England the following year. For once an English company beat the Americans on price.

" Besides, Michael dear," said Audrey, " you'll be able to work so much better at home."

He thanked her for her consideration, beseeched her not to let him stand in her light, and knew that the Astrada's five-figured contract was her real reason for returning to England. Audrey had a shrewd business sense, and a materialistic appreciation of money.

Michael had really tried to get down to his symphony once they were settled in their attractive flat overlooking Hyde Park.

It was all in his head: a riot of harmony and sweet sound. He actually wrote and sold a waltz while Audrey was busy on her first story for the Astrada people.

" That's clever of you, sweet," she praised him as though he were a schoolboy who had got ten out of ten for an arithmetic paper.

But she was awfully good to him. Terribly fond. By some miracle she contrived to write her stories and run their home, with neither job overruling the other. She never forgot anniversaries or what he liked best for dinner. She even found time to choose his socks and ties. If he were the tiniest bit ill she was nearly out of her mind.

" You're not strong, Michael darling," she'd insist. " For my sake you must promise to take care of yourself."

For her sake, because worrying about him was the one thing which interrupted her creative urge, he stayed in bed if he had a cold in his head, and suffered himself to be prodded about by a Harley Street doctor if he had an attack of indigestion. He let her go on believing quite erroneously that because he had a white face and shadows under his eyes, he was delicate. It was easier that way than explaining that his pale complexion and the shadows were hereditary, and didn't mean a thing.

" Darling Michael," her voice infinitely weary, a slim trickle of silver, as once again it dragged him back to the present —" darling Michael, what's the matter with you ? Are you *sure* you're all right ? "

" I'm grand—honestly."

His dark eyes could not throw off their troubled expression. His hand felt for hers as though seeking consolation for his soul.

He said sadly:

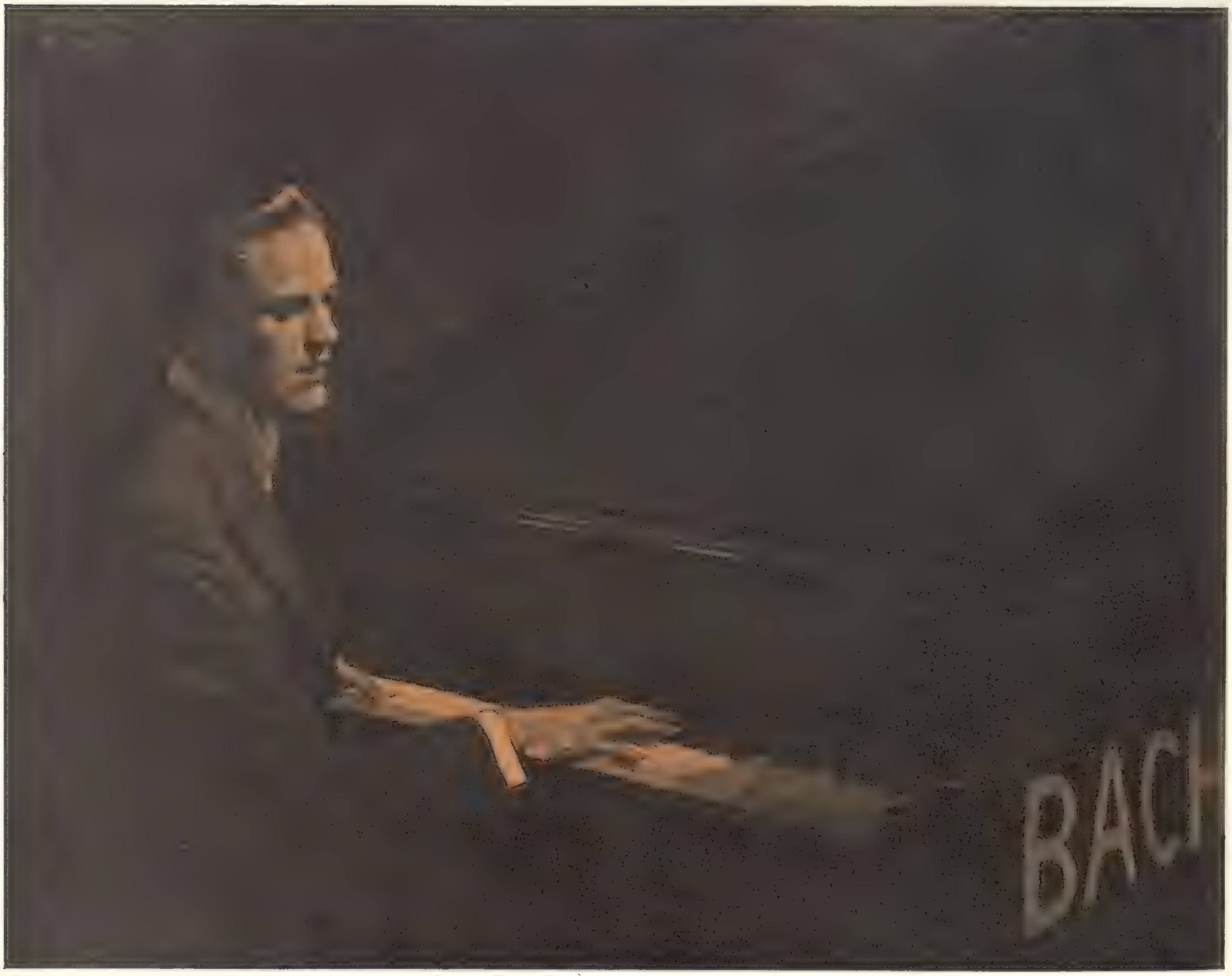
" I was just thinking."

" Worrying ? " Her tone sharpened.

" Just thinking "—he ignored the interruption—" that we have been married five years to-day, during which time I've made under a hundred pounds."

He had sold the music and lyric of a song to Mr. Cochran and one or two other trifles since the waltz.

" What does that matter ? " Her voice dragged. " We're happy, aren't we ? We're still lovers, aren't we, Michael—after five years ? " She paused



*SHE came, sitting alone at a table near*
*apple-green frock cut off the shoulders,*

and took a deep, drawn-out breath, gathering strength, it seemed, to go on talking.

" Besides, I should never have got where I am without you, Michael. It's hard to explain . . . but you're a very real and dear inspiration to me . . an incentive."

Her smile, a flickering widening of the lips, was tender, very tired. " You enjoy the fleshpots, don't you, Michael ? " she was asking. " And I enjoy—oh ! I'm so proud of being able to give them to you."

The Tzigane band were packing up ; the dance orchestra filed in one by one and took up their positions on the daïs. A waiter removed Michael's empty cocktail glass.

Michael gazed helplessly at Audrey, who was hurrying with her grape-fruit so as not to keep him waiting.

Words rose to his throat and stuck there. He wanted to thank her. Or . . accuse her . . which was it ? . . . *You've looked after my body, but you've killed my soul.* It would sound so melodramatic, though, and unkind. He couldn't be sure either that he quite meant that.

Audrey was right . . he did enjoy the fleshpots. He adored Audrey . . which made it all right about living on her. Everything was grand really between them. It was that damned gipsy music had done silly things to his emotions. . . .

His countenance lightened. He turned to Audrey :

" Let's dance," he suggested, feeling all care-free and boyish again.

Audrey didn't answer. To his horror, he saw that she had turned greyly pale and blue about the corners of her mouth where the lipstick didn't reach.

" I—Michael—darling." She swayed forward, gasped a little and then lay very quiet with her head on the table. Someone from the opposite side of the room came across.

" I'm a doctor," he told Michael. " I saw what happened. Perhaps I can help."

" She's fainted," said Michael.

The doctor, who had his fingers on Audrey's pulse, shook his head. " I'm sorry—it's more serious than that. Who is the lady ? Are you any relation ? " he asked perfunctorily.

" She's Audrey Seaton," said Michael, " and I'm her husband.

He stood back, dazed, too shocked to grieve, while the doctor called the maître d'hotel, who, in his turn, summoned waiters to carry Audrey's body into some outer room.

" I'm afraid you must come, too," the doctor said kindly. He took Michael by the arm and led him across the restaurant to the manager's office. There he broke it to him : " I'm so sorry, old chap—*she's dead.*"

TEN days later Michael watched, with detached interest, the dismantling of Audrey Seaton's flat in Knightsbridge.

Even if he had wanted to, he couldn't have afforded to keep it on. For Audrey, who had provided for him so generously during her lifetime, died leaving nothing except the few hundreds in the bank and the furniture.

Michael, sitting on the servant's bed in which he was to sleep to-night, thought dispassionately : " How she'd have hated it ! "

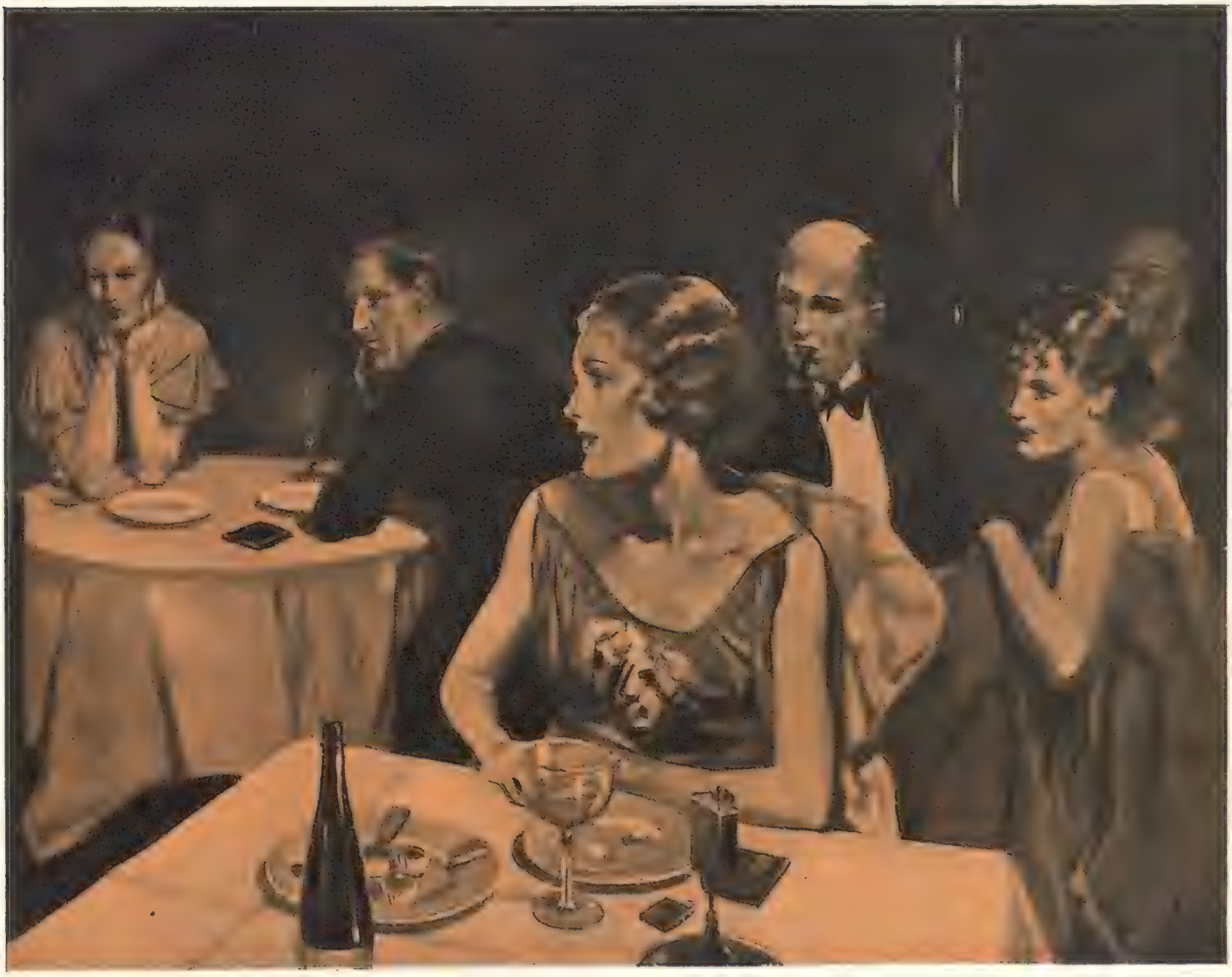
Meaning his financial position. She hadn't expected to die so soon.

Heart strain was the verdict at the inquest. Her own doctor testified that she had suffered from a mild form of myocarditis for some years.

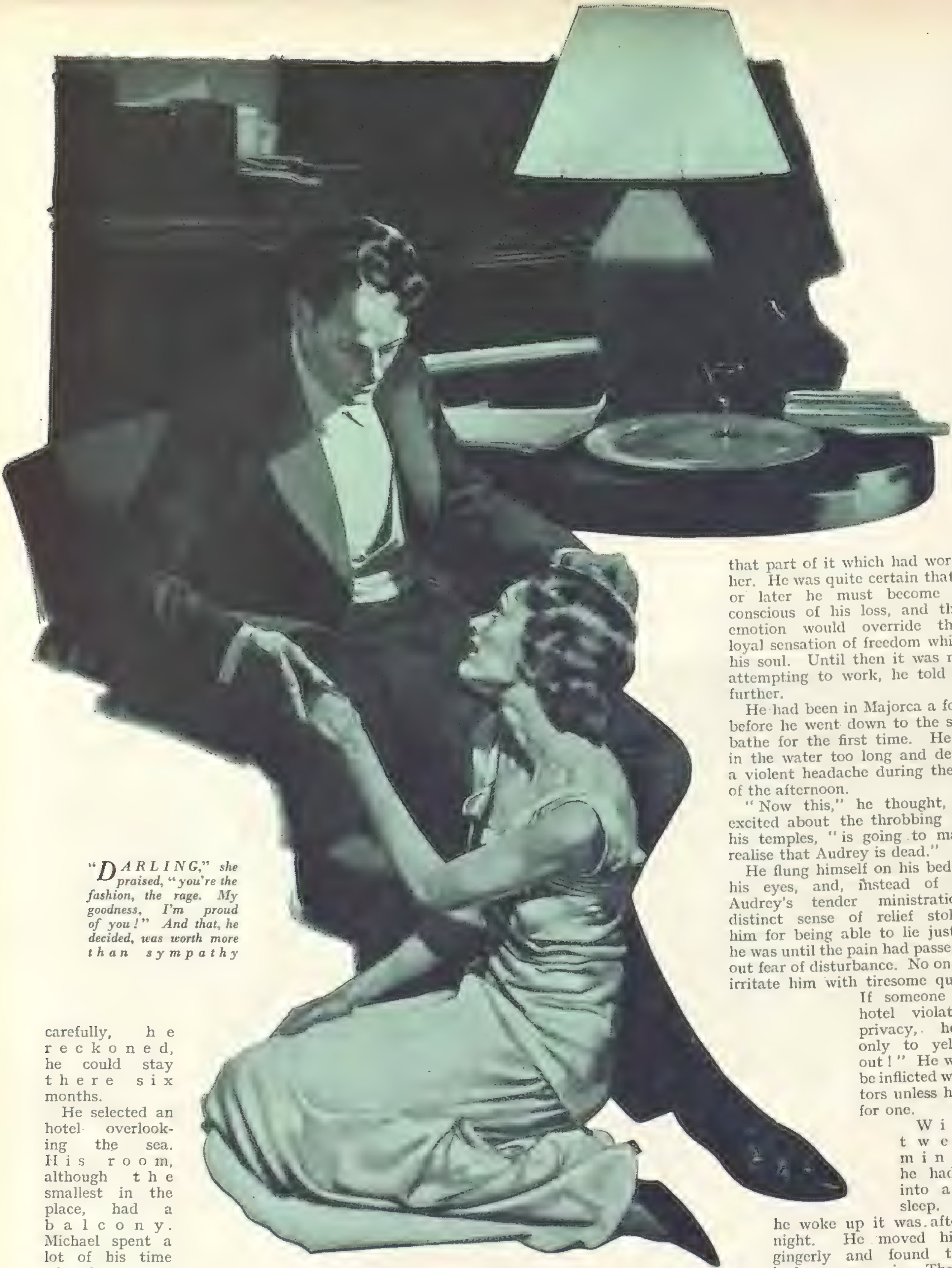
This was news to Michael, and for a while he resented her passionately because she had fussed about his headaches and indigestion, never giving him a chance to fuss about her weak heart.

For himself he didn't care a scrap that there wasn't any money, but it bothered him in a Barrie-esque sentimental way that it might be causing pain to Audrey's spirit.

As soon as her affairs were settled, he went off to Majorca. If he lived



***to his piano. Lovely she looked in a fresh***
***her unruly curls falling untidily into hereyes***



*"DARLING," she praised, "you're the fashion, the rage. My goodness, I'm proud of you!" And that, he decided, was worth more than sympathy*

carefully, he reckoned, he could stay there six months.

He selected an hotel overlooking the sea. His room, although the smallest in the place, had a balcony. Michael spent a lot of his time sitting out there, drinking the raw wine of the country, watching the ever-changing colours of the Mediterranean. He liked it best at night, when its brazenly vivid blue softened to something dark and shimmering and mysterious.

And while he watched the sea and drank wine, he thought a lot about Audrey.

There on his balcony with a panorama of colour coming from the flowers in the garden, their strange exotic perfume mingled with that of the sea, he waited for his grief to become something real and vital. He wanted to *feel* Audrey's death, instead of being able to look upon it as something apart from himself; just a happening in a life.

He was suffering still from shock, he told himself obstinately. Audrey dying like that in a public restaurant, just as he was asking her to dance, had done something to his brain; killed that part of it which had worshipped her. He was quite certain that sooner or later he must become acutely conscious of his loss, and that this emotion would override this disloyal sensation of freedom which held his soul. Until then it was no good attempting to work, he told himself further.

He had been in Majorca a fortnight before he went down to the shore to bathe for the first time. He stayed in the water too long and developed a violent headache during the course of the afternoon.

"Now this," he thought, almost excited about the throbbing pain in his temples, "is going to make me realise that Audrey is dead."

He flung himself on his bed, closed his eyes, and, instead of missing Audrey's tender ministrations, a distinct sense of relief stole over him for being able to lie just where he was until the pain had passed, without fear of disturbance. No one would irritate him with tiresome questions. If someone in the hotel violated his privacy, he had only to yell "Get out!" He wouldn't be inflicted with doctors unless he asked for one.

Within twenty minutes he had fallen into a heavy sleep. When he woke up it was after midnight. He moved his head gingerly and found that he had no more pain. There were some biscuits on his bed table. He ate them meditatively, then got up and pulled a pile of music-paper out of his suitcase.

He had no piano, of course, but he managed to get the drift of a tune down. Easy, sugary stuff it was, but good of its kind.

He wrote "*To You*" on the top of the paper, and tried to mind awfully about Audrey's dying.

"*To you.*"

He scribbled down some words. They sang all right, but he was forced to admit they didn't express his sentiments for Audrey. And at last he faced the knowledge without flinching that, though he loved Audrey, he was glad that she was dead, that he had never been so grateful to her for anything she had given him in life as this exciting gift of freedom of the spirit which had been her legacy to him in death.

MICHAEL began to lead a more or less normal life after the night he composed the foxtrot "*To You.*" He took his meals in the restaurant and made friends with the other visitors.

The hotel was fairly full. Mostly with novelists and painters who, like himself, had heard how cheap the living was.

They talked a lot about themselves and their work. And so did Michael. He swelled with pride when a stern-faced, bespectacled young woman asked: "Aren't you the man who wrote *Idle Kisses*?"

It was the song Cochran had taken for his revue nearly four years ago. Michael, admitting the authorship, prayed she wouldn't finish up—

"And the husband of Audrey Seaton?"

As the weeks drifted into months he became gradually conscious of an apparently lost individuality. For the first time in five years he was Michael Holloway the composer, instead of Audrey Seaton's husband.

Michael had been in Majorca nearly four months, and his bank balance was getting low, when Flora Dakin arrived. The management put her at his table.

At first glance Michael was only aware of an unruly mop of tawny curls glinting gold at the ends, and a pair of enormous, inquisitive, red-brown eyes. He thought she looked absurdly young to be travelling alone, and guessed from her accent that she was American.

"From South Carolina," she told him when, to start the conversation, he ventured the suggestion. "Spending a bit of a legacy an aunt left me, seeing the world."

She had already visited Berlin, Paris and London.

Majorca was an accident, she laughed, showing attractive white teeth. She had seen a brochure about it in a railway carriage in England, and it appealed to her.

"And so I packed up and came along."

"Do you always act on impulse like that?" Michael wanted to know.

"Why not?" She looked surprised. "You lose so much of life if you stop to think."

They bathed together the following morning.

She looked more of a child than ever in her scant, emerald-green bathing suit, thought Michael, chivalrously determined to keep an eye on her during her stay on the island. There was that dashing Ivan Coslington, for instance—the writer of novels which obtained brilliant reviews and no royalties. He had shown decided interest in Flora in the ballroom last night.

Michael didn't approve. Ivan was a good enough fellow, but — well, a bit dangerous. For one thing, he didn't believe in marriage.

He, Michael, had known Flora a fortnight when he told her all about Audrey.

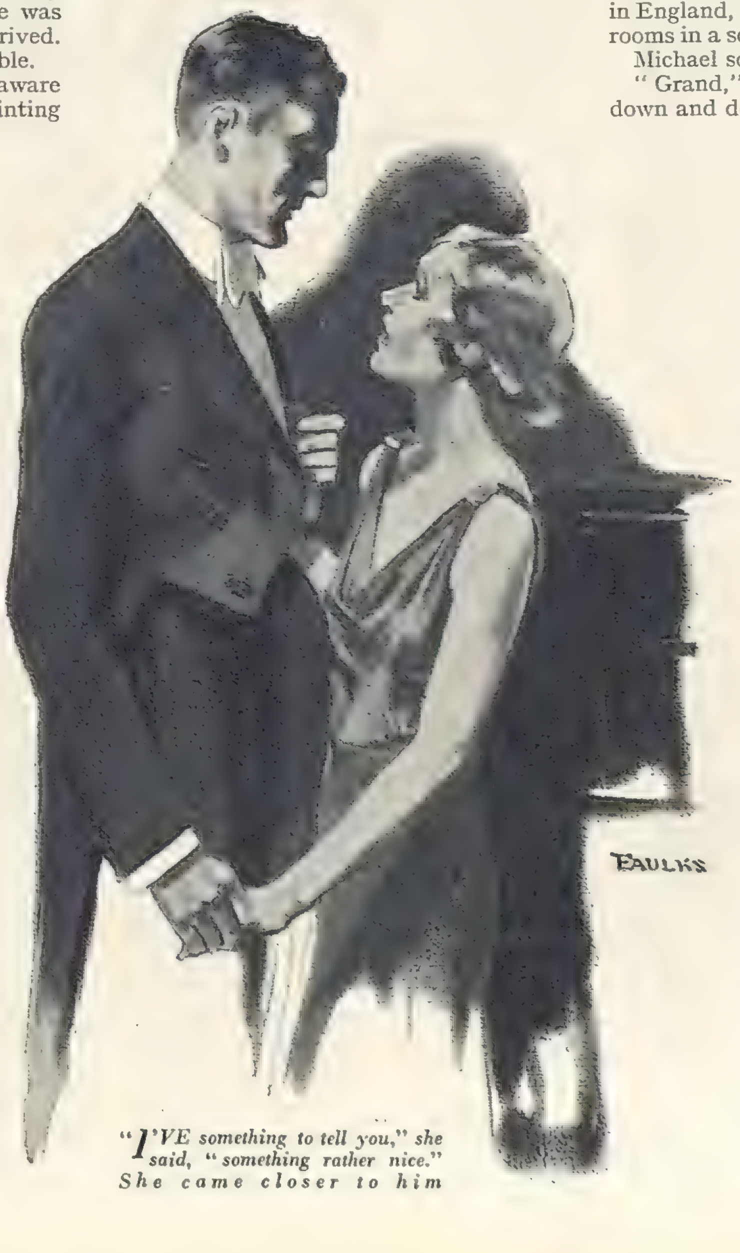
"I love her . . . I'm infinitely grateful, but I'm glad it happened . . ." He hesitated, expecting Flora to show sympathy. But, with her eyes darkened to a fierce black, she accused him:

"It was your own fault . . . you shouldn't have let her give you so much. It's the failing of all women when they're in love."

They were sitting on the balcony on the ground floor of the restaurant. It was nearly dinner time . . . the sky hung low, an entrancing mingling of delicate greens hardening into a harsh orange. A faint breeze made a rustling noise in the palm trees.

Michael's pulse was beating thickly.

"I love you," he wanted to tell this girl, and wondered how she would take it, a few minutes after he had told her that he loved his wife who hadn't been dead six months. He did not feel any sense of disloyalty towards Audrey. Supposing one believed in an after-life in which the spirits of the dead could watch the antics of the living, Audrey would understand; she'd be pleased he'd found someone else to look after him—his brain found the phrase unconsciously—*someone to look after him.*



*"I'VE something to tell you," she said, "something rather nice." She came closer to him*

Aloud he said sharply:

"I'll be leaving here in three weeks time."

"Why?" asked Flora.

"Because I've hardly any money left," he told her bluntly.

The sky had deepened to a sapphire blue broken in a thousand places by the stars. A dinner gong sounded from inside the hotel, and the wind continued to rustle in the palm trees.

"I love you," Michael said huskily. "I wouldn't tell you if I weren't going away. As it is, it doesn't matter much."

"I love you," said Flora, in her drawling Southern accent. "And I think we ought to get married."

"But I haven't any money," began Michael.

"You can make some," she retorted, as though it were the easiest thing in the world for a man who had hardly done a stroke of work in five years to suddenly provide for two people.

"Your relations, what will they say?" Michael dutifully put forth further obstacles.

"I haven't any people," said Flora, and held up her warm, ripe mouth close to his.

THEY returned to London the following week. Flora decreed that they should travel second class. Michael paid both passages.

They were married at a registrar's office within a fortnight of their arrival in England, and took a couple of furnished rooms in a square near Victoria Station.

Michael sold his foxtrot "*To You.*"

"Grand," Flora said. "Now settle down and do something else quickly."

She kept him working eight hours a day.

When he had one of his bad headaches she gave him a couple of aspirins and lots of black coffee and asked him pointedly whether he would finish the foxtrot or waltz, or whatever it was he was composing, that evening.

He wasn't to worry about her, she assured him, if he wanted to sit up best part of the night. She slept like a top and simply nothing woke her.

She was hard, ruthless. It took Michael time to get used to her hardness.

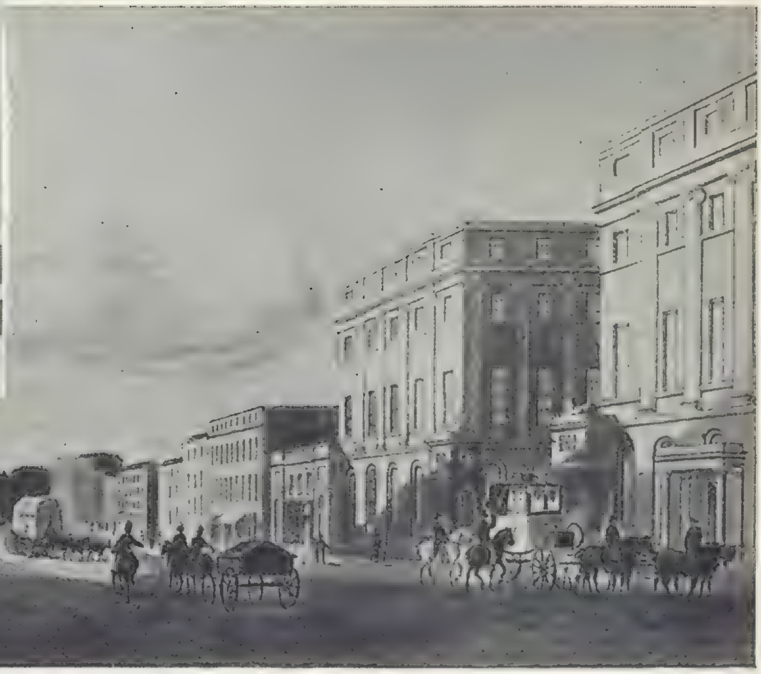
"She *can't* love me," he told himself in moments of self-pity. "If she did she couldn't bear to see me working when my head feels as though it is being strangled by sharp-edged bands of steel."

But he admitted she worked pretty hard herself; she did all the housework, cooked for him surprisingly well, marketed on less than no money.

They had a piano in their sitting room, and he frequently played over his compositions to her.

"But these are only pot-boilers, darling," he'd explain, and tell her all about the symphony he was (*Continued on page 90*)

*SEVERAL of the most popular perfumes used to-day are Coty creations: "Paris" is a great favourite, and the latest one is called "La Fougeraie au Crepuscule"*



*THE house of Coty is situated in Stratford Place, one of the gems of architecture which we owe to the reign of the Regent. Here is a picture of what it looked like a hundred years ago*

# Fragrance

## *A woman's charm and personality are emphasized by the perfume she chooses and the way she uses it*

IT is superfluous to insist on the suggestiveness of scent: like a melody, a perfume will evoke memories and reconjure emotions from the past. It can influence mental as well as physical reactions. Its subtle potency and the sensuous gratification yielded by an exquisite fragrance have been recognised by the sophisticated and the fastidious throughout the ages.

The production of fine perfumes is an art as well as a science, and to-day it has reached a pitch of versatility when every individual taste and temperament can be satisfied and the connoisseur is as selective as the amateur of good wine.

One of the most famous perfumers, whose exquisite and individual blends have contributed to the progressive history of scent during this century and have educated public taste to appreciate and demand the finest and subtlest bouquets, does not achieve his results merely by chemical knowledge and the experimental blending of essences. A face, a form, a melody, a landscape will suggest to him some new and distinctive note in the symphony of scent, and he will set his technicians to work to produce just the perfume of his inspiration—suggesting, modifying, discarding, until just that particular perfection is achieved. That is probably why the titles of his perfumes are so expressive and suggestive of their particular character and evocations.

There is an infinite variety, and every woman should make her own one that is appropriate to her type and personality. Undoubtedly the scent that pleases you most is likely to be the one that is *right* for you, but taste in perfume is no more static than is human nature itself. What pleased you and "expressed" you in youth may be no longer satisfying or characteristic at a more sophisticated age: a mood, an occasion, a change of environment or change of heart, may call for a different perfume. Even the seasons will affect the choice of perfume. For instance, someone whose life is spent in the distribution of perfumery assures me that always in the spring there is a great increase in the demand for floral scents and the lighter and fresher essences. An interesting example of instinctive reaction to Nature's mood! Even if you habitually use a scent which seems particularly *yours* it is well sometimes to change, because the sense of smell is one that habituates itself, and after a time one cannot oneself enjoy the emanations from one's own scent. Almost certainly one will choose another from the same "group" and probably return afterwards to one's old love with enhanced pleasure. But there is charm, too, in contrast.

THE study of perfumery in relation to the ages and countries is as revealing as facts and dates from history books, so characteristic are they of the peoples and their customs. The attars from Persian rose gardens, the heavy ambergris and musk beloved by the ancient Egyptians, the subtly blended herbs and barks and flowers distilled in Europe in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are just as indigenous as the pot-pourris, the flower scents and the lavender water which figure in English romances and English history.

English women have always been less addicted to the use of heavy and exotic perfumes than their Latin sisters. Another manifestation of national as well as personal reserve! The genius of the perfumer of to-day has effected a liaison between this inherent reticence and the modern woman's desire for a perfume of individuality and character. Some of the newest perfumes from a famous firm have just the subtle fragrance, the indescribable "unsweet sweetness" to appeal to a fastidious and *soignée* woman. Then there is the method of applying perfume: when it is used on the skin itself, scent has a mysterious way of being changed and individualised by personal chemistry—or alchemy!—so that it becomes in very truth part of oneself.

THE use of toilet waters grows, and the firm to which I have referred finds that some of their most distinguished clients prefer them to actual perfume. They make toilet waters scented with all and any of their delicious perfumes, and their use, either for personal application or among lingerie and handkerchief sachets, gives just that suggestion—the ghost of a haunting fragrance with which a discriminating woman likes to identify herself.

An hour spent in the luxurious salon of a modern perfumer discovering the implications and attractions of the infinite variety of fascinating "bouquets," and deciding which appeals most irresistibly to that important fifth sense of ours, is an intoxication and an education, and also time well spent, for the essence of a woman's charm is the fragrance which is hers.

*EVELYN VENABLES, the Paramount star in "Death Takes a Holiday," is one of the most charming of the new ingénues*

*Among the most interesting and efficacious modern beauty treatments is one dependent on a series of lotions: their use makes a flawless and radiant complexion of flower-petal texture a practical ideal*

# The Perfect Complexion

## By "Chrysis"

THE author of this beauty treatment, which is practical, simple and scientific, is herself an enthusiast about feminine loveliness and an ardent admirer of the fine "rose-bud" complexions for which English girls have a reputation throughout the world. Unfortunately, the very type of skin which is so lovely in youth is apt to be delicate and subject to climatic influences; its radiance fades, and fine lines or little veins are apt to manifest themselves unless it is given the care which is its due. But this specialist has evolved a treatment and a series of preparations which will not only maintain the satiny texture and fresh colouring of youth, but will very markedly improve and revive complexions that are originally less than perfect.

This treatment differs from others inasmuch as it consists entirely of the use of lotions. Its essentials are four lotions which severally do all that is necessary for the health and beauty of the skin. The basic theory of this system is absolute cleanliness, followed by stimulation, nourishment and protection.

First, there is a purifying lotion; this is rather more than a cleanser, because it not only removes all dirt and impurities from the surface and the pores of the skin, but contains certain unique ingredients which remove blackheads and all the secretions which cause clogging and skin defects. Its effect on a greasy or sallow skin is truly wonderful, and it checks any tendency to grow superfluous hair. It is only necessary to shake the bottle, pour some lotion on to cotton-wool, and gently, but thoroughly, cleanse the face and neck with upward movements for about two minutes.

The second lotion is also cleansing and astringent. This has an extraordinarily stimulating effect on the circulation, thereby feeding and nourishing the tissues from within by Nature's own method, so that contour is maintained or restored and the skin is refined and clarified. This lotion produces a slightly tingling sensation at first, followed by one of exhilaration and refreshment. It literally *wipes out* the jaded, strained effect of the fatigue contingent on modern life, illness or worry.

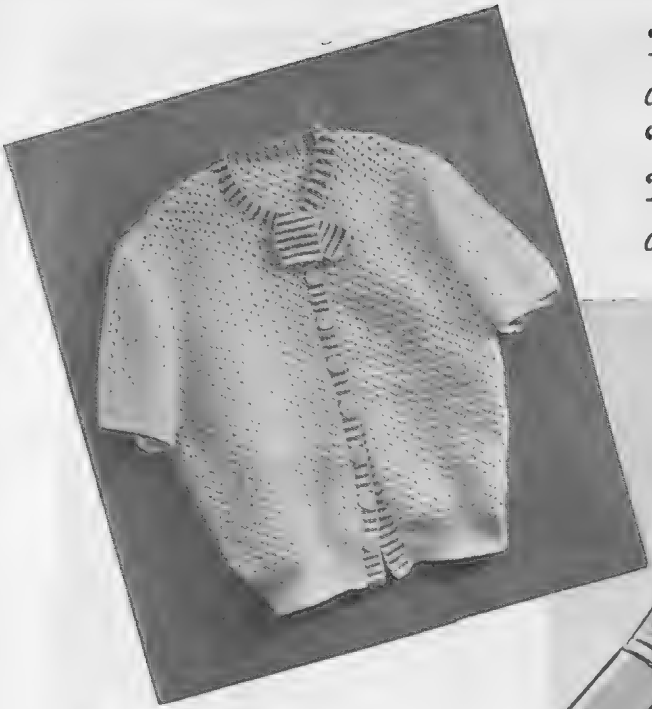
NEXT comes the nourishment and restoration of tired or sagging muscles and tissues, with softening and emollient effects, to supply the elasticity which is natural in youth. This is literally a skin food, but it is in liquid, oleaginous form, so that there is no danger of clogging the pores, and it is easily absorbed. It should be applied at night and morning or during rest with the tips of the fingers, according to the simple massage instructions supplied with it.

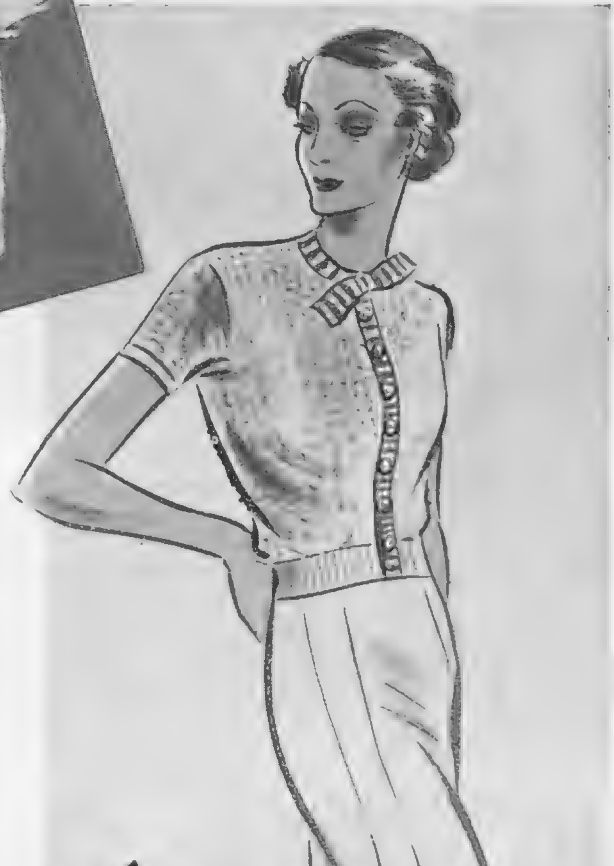
The finishing touch is a "beauty milk," to be used immediately after the skin food. It should be dabbed on with cotton-wool and then firmly patted into the skin before the application of the special complexion powder, one of the most finely sifted in the world, designed according to the central idea—or ideal—in all these preparations, to prevent any clogging of the pores and to produce a *natural*, flawless complexion, with a smooth, satiny surface and to avoid the mask-like ageing appearance which heavy liquid powders may give or the distressing "oozing" which is apt to result from putting powder on after creams.

The four lotions are the "principals" of this unique system of beauty culture, but there are "auxiliaries" for special conditions, and in her absorbingly interesting little brochure this specialist gives invaluable advice about special treatment for special cases and types of skin and a comprehensive list of "your own special needs."

Perhaps one of her most valuable and unique preparations is a lotion which is an absolute cure for shiny nose or tendency to redness. This has the merit of making your "make-up" absolutely permanent, so that you do not have to dab at your nose with a powder-puff at inappropriate moments or fear the "coated" look which results in hot weather or after exercise.

*This practical cardigan is worked in a simple crochet stitch and has a high neck, with a "candy-stripe" collar and edging to the fronts. The original was carried out in white, with cherry and white stripes*





# A Crochet Cardigan

## *And how to make it.*

### *Materials*

7 ozs. Jaeger crochet wool in white.
1 oz. Jaeger "Featherfleck" wool in cherry.
No. 12 Stratnoid hook.
No. 14 steel needles.
Press studs.
(Buttons can be used if preferred—instructions are given for the working of buttonholes).

### *Measurements*

To fit 34 bust size.
Length of sleeve, 7 inches.

### *Abbreviations*

st. stitch; ch. chain; tr. treble.

### *The Back*

CAST on 130 stitches on steel needles in white and work ribbing of 1 pl. 1 purl for 20 rows. Cast off. Now insert hook in first cast off st., make 3 ch., *, miss 2 sts., 1 tr. in next, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same st., miss 2 st., 1 d.c. in next. Repeat from * across row ending with d.c. in last st. Work 3 ch., turn.

*Next row.*—1 d.c. in the space made by "2 ch.," 1 tr. in d.c. of prev. row, 2 ch., 1 tr. in same stitch. Repeat from * across rows with 3 ch. to turn. (These two rows complete the pattern.)

Repeat the last row for the crochet throughout the work. Work pattern for 11 inches.

*Next row.*—Shape for armhole, by working to within an inch (2 holes) of edge, 3 ch., turn. *Next row.*—Same.

*Next row.*—Work to within 3 holes from end, 3 ch., turn. Now work straight for 6½ inches.

*Next row.*—Shape shoulders by working to within 3 holes from end, 3 ch., turn. *Next row.*—Same.

*Next row.*—Work to within 4 holes. *Next row.*—Same. Break off at end.

### *Fronts*

The work is reversible, so both fronts can be made the same.

Cast on 70 sts. on steel needles, and work ribbing to match the back. Cast off, and work crochet pattern as described until you reach the armhole. Shape armhole by working to last hole but one, make 3 ch., turn, and work back. *Next row.*—Work to within 3 holes of end, work 1 tr. in next d.c., make 3 ch., turn. Miss first d.c. of patt., work d.c. in first hole and continue pattern across. *Next row.*—Work to within 4 holes and turn in the same way. Work straight for 2½ inches, then shape neck edge by missing last hole of pattern in each row at this edge for 7 rows. Work straight for 1½ inches. *Next row.*—Only work across half the row (from the neck edge) turn and work back, leaving armhole end unworked—to shape shoulder line. Break off.

### *Sleeves*

Cast on 110 sts. on steel needles and work 8 rows of ribbing. Cast off, and work crochet pattern for 3 inches, then shape the sleeve by missing the end hole on every row. Turn as previously described to keep the edge neat. Continue until you have only two holes in the row (centre). Break off.

Work 2nd sleeve the same.

### *Edging*

Cast on 9 sts. on steel needles in white wool. Work 4 rows in white. Join on cherry and work 4 rows all plain knitting. Now continue in stripes of 4 white, 4 cherry—keeping the white wool at the back, and the cherry at the front of the work all the time to avoid tangling it. Do not break off. Work two strips for the front edges the same.

### *Buttonholes*

If you wish to have buttonholes, work the 2nd strip as follows:—Work 12 rows all plain, keeping to colour stripe, then in the next row cast off the centre 3 sts. Cast them on again in the centre of following row, and work another 12 rows all plain before repeating the buttonhole. Do this all the way up the strip to make buttonholes at even distances.

### *The Collar*

Cast on 14 sts. in white, and work 4 rows white, 4 in cherry until the piece is 1½ inches long, then shape as follows:—*Next row.*—K. 1, k. 2 tog. K. to within 3 of end. K. 2 tog., k. 1.

Work 3 rows keeping to colour scheme, then repeat decreasing. Work 3 more rows, then repeat. Continue until you have 8 sts. left. On these 8 sts. work a strip long enough to go round the neck, leaving the shaped end to hang loose. Now increase the other end. To do this work 1 row of colour stripe. *Next row.*—K. 1, m. 1, by knitting twice into next st., K. across row, to within 2 of end, m. 1, k. 1.

Finish stripe, and work 1 row of next stripe, then increase again. Do this until you have 18 sts. on needle. Work 1¾ inches to make this tab slightly larger than the other. When stitching up, sew the collar to the crochet edge, damping it slightly to shape it round. Make it stand up a little and twist ends over each other. They are not tied.

### *Making Up*

Sew on edging and sew in sleeves. Sew up shoulder and side seams. Press very lightly where desirable over seams, but do not press the crochet. Add press studs or buttons to fasten.

# Consultation with the SUN....

*Tells how to make the best use of summer and the benefits it has to confer*

DROUGHTS apart, and with all due respect for the need for rain for this and the other purpose, we are all earnestly petitioning for another fine summer, but quite apart from the probability of getting it there is no harm done in polishing our technique in the art of extracting the last ounce of benefit when it comes and, above all, in instructing our children in the important science of living out of doors.

Time was, when to pursue the advantages of fresh air and sunshine to any extent was to earn the label of a " crank," while to uncover the children to the healing touch of sunshine was to be accused of hardness, if not of indecency.

But all that is past, though we have still some way to go before those who fear to take full advantage of Nature's tonic have learned wisdom and other over-enthusiastic partakers have learned discretion.

By planning our houses, our lives and even our clothes so as to enjoy the sun to the utmost we are proving ourselves more and more appreciative of the benefits it has to bestow. The full extent of its powers to benefit infancy has yet to be fully appreciated, though women are definitely awakening to the truth that " when the sun comes in the doctor stays out ! "

AS an encouragement of normal development in the young child, there is no more vital factor than sunshine. It is more than a powerful germ-destroyer; it is a potent tonic and, in that sense, the ideal preventative.

Take anæmia, the curse of growing childhood, especially among girls. This is frequently traceable to an insufficiency of fresh air and sunshine, although the child may, according to average standards, have led a fairly healthy life.

Indifference to the necessity for open windows, not enough organised, congenial exercise (it is not every girl who likes hockey and netball) ; too much crouching over desks has its effect upon lungs, nose and air passages which later lose some of their protective powers against disease. Nasal catarrh, adenoids and enlarged tonsils—all three potent seats of infection—would be practically unknown if children lived a greater proportion of their lives in the open air instead of in overheated rooms ; if bedroom and nursery windows were open in all weathers except fog and if clothes were only to take their proper place as secondary measures to the body's own natural function of keeping out the cold.

Most mothers would shrink from exposing a young baby to the rays of the sun, yet it is true that nothing could be more beneficial in the first months of development than careful and regular exposure of the tiny body to the sun's tonic rays. Choosing a time, preferably in the morning, when conditions are suitable, the child should be stripped and held before the window in a position quite free from draught and in the path of the sun's rays. These should be allowed to play first on the feet, then the legs and finally the body—never the head. The first exposure should last a few minutes only, the second slightly more and very gradually increasing to about half an hour.

After two years old, but not before, children who respond well to the sun tonic and show no signs of fatigue or lassitude may be exposed when weather permits for two or three hours daily, but this is the limit for children and for adults. Much harm has been done during the last year by indiscreet use of the sun's powers, and those who have spent whole days almost entirely uncovered have run risks far greater than they know.

THE time of exposure to the sun must be strictly regulated by individual resistance. Contrary to general conception, the beneficent powers of the sun are not contained in the heat. Early sun is, in fact, of far greater benefit than that of the mid-day.

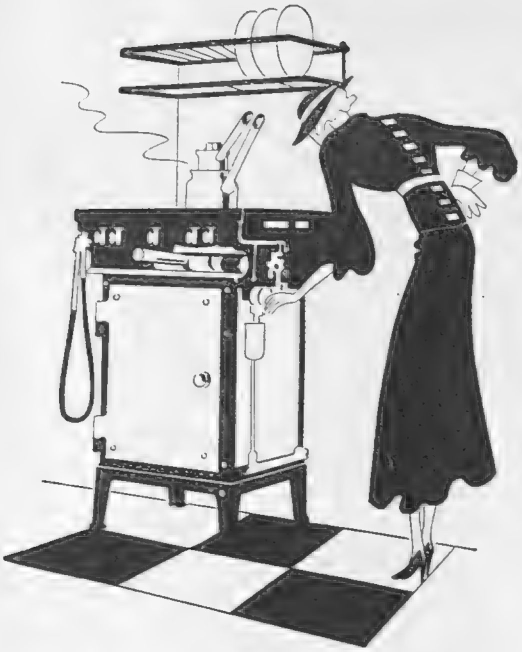
It is true that in this country opportunities for comfortable sunbathing are infrequent, but there is this to remember in regard to the children, that if they are trained from an early age to habitual and common-sense exposure to the open air, they will be more immune to cold than we who have been coddled into delicacy.

Winter infections would, in fact, be very largely avoided if by making full use of summer's tonic the young bodies were fully strengthened against disease and the organism put into the best condition for self-defence before the onset of winter.

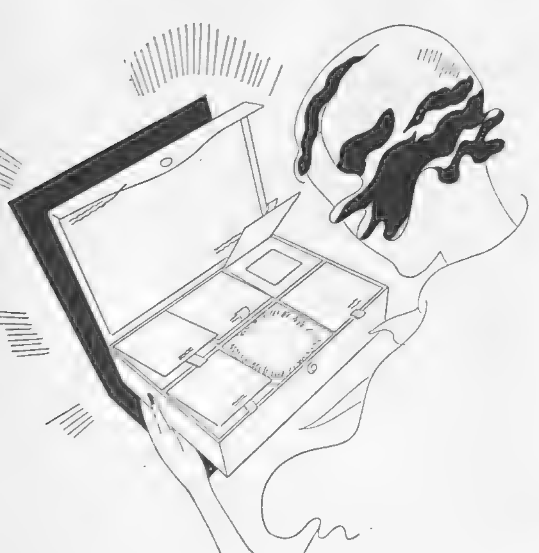
Air, sunshine and physical exercise are the most effective preventive factors to disease and since, for once, the things that are good for us are pleasant, why not enjoy them to the full ?

# The Busybody's Notebook

*THIS is to remind you that "Britannia & Eve's" Busybody is always at your disposal. She is well informed on all sorts of heterogeneous subjects and although she is busy, she will always find time to answer your letter; so if any of her discoveries are the answers to any of your problems write to the Busybody, c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope, when you will receive an immediate answer giving you full information about any of the subjects mentioned on this page*



I MADE two discoveries on a week-end visit which are going to have far-reaching effects on my life. Phyllis, my hostess, is about as unscientific an individual as you would meet in a day's march, and in the days of her youth was renowned as the world's most helpless female. Marriage seems to have altered all that, and she now positively exudes efficiency. On Sunday evening, for instance, she announced that she had let cook go out and was attending to supper herself. As, apart from one short absence of about twenty minutes, she had been playing bridge all the afternoon, I naturally concluded that supper would be a cold meal. But when we went into the dining-room we were regaled with a perfectly cooked hot, three-course supper! It all seemed rather like magic until Phyllis explained how she did it. It seems she has the most marvellous gas cooker with a special heat adjuster. You set the oven at exactly the correct temperature and, as there are different zones of heat, three or four things which need different temperatures can all be cooked at the same time with no attention at all. Phyllis had merely set the indicator, heated the oven for fifteen minutes and then popped into their appropriate places the dishes which cook had left ready prepared. After that she could come back to her bridge and never give supper another thought until it was time to serve it. She showed me a grand cookery book issued by the makers of the stove which, besides being crammed with first-rate recipes, gives tables of all the indications at which the oven should be set for various foods and on which grids they should be placed.



DISCOVERY No. 2 came later on in the evening when the house was suddenly plunged in darkness. Now, instead of wildly calling on her husband for help or lighting her strictly ornamental jade green candles as the Phyllis of old would have done, she simply remarked "Fuse gone, I'll soon put that right," and, seizing an electric torch and a small roll of mysterious wire, disappeared. In five minutes the lights went up again and there we were. I think I told you Phyllis had no pretensions whatever towards scientific attainments? So I fell upon her when she came back and demanded enlightenment. It seems that there is a small and practical book all about electricity, clearly and simply written specially for the use of women. Phyllis assures me that the fuse incident was merely a very small instance of the usefulness of this book, and that she is now able to get much more value from her electrical installation and also that she has been able, to a certain extent, to replan it in a way which makes for greater efficiency and economy.

IS there any form of social life capable of greater extremes of either enjoyment or misery than the week-end visit? Some houses seem to enfold one and make one divinely happy, whilst in others, no matter how luxurious, it is impossible ever to feel at one's ease. I have just been staying in a house which I adore visiting because some tiny and unexpected touch in the guest room always gives one an enchanting holiday and "spoilt" feeling. The first thing which I saw in my room this time was an intriguing pink box on the dressing table. Imagine six little compartments with closely fitting lids lifted by silken tabs. In five of the compartments was a supply of perfumed and feather-light face powder, each compartment holding a different shade, and in the sixth were five different coloured puffs. Here was powder to suit any complexion or to enable one to change one's colouring according to one's mood or dress. My first act on returning to town was to invest in two of these delightful boxes, one for my spare room and one for my own delectation.

HOW completely our attitude towards make-up has changed in the last few years. The woman of to-day accepts it as just an ordinary part of her general routine and would as soon appear in public with an unwashed neck as with an unadorned countenance. This is all to the good, for few people after their 'teens have a skin which can afford to face the light without some sort of help. But there is moderation in all things, and nothing is more unattractive than a face heavily coated with what is known in the theatre as an "Overture and Beginners" make-up. The wise woman avoids this effect and yet always looks fresh and blooming because she makes use of a magic rouge and powder which change as you apply them to just the right colour to suit your skin. The lipstick which completes this famous series of cosmetics has the same amazing quality of adapting itself to exactly the right shade to tone with your own natural colouring, so that it is impossible for anyone who uses it to have that heavy, unnatural look so many lipsticks produce.

NOW that the brighter days of summer are here it is important that we should all pay more attention than usual to our make-up. The stronger light of summer days makes roughnesses of the skin and careless application of powder much more apparent than during the winter, and lighter and gayer apparel calls for the utmost freshness of complexion. Unfortunately hot weather is apt to make powder go into patchy cakes; is there anything more distressing than to see a pretty face which by incessant repowdering on a warm day resembles a slightly floury pudding? However, that is something which need never worry any of you if you will take my advice and use a wonderful preparation which I have discovered.

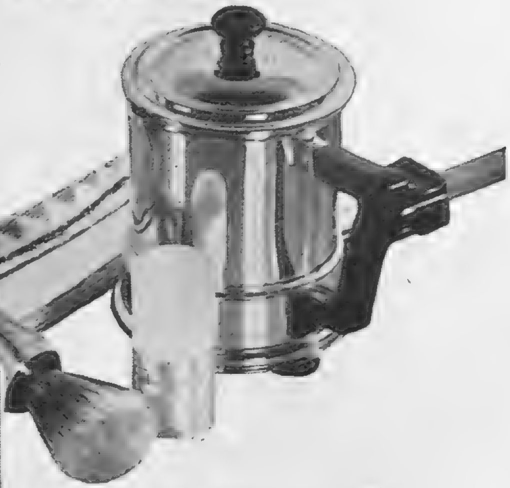
This is a combination of cream and powder which you spread lightly and smoothly over the face; the cream is absorbed and leaves an even layer of powder which will not rub off. It gives the most bewitching mat surface to the skin and you need not bother to repowder for hours. You can use it for your neck and shoulders, too, and so get a lovely consistently smooth finish.

It comes in five different shades to suit blonde, brunette or white-haired beauty.

# Save Trouble—

## Some suggestions which will save your time, your shoe-leather, and your temper . . .

*ALL the trouble of making vegetable purées is at an end when you purchase one of these strainers. It fits on the top of a saucepan, and all you have to do is to turn the handle and so grind the cooked vegetables through whichever of its three sieves is best for your purpose. Price 10/6*



*THIS electric shaving pot means hot water to hand just when it is needed every morning, and so it is a great help towards a really smoothly run household. It costs 27/6 from the General Electric Company, and is an attractive as well as useful accessory for the dressing-room of the man of the house*

*HOW many journeys to the kitchen and back again this useful house telephone will save! It costs 25/6 for the two receivers and 35 feet of wire. It is made by the General Electric Company*

*MAKING any kind of fruit juice is an easy matter if you possess one of these Instant Juice Presses. Once the fruit is placed in the machine all you have to do is to work the handle and juice, quite free from pulp and pips, will run into the tumbler. Price 20/-*

*MILK for the nursery can be brought to the right heat in a few minutes with one of these Immersion Heaters. It will plug into the light or power switch and the heater will hook on to the side of the mug. Price 9/6, from the General Electric Company*

EVERY really competent housewife is anxious to have the running of her domain so well planned that, whatever time she herself may spend on it, the effect of her home shall be one of calm, untroubled efficiency. For this reason anything that will help to save trouble without endangering efficiency is a boon to her.

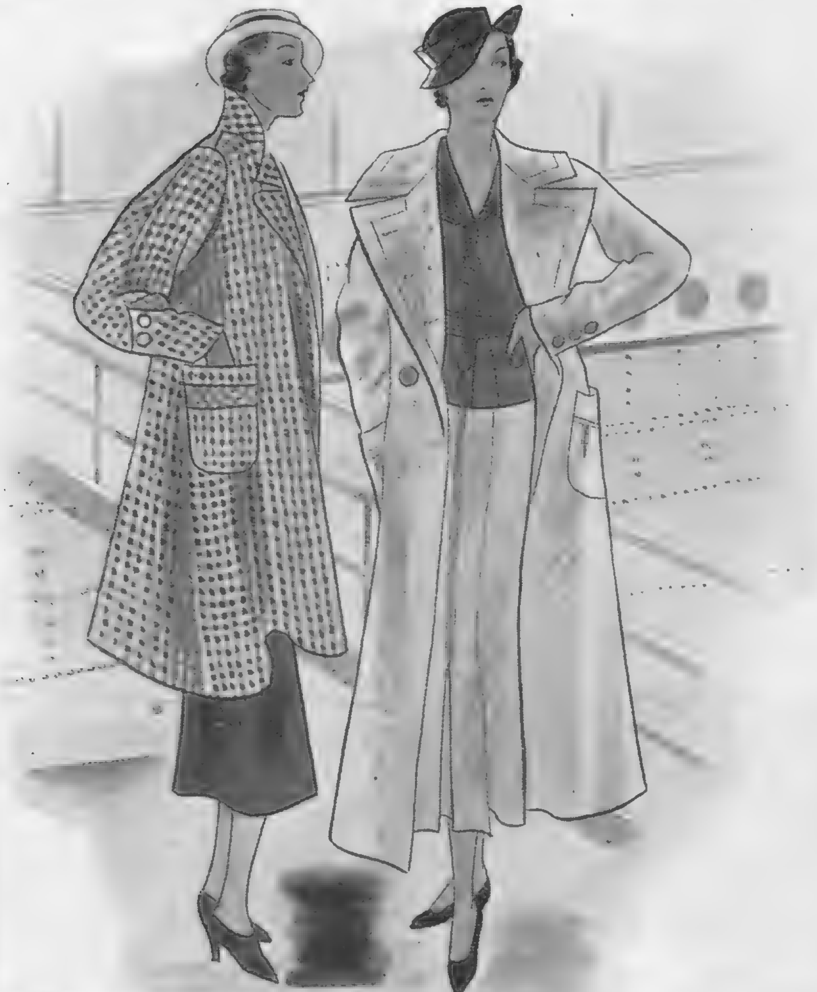
Hot shaving water always ready to hand is a dream often unrealised even in the best-run households, so that an attractive-looking shaving pot, ready to be plugged into a bathroom or dressing-room switch, is an asset for the man of the house, and means a big step forward towards a smoothly run household.

In the nursery, too, there is always room for something new to save trouble, and if you provide an Immersion Heater for your small people's tea table, it will mean that their milk can be warmed to just the right heat in a few minutes without the bother of using a saucepan. The heater just hangs by a hook on the mug or jug and is plugged into a switch. It is easy to sterilise, too.

If fruit cocktails and soft drinks are popular in your household an Instant Juice Press will save you a great deal of work. All you have to do is to put the fruit into the press and work the handle, and the juice will flow out quite free from pips and pulp.

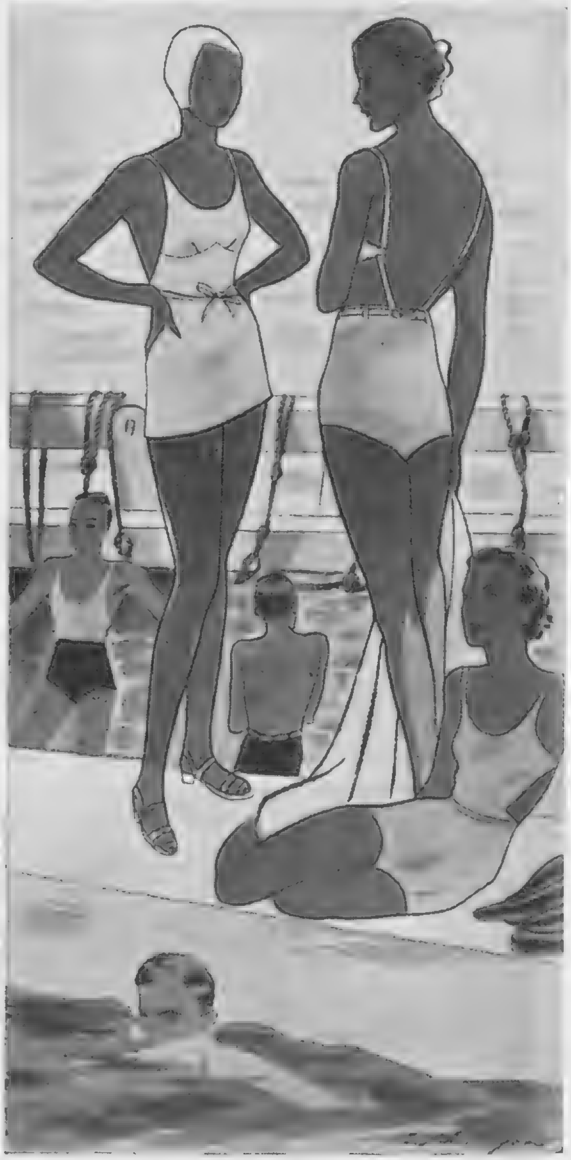
Journeys to the kitchen with last-minute instructions take time and energy that can be better spent in other ways, and so there is now on the market a house telephone, one receiver of which can be placed in the kitchen, and the other where the mistress of the house needs it.

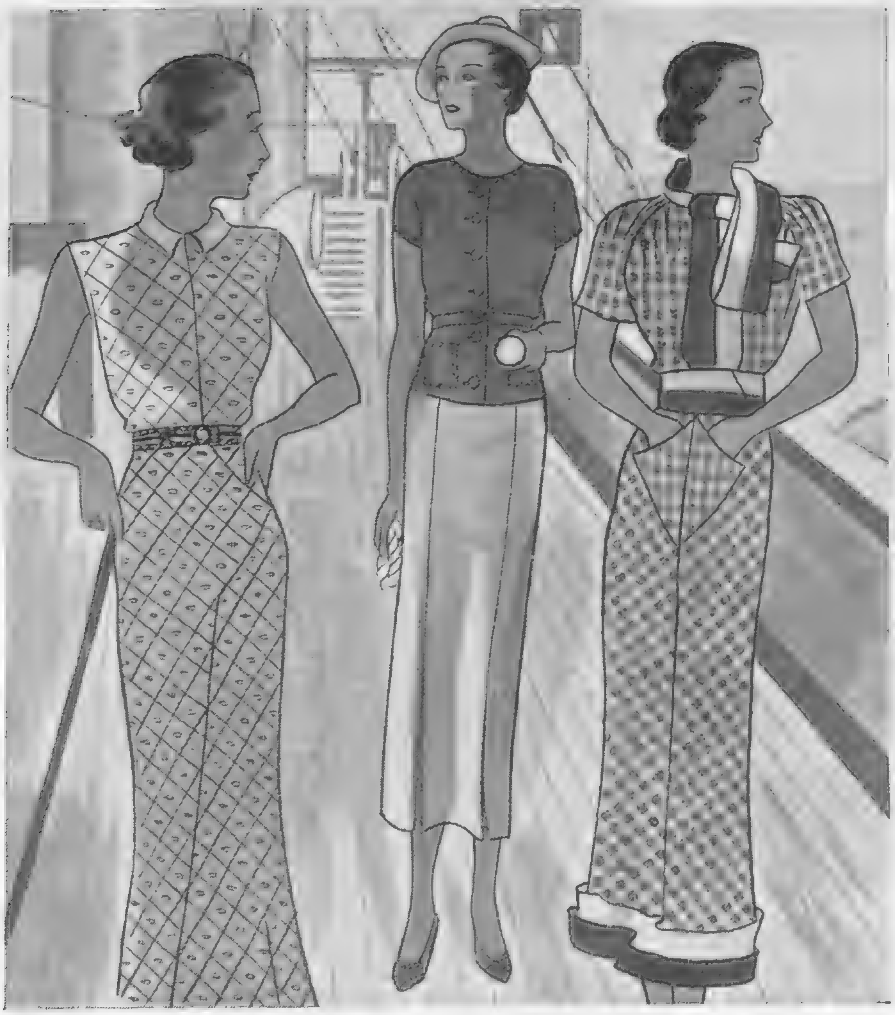
# For *Summer* H*olidays* Ashore *or* Afloat



*FOR travelling and windy days on deck wear a three-quarter length check coat from Studd & Millington: for sunnier moments a white skirt and navy tweed jacket is smart with a useful white wool long coat. Aquascutum*

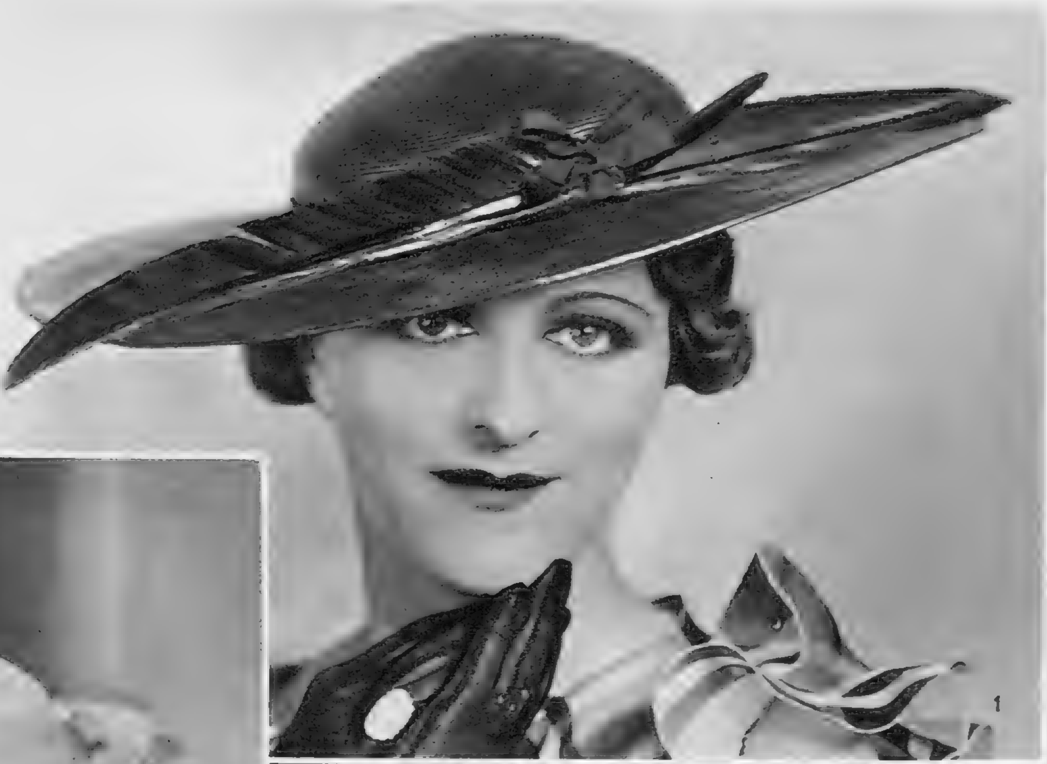
*THE new Jantzen suits are cut on lines which are both becoming and practical and the material gives adequate support to the figure while retaining the minimum of moisture. Note the new backless model with cut-away sides*





*A WHITE piqué patterned in a diamond design makes a smart deck dress from Richard Sands; deep blue linen with self-stitched edges is used for the jumper from Debenhams in the centre; while the blue and white check cotton dress has an upturned hem and scarf of the two colours and comes from Aquascutum*

# HOW *they* WEAR THEM!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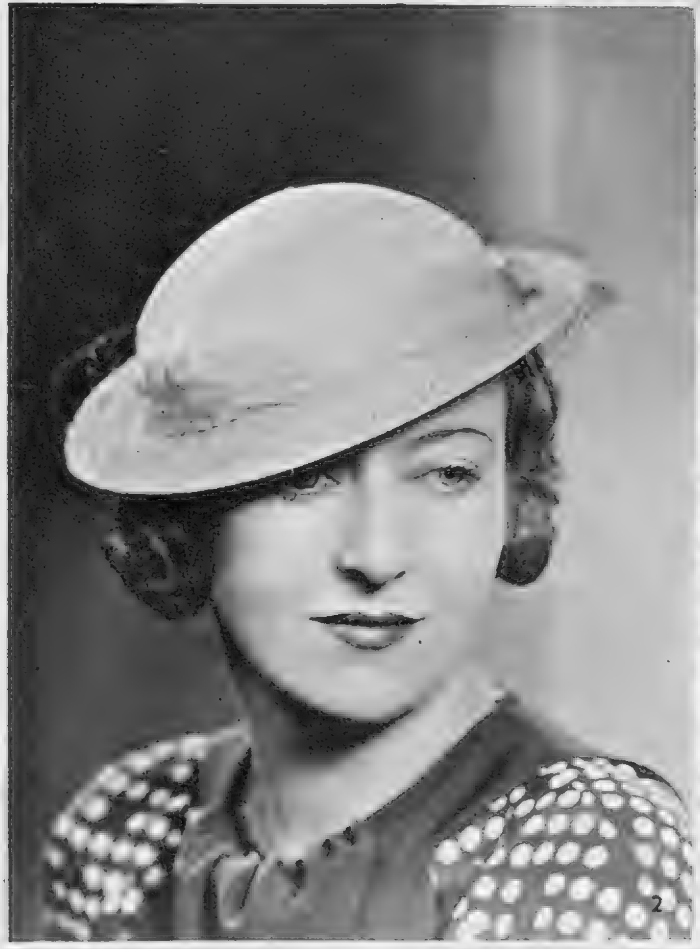
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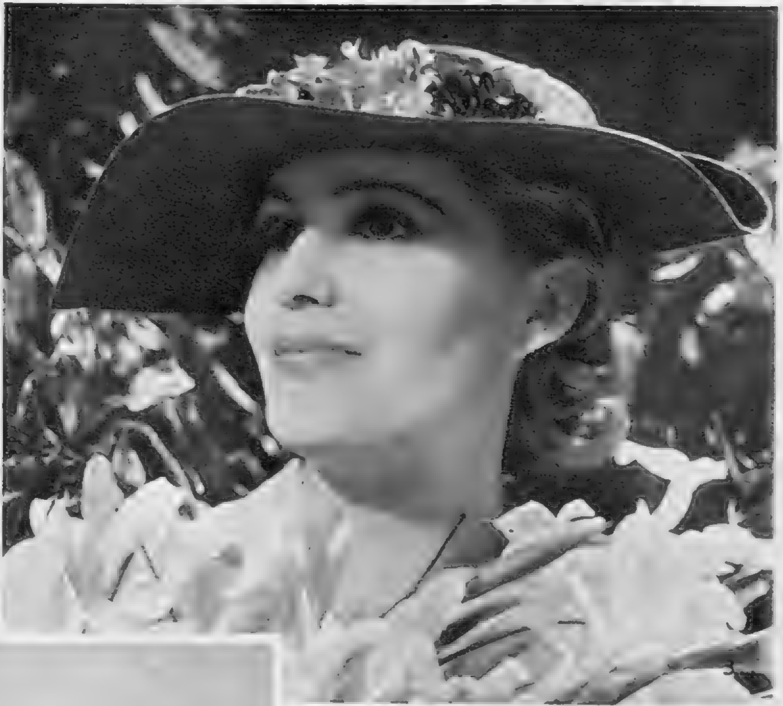
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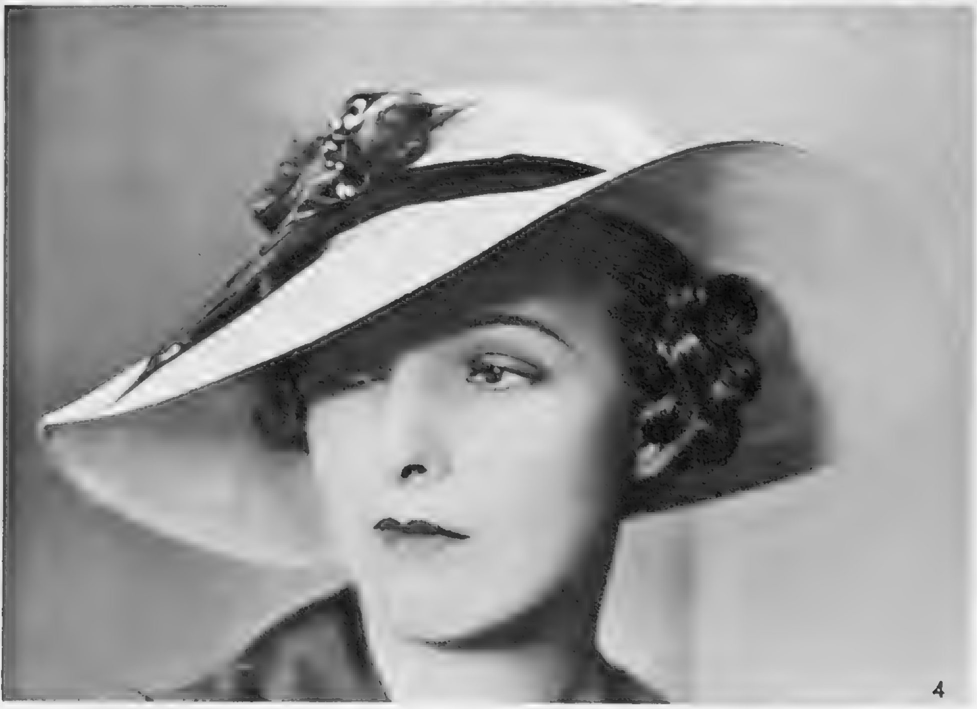
F. J. Gulman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Cannons of Hollywood

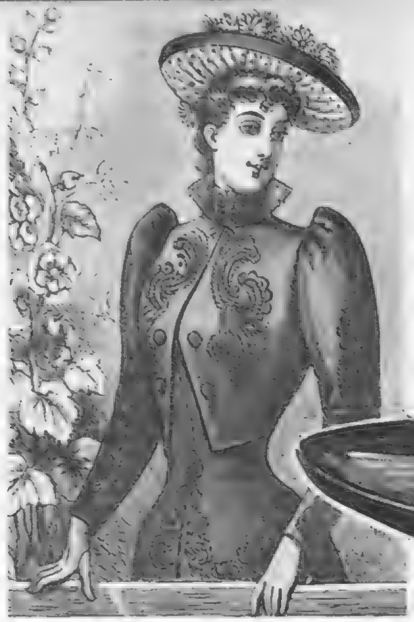
*1. Miss Jeanne de Casalis wears a large flat black straw hat which is a Suzy model and comes from Debenhams. The crown is extremely shallow, and in front two large black quills are tied with a black bow*

*2. Mrs. Archie Campbell has chosen an enchanting little sailor made of white grosgrain ribbon, perched well over one eye and attached by a ribbon band at the back. Around the brim is a fine black veil*

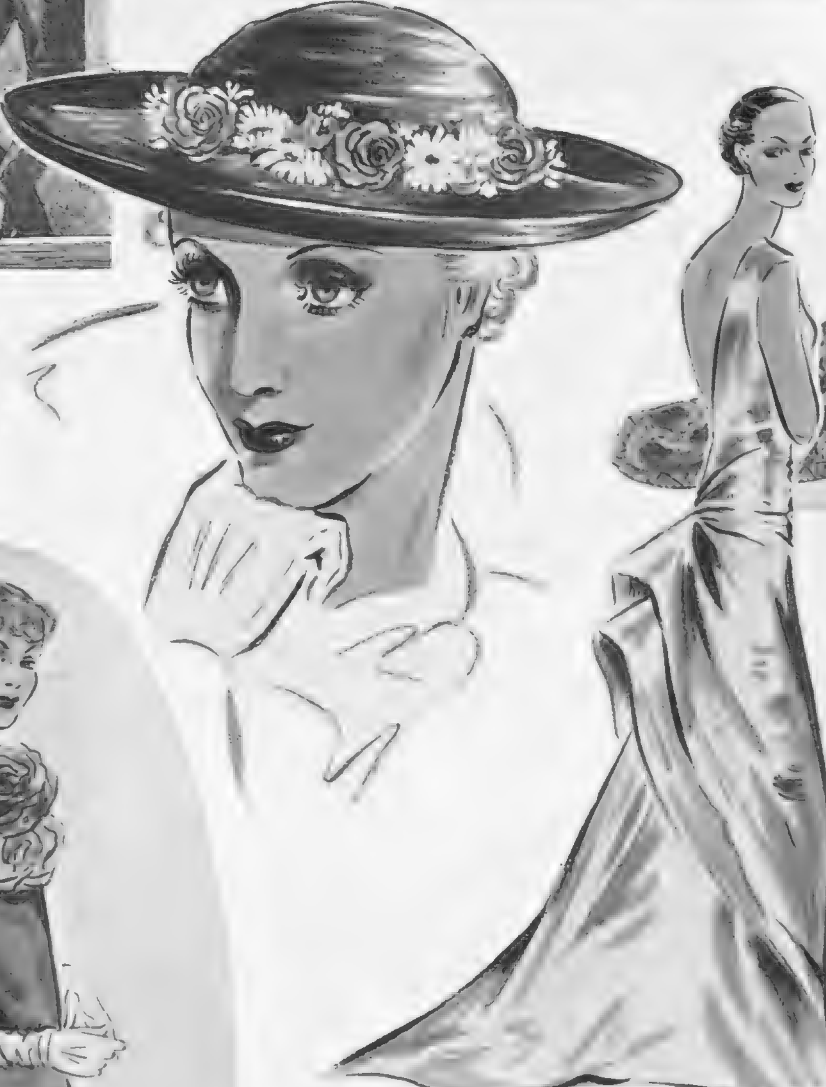
*3. Miss. Elizabeth Jenns poses in a new Maria Guy model from Harrods which has its wide brim turned up abruptly at the back. It is made of fine black straw and is trimmed with groups of pink, mauve and blue flowers*

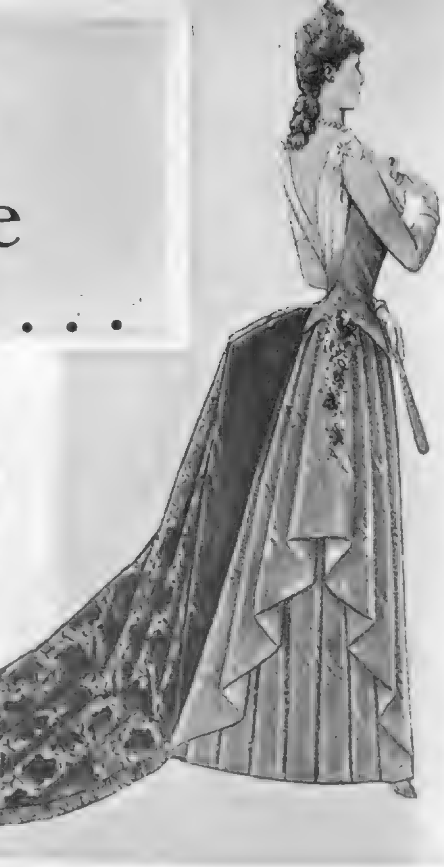
*4. Mrs. Mary Booker looks lovely in her wide-brimmed pale blue hat from Marshalls. This is made of the finest pedal straw and is trimmed with a black velvet ribbon and a black bird perched on the shallow crown*

# FASHION *doesn't* Change but her wearers do . . .

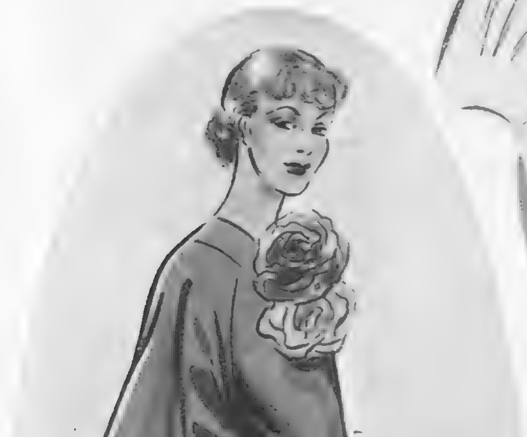


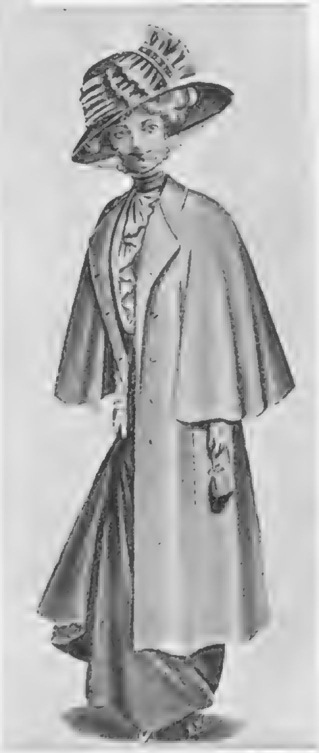
*UPTURNED sailor hats worn almost flat on top of the head are smart this summer. So they were a few generations ago, as the coy lady above shows us*



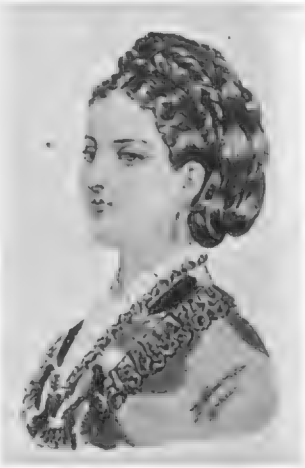


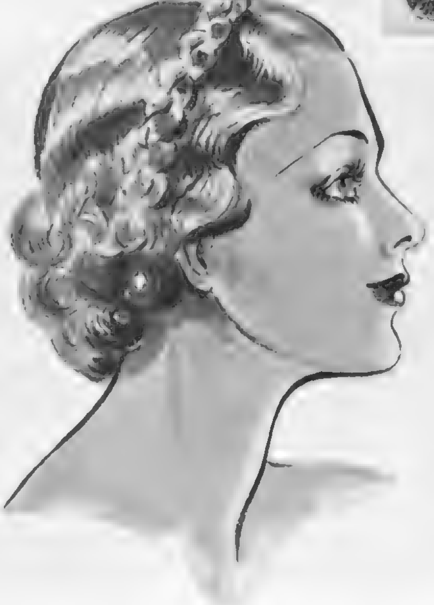
*YOUR elderly aunt will remember the dress she had exactly like this one, with its saucy bustle and arm ties. To-day we call the line the aeroplane silhouette and look with approval to the design at the left made in faille or stiff slipper satin*



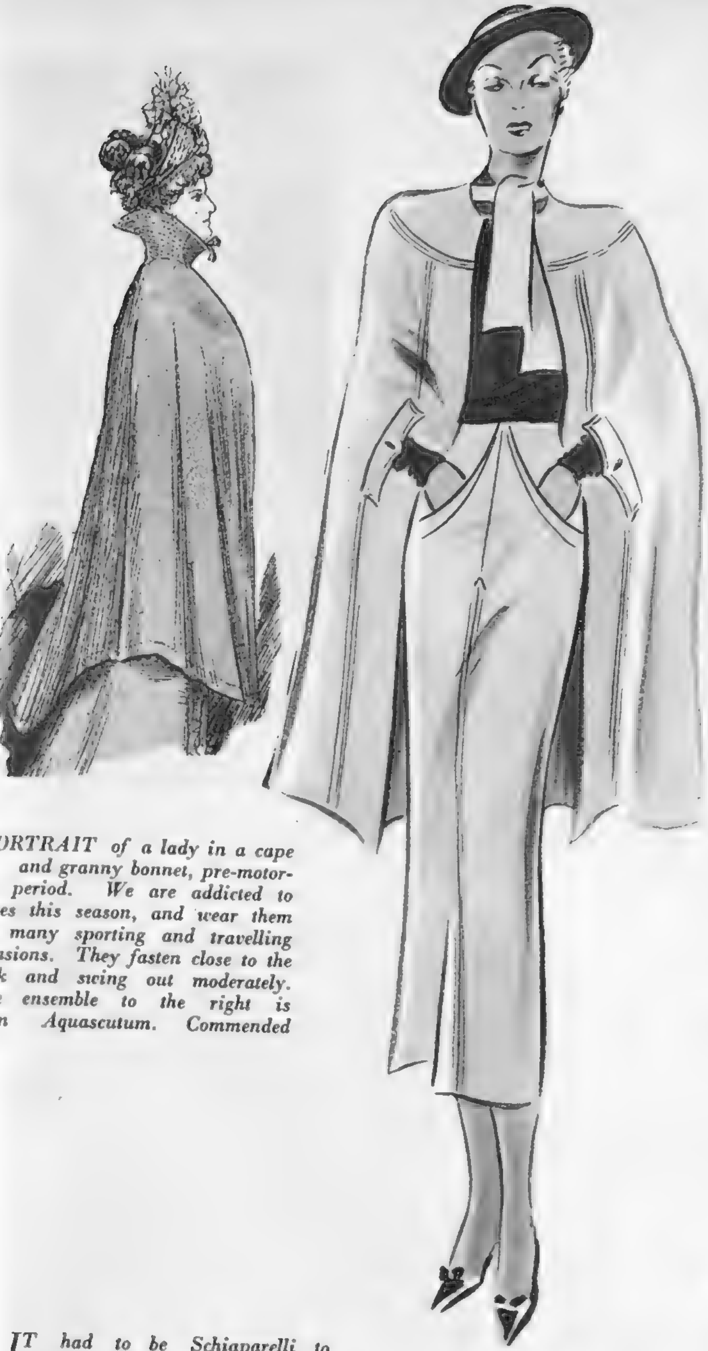


*THEY turned back the fashion pages, saw this dashing Inverness cape and gave us the modern version, the three-quarter-length sac coat. The one above, in black taffeta, comes from Richard Sands*

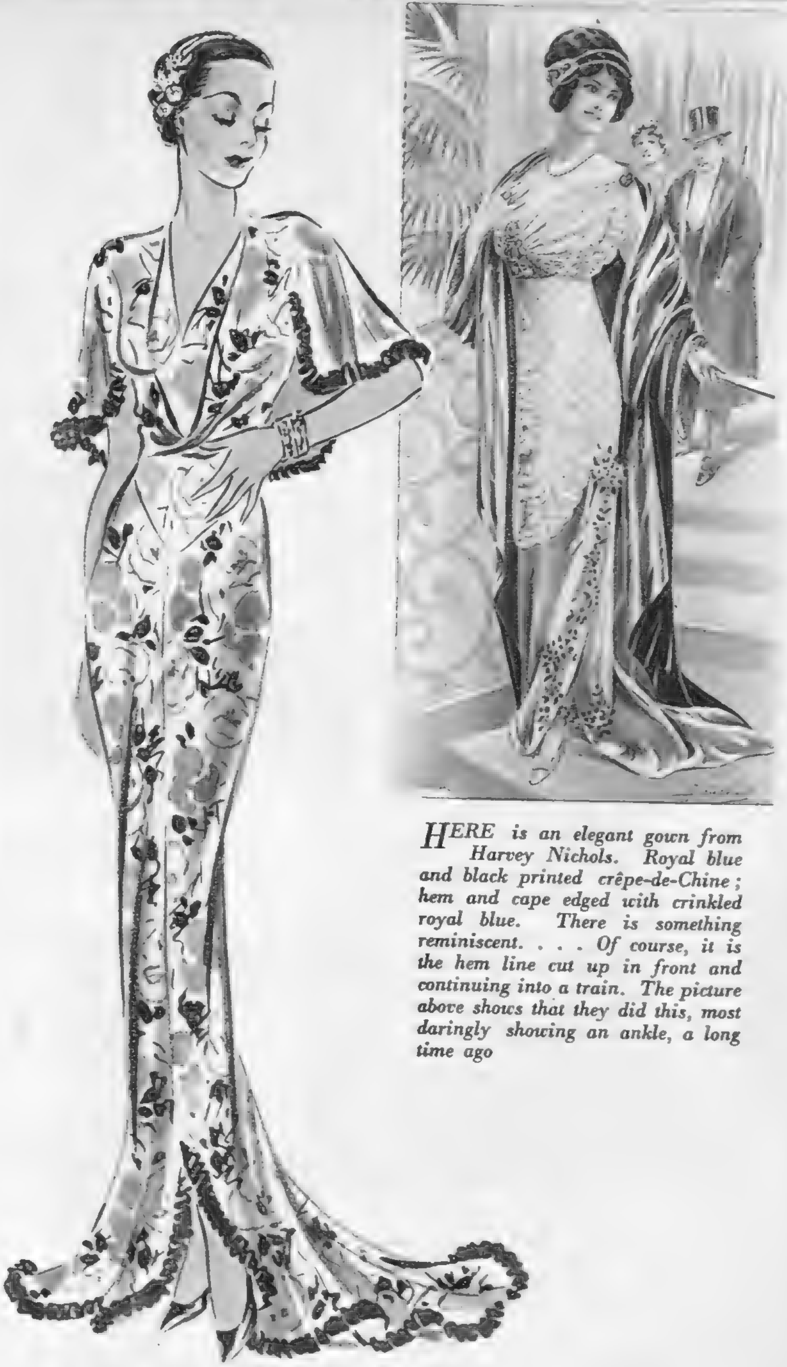




*EVERY other woman at a first night wears a plait across the top of her head. The style suits every other face, and was probably inspired by this old print*

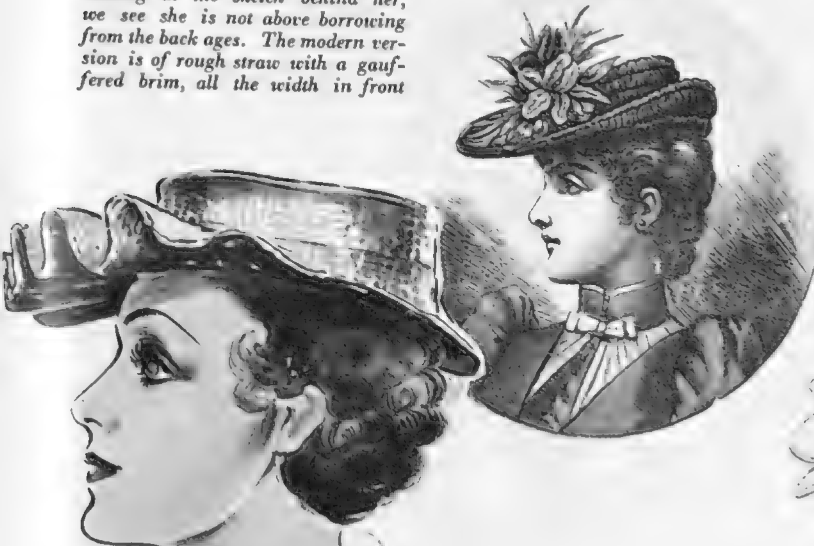


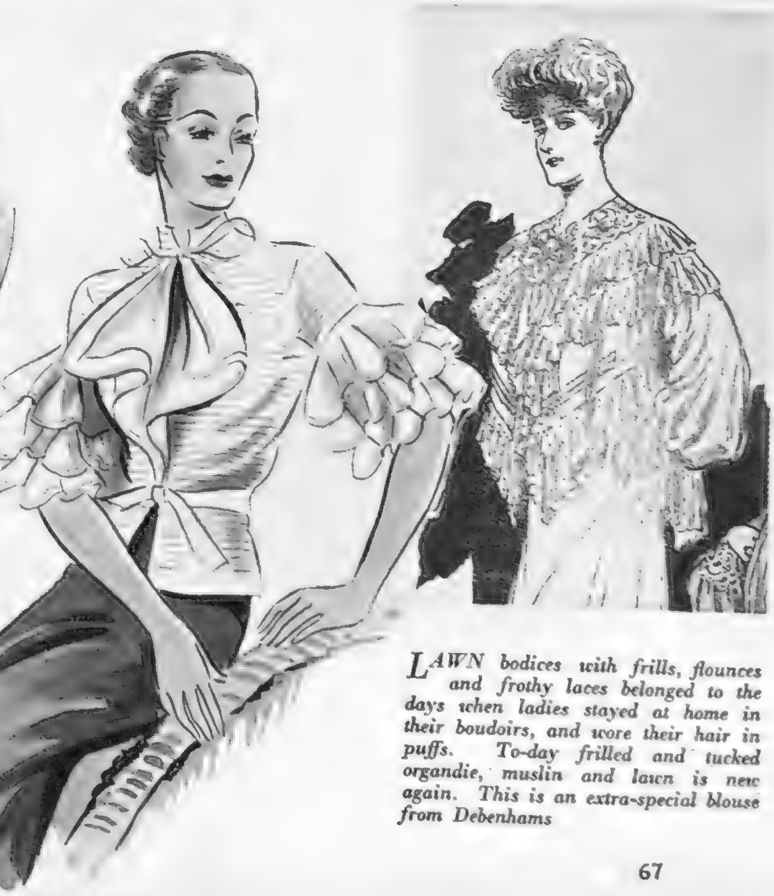
PORTRAIT of a lady in a cape and granny bonnet, pre-motor-car period. We are addicted to capes this season, and wear them for many sporting and travelling occasions. They fasten close to the neck and swing out moderately. The ensemble to the right is from Aquascutum. Commended



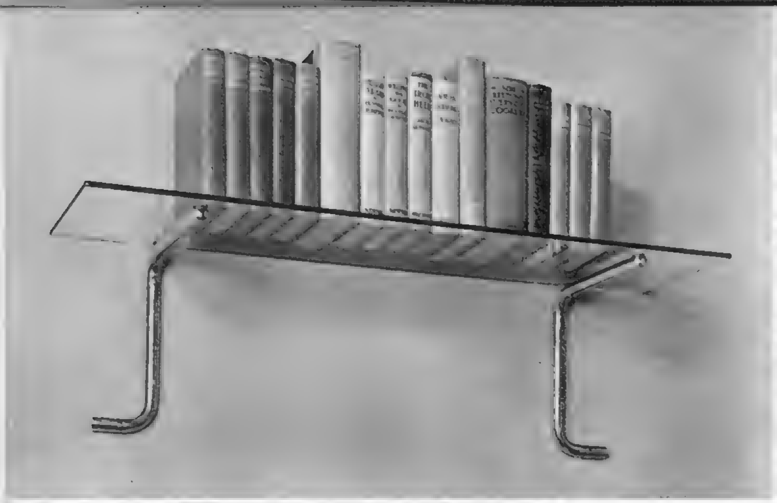
*HERE is an elegant gown from Harvey Nichols. Royal blue and black printed crêpe-de-Chine; hem and cape edged with crinkled royal blue. There is something reminiscent. . . . Of course, it is the hem line cut up in front and continuing into a train. The picture above shows that they did this, most daringly showing an ankle, a long time ago*

*IT had to be Schiaparelli to launch a hat like this, though looking at the sketch behind her, we see she is not above borrowing from the back ages. The modern version is of rough straw with a gauffered brim, all the width in front*





*LAWN bodices with frills, flounces and frothy laces belonged to the days when ladies stayed at home in their boudoirs, and wore their hair in puffs. To-day frilled and tucked organdie, muslin and lawn is new again. This is an extra-special blouse from Debenhams*



*BOOKSHELVES of plate-glass, supported by tubular steel brackets, are practical, decorative and easy to keep clean. Glass shelves can also be used with excellent effect in built-in bookcases*

*MIRROR glass surrounding the fireplace and built-in bookshelves gives an illusion of space in a small room. (Below) An engraved mirror frame to a Ferranti fire is both novel and effective. Roma*

*A HUGE mirror bordered with coloured and rosetted glass gives light to an otherwise dark corner of a hall and reflects the flower-massed staircase*

# Plate-Glass *in the* Modern Home

## *By G. Baseden Butt*

IN many houses plate-glass is now employed in the form of table-tops and shelves of all kinds, but one need scarcely add that this by no means exhausts the uses to which glass may be put. Plate-glass can be invaluable as a covering to polished wooden furniture which might otherwise become scratched or stained; it is often used as a splash-back panel to safeguard the wall behind the sideboard or side table, and in cases where the mural decorations are of a "precious" or damageable kind, plate-glass may be installed to cover the entire surface.

None of these suggestions, however, do more than use glass as a means of protection, the decorative possibilities inherent in the material itself remain almost untouched. Plate-glass is worth using *for its own sake.* It is available nowadays in a wealth of delicate and lovely tints, it can be enriched with exquisite sand-blasted or acided designs, and with the aid of cunningly concealed electric lights, effects can be achieved of almost indescribable loveliness.

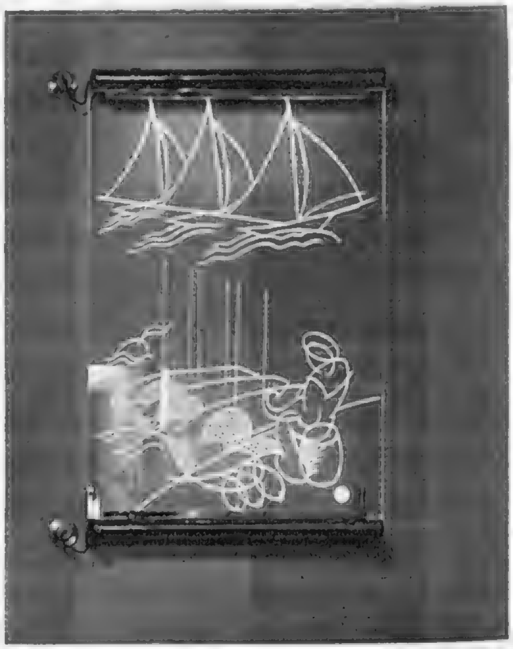
There are also alluring possibilities in the use of extensive plate-glass wall mirrors, which may be tinted to give a coloured reflection—peach, gold, light blue, or smoke-grey instead of the more familiar silver. One could have walls of silver mirror plate, for example, with pilasters of cast green glass and door surrounds of gold mirror, as in the very unusual entrance-hall seen in one of our illustrations. A mirror ceiling, too, can increase the light and apparent spaciousness in a small room, while if looking-glass is used for the whole of one wall the illusion is created that the room is twice its actual size.

If two opposite walls are treated with mirrors in this way, the effect is to create an apparently endless vista extending to infinity.

ANOTHER unusual and distinctly intriguing use for plate-glass is as a substitute for painted pictures. A panel of plate-glass etched or engraved with a pictorial design, and with tubular electric strip lights concealed at the top and bottom, can be hung upon the wall, and when the lights are switched on the picture becomes visible in brilliant outline.

For use in positions where additional strength is advisable, glass is obtainable reinforced with a steel wire mesh in the heart of the plate. In addition to giving greater strength, the wire mesh would also have the effect of holding the fragments together if the glass were broken by a blow or damaged by fire. Thus a glass door can be made absolutely burglar-proof.

*AN illuminated panel of sand-blasted glass is an unusual wall decoration for a modern room or a hall and has infinite possibilities. The one below is the work of Raymond McGrath*



*SLOANE AVENUE MANSIONS, CHELSEA, from the outside. Here modern bachelor and family flats are obtainable from £90 a year*

*A DELIGHTFUL view of West Hill Court, Highgate, showing the perfectly kept garden which is a special feature of this new block of luxury flats*

# London's *Luxury* FLATS

## *Their amenities both inside and out!*

SOME of the most striking features of the newer houses and flats are the facilities, so carefully and scientifically studied, for living every moment of leisure out of doors.

If flats, as a type of dwelling, have been open to criticism, it has been to a great extent on account of the restrictions they have imposed in the way of getting out of doors. In fact, many who otherwise approve the convenience and comfort of a flat have ultimately decided on a house for the sake of possessing a garden, however small, or some better means of access to the sun than flats formerly provided.

But things are different now, and in the most modern recently constructed flats the amenities offered in this particular respect are infinitely greater than one could hope to attain in a perfectly private way.

At Sloane Avenue Mansions, the modern luxury building in Chelsea, one is offered the inestimable advantage of living in the very midst of fashionable London. Here, in the heart of things, as it were, one does not expect a garden, though the designers of this very modern building have provided many of the flats with private terraces opening from the sitting-room.

Each of these is carefully screened from its neighbour, so that absolute privacy is assured, while the deep lattice doors make a simple matter of moving out on to the terrace for all summer meals, and to enjoy the air and sunshine without being overlooked.

Other advantages of this block of bachelor and studio flats, apart from its central position, are now almost proverbial. The snack bar, which has been photographed for this page, is open at all times for the convenience of tenants who wish to take a light meal without the (*Continued on page* 108)

*SURBITON COURT, though within easy reach of the West End, has a perfect garden with flagged walks and rose terraces for the use of tenants*

*THE snack bar is a feature of the service at Sloane Avenue Mansions, Chelsea. Here tenants can obtain light meals at all hours without the trouble of preparing them*

*A BUFFET table on the left is covered with a hand-made linen-lace cloth costing 10s. 9d. from Gorringes, and carries a delightful modern crystal sherry-set on a black glass and chromium tray. Sherry set £5 5s., tray £2 2s., from Mappin and Webb*

*Helen Macgregor*

# Taste at TABLE

## *Interpreting the decorative aspect of the table in its relation to food*

EVEN the most confirmed gourmet will confess to some regard for the niceties of service at table. Though he love the sirloin for itself alone, he must admit its succulence is enhanced by a loving presentation of its charms. Indeed, those who declare themselves indifferent to the vessel so long as the contents are to their taste, have yet to master the subtleties of eating and to learn the satisfaction of a meal which is as exquisite to the eye as to the palate.

On the whole, perhaps we are too careless of the fine relationship between food and its service. In devising a scheme of decoration for the table we give too much thought to decorative effect and too little to the more subtle art of presenting food against a worthy background. True, the effect of a beautiful table-scheme upon guests entering the dining-room is of importance, but unless the effect is suggestive of pleasure to follow, half the possibilities of the occasion are lost.

One is all too familiar with the table scheme which, though decoratively sound, is as coldly detached from the subject of food as anything could be, and one has also seen arrangements of which the originality and charm are undeniable, but whose connection with anything so commonplace as roast beef would seem absurd. Yet roast beef is really the most effective in the end.

Tea, now, is a meal where one can give full reign to a taste for flimsy things. Here is an essentially flippant meal; a mere excuse for conversation and effect. Not so luncheon or dinner. These are affairs of far greater complexity.

On these occasions, colour, arrangement, every expedient of decoration, in fact, should be complementary to the food. We may stagger our guests with the originality of the table, if we like, so long as we see to it that this is only a preliminary to even greater enthusiasm for the food.

A crowded table is as uncomfortable and as ineffective as one too sparsely set is bleakly forbidding. Flower arrangements should always be low and should never interfere with the easy passage of dishes or with the comfortable exchange of talk.

Lighting is one of the most effective forms of decoration at table, throwing as it does a warmth upon the gathering and enhancing effects of colour and texture with the play of light and shade. If light is concentrated upon the table during a meal and the rest of the room is left in shadow, everything falls into temporary abeyance to the food, which is as it should be. A central lamp is sometimes inadvisable, as it obscures the view, but a flat bowl containing glass flowers from which lighting is diffused upwards, or candles which cast a mellow light without obstructing, are ideal.

Effect at table is far from always being expensive. Note the buffet table photographed on this page and see how strong an effect is obtained by a thoughtful balance of materials.

*DECANTER and glasses of English hand-made bubble-glass are charming in amber colouring. The decanter is 18s. 6d.; sherry, cocktail and liqueur glasses, 1s. 6d. each. The goblets, 2s. 6d. There is a fruit bowl in three sizes. From Gorringes*

*HERE is a colour scheme for the jaded breakfaster. Blue and white china is displayed against a linen check cloth of shaded blue and white. The pale mauve flowers are arranged in a clear blue glass bowl*

*GARDEN entertaining would be enlivened by this charming "sunshine" table-cloth in multi-coloured check. There are three sizes, beginning from 3s. 11d., and napkins are six for 2s. The yellow pottery tea-set costs 6s. 11d. for 21 pieces. Gorringes*

*SUMMERTIME is the theme of this table arrangement. The table mat is primrose, the napkin primrose and green. The spring chicks and the lamb are cheap wooden toys, and the wild flowers are Summer's own offering from the fields. Note the unconventional arrangement of quite ordinary accessories*

The table itself is covered with a hand-made linen-lace cloth. Though rich in effect, the cloth is not too delicate to be seen against the substantial black and white crystal drinking-vessels, or the silver necessary to the occasion. Some form of relief was required to offset this scheme of silver and glass, so a tall, cylindrical glass vase was chosen (it began life as a sweet container in a confectioner's shop), and in it a drooping branch of rich, darkly-polished evergreen was arranged. The height and character of this addition gave immediate importance to the table, which was set close against a light wall, whereas a conventional arrangement of flowers might have been insipid.

OUT of doors, the possibilities of achieving beautiful and appropriate table-settings are even more attractive than indoors. The discomfort we associate with garden meals is really only an indictment of our own idleness in wasting the opportunities the occasion provides. Every self-respecting home should have a special service of china and appropriate linen, as well as other utensils, for garden entertaining. Now that these things are available at such attractive prices, nobody can reasonably excuse themselves on the plea of economy. Look at the garden tea-set shown on this page: this is pottery of bright yellow colouring—ideal against a background of green grass and foliage—it is as durable as necessity requires for outdoor use and inexpensive enough for the most economical household.

A bright green garden-table, set with a cloth gaily checked in colours; bright yellow pottery against the colouring of the garden itself, suggests a meal attractive enough for the most pernickety summer appetite. Try it and see.

While you are experimenting, try your hand at brightening up the breakfast table. Take a cue from the arrangement shown on the middle of this page and which is designed to soothe the jaded breakfaster and sets out to tempt the appetite whilst enlivening the outlook with all possible restraint. Blue and white china, a cloth of shaded blue and white, a clear glass bowl with one inoffensive spray of mauve—what could be less aggressive? We have only ourselves to blame who cannot face such delicacy.

# On Salads *and* Salad Making

*By* A. H. Adair

*Author of " Salads and Salads "*

*A MAHOGANY table set with lace-edged embroidered lawn mats and freezias in green Bristol vases looks enchanting lit by two large silver candelabra. Note the flat polished mother-o'-pearl ashtrays which contain cigarettes and matches*

THERE is as much skill required to produce a perfect salad—well balanced, well flavoured—as in any branch of food preparation. A salad at its best must not only be correctly blended but correctly served, and it is useless to think that we can throw anything indiscriminately into a salad-bowl and serve the mixture with any kind of dish.

Let us first make a division of salads, arranging them in three main groups: *Hors d'œuvre* salads; plain, or at any rate simple, salads; and lastly, the frankly complicated mixtures of vegetable, greenstuff and fruits.

*Hors d'œuvre* salads are the easiest of all to deal with, as they depend for their ingredients chiefly on the state of the larder. Almost anything can be used—vegetable, fish, meat, chicken; all sorts of left-overs can be successfully mixed and turned into an appetising and spicy salad which is always useful as a prelude to luncheon, especially if the meal is otherwise a little short.

Plain salads can be sub-divided into two classes; the really plain, crisp, green salad made of whatever is in season and simply dressed with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper; this should always be served with a roast and never with a dish which has a thick sauce. The other type of plain salad is the mixture of greenstuff and one, or at the most, two, other things; lettuce and cooked peas or asparagus tips, lettuce and orange, or grape-fruit or tomato; lettuce and artichokes or French beans; these are but a few of the possible combinations. The dressing in these cases being either plain or cream, but in any case they also should not be served when the dish they are to accompany contains a thick sauce.

The complicated salads, like the *hors d'œuvre* ones, are helpful for using up left-over vegetables, but rather more care should be exercised in mixing the ingredients. Dressings can be very varied, as we can use not only plain dressings, but mayonnaise, cream, and cream flavoured with lemon or tomato, as the case may be. But, whatever really complicated salad we decide to have, it will only be good when served entirely by itself as a separate course. For dinner, after the meat course, and for luncheon instead of a sweet.

## Hors D'oeuvre Salads

### *Fish Salad*

A pleasant and useful way of disposing of the remains of cold cooked fish. Remove all bones and break the fish into small pieces, which you put into the salad-bowl. Add cold cooked potatoes cut into pieces and the same quantity of tomatoes (skinned and with the pips removed), also a few chopped gherkins or some capers. Mix well together and pour over the following dressing: a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, salt and pepper, one tablespoonful of vinegar and two of olive oil; mix well and stir the salad again after the dressing is added.

### *Meat Salad*

Again we can use "left-overs" of veal, boiled beef or chicken. Trim the meat well, cut it into neat cubes and put it into the salad-bowl with the same quantity of apple cubes, pieces of cooked beetroot and tomato and hard-boiled egg in equal proportions. Mix well and use the same dressing as for the fish salad. Just before serving, sprinkle the top of the salad with finely-chopped onion and decorate with a few fillets of anchovies in oil, allowing one fillet for each person.

### *Salade Surprise*

Take some large potatoes of the floury kind, choosing them of even size and shape and allowing one potato for two people. Wash and dry the potatoes well and bake them in their skins until quite cooked. Cut them into two lengthways and scoop out the flesh, which you chop and mix with a variety of ingredients: apples and walnuts and a mayonnaise dressing; tomatoes and onions chopped with a plain dressing; tunny-fish and tomato dressed with the oil from the tin and a little Worcester sauce; in fact, there are many things which can be used. Mix well and put back into the potato cases and sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley.

## Elaborate Salads

### *Pineapple Salad*

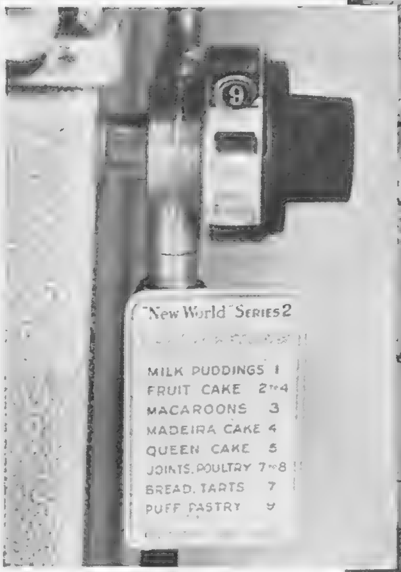
First line the salad-bowl with crisp lettuce leaves, washed and dried. Put in some cubes of pineapple, pieces of tomato with the skin and pips removed and some shredded onion. For the dressing we can use either the plain oil, vinegar, salt and pepper or a richer dressing made of lemon juice (one-third), cream (two-thirds), salt and pepper, and a dash of tomato sauce.

### *Salade Normande*

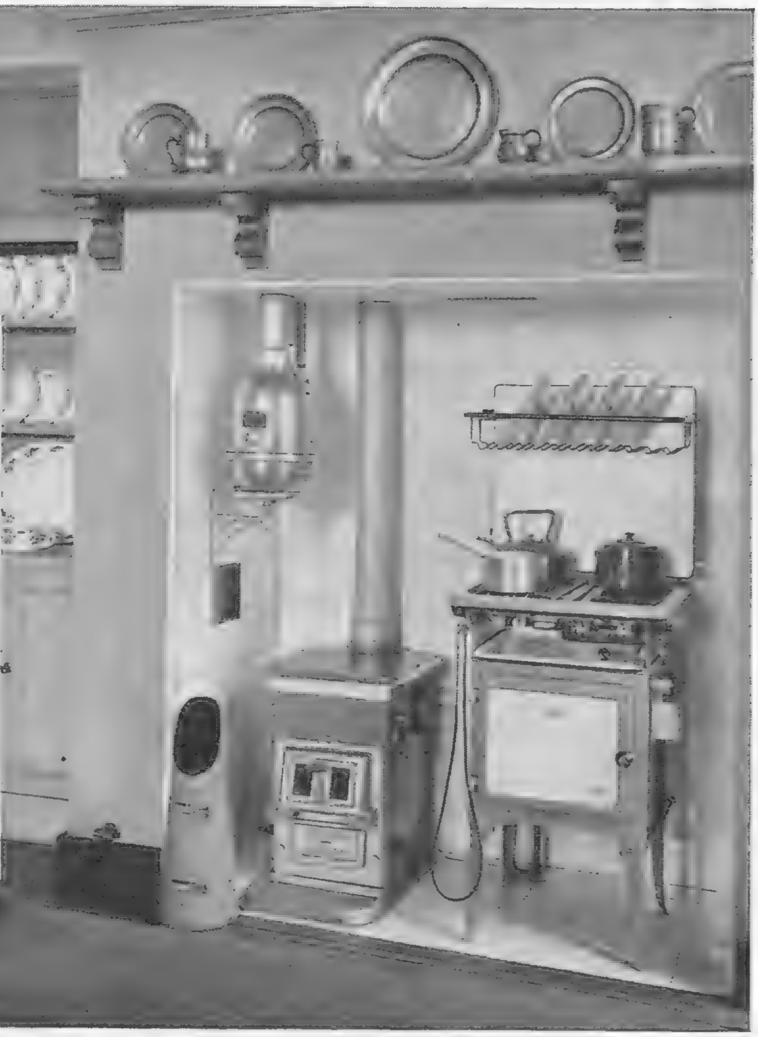
For each person have one large eating apple; cut off the top and scoop out the flesh, which we chop, taking care to remove the core. Mix this with the same quantity of tomatoes, as usual skinned and with the pips removed; also a little shredded lettuce. Stir well together, adding a cream dressing made as described above but without the tomato sauce. Fill the apple cases and decorate the top with little rounds of tomato.

# OVEN Cookery

## *Some hints which will save you time and labour*



*A CLOSE-UP of the Regulo which is accompanied by a chart giving full directions for the length of time required for any dish*



*HERE is a well-equipped kitchen complete with a New World cooker, automatic gas lighter and Regulo control. How much worry and time this will save you the accompanying article will explain*

IT is probably quite safe to assert that in most kitchens where gas fuel is used, the actual range is fitted with a "Regulo" controlled oven, and everyone who uses these ovens knows exactly how much time and trouble is saved. Whenever there is baking to be done, the modern cook knows that she can be relieved of the anxiety of timing.

But there is another side of oven cookery which is still very much neglected, and that is the use of the oven for other things than pastry, joints and puddings.

It may be that most people only think of the oven in connection with baking, entirely forgetting all the many dishes, not quite stews, which not only *can* be cooked in the oven, but are definitely better for being finished in this way.

Most of the things belonging in French cookery to the *braisé* or *en casserole* type are good examples, and their chief interest is that we have a finished, well-flavoured and succulent dish which has taken almost no time to prepare.

The principle is always the same. We fry our ingredients for a few minutes on the hot-plate, adding seasoning and liquid or not as the case may be, bring to the boil, cover the pan with a well-fitting lid and then put the dish in the oven with the "Regulo" set to its correct mark, and afterwards there remains nothing but the final operation of serving.

There is no need to dwell on the labour- and time-saving advantages of the system, but what is equally important is the satisfaction of knowing that we are serving food which is not only perfectly cooked, but which retains every particle of nutrition and flavour; let us hope, then, that by trying the following recipes (or adaptations of them) the busy housewife will learn not to neglect the most valuable equipment placed at her disposal.

NOTE.—For all these dishes we should have a fairly thick pan with a short handle or no handle at all. The lid should fit as well and tightly as possible.

### *Chicken en Casserole. I.*

Warm the pan on the hot plate, melt in it a piece of butter (about one ounce) and add two rashers of streaky bacon trimmed and cut into small cubes. Brown this for a minute or two, and put in the chicken (raw) carved into pieces; the two wings, breast and legs divided into two. Add salt and pepper, brown the pieces of chicken on all sides, and then add a teacupful of stock and two ounces of mushrooms trimmed and chopped. Bring the stock to the boil, cover the pan, and put it in the oven. Cook for three-quarters of an hour to one hour (according to the age and tenderness of the chicken) with the "Regulo" set to Mark 4.

### *Chicken en Casserole. II.*

This is a variation of the preceding dish with merely a difference of flavour. We melt the butter—or a mixture of olive oil and butter—fry the bacon, and then add three or four shallots finely chopped. Brown also for a few minutes and then add the chicken, which we also brown. Put in the stock, salt and pepper and a heaped tablespoonful of tomato *purée*. Cook for a few minutes, put the lid on, and finish the cooking in the oven with the "Regulo" set to Mark 4.

This dish is greatly improved by the addition—at the same time as the shallots—of a small clove of garlic finely chopped. When the dish is finished, there will be no noticeable flavour of garlic, which will have merely blended in with the other ingredients.

### *Braised Mutton.*

Take one onion peeled and chopped, and fry it in butter in the pan. Now put in a pound and a half of neck of mutton cut into convenient pieces, salt and pepper. Fry for a few minutes to seize the meat, sprinkle over a tablespoonful of flour, fry again for two or three minutes, stirring or shaking the pan. Meanwhile prepare one pound of potatoes and one pound of carrots, the potatoes peeled and cut into cubes and the carrots scraped and cut into small pieces. Add these, cook together for five minutes, and then add a pint of water. Bring to the boil and simmer for five minutes, tasting the gravy to see that it is well seasoned. Cover the pan and put it in the oven to cook for two hours with the "Regulo" set to Mark 1.

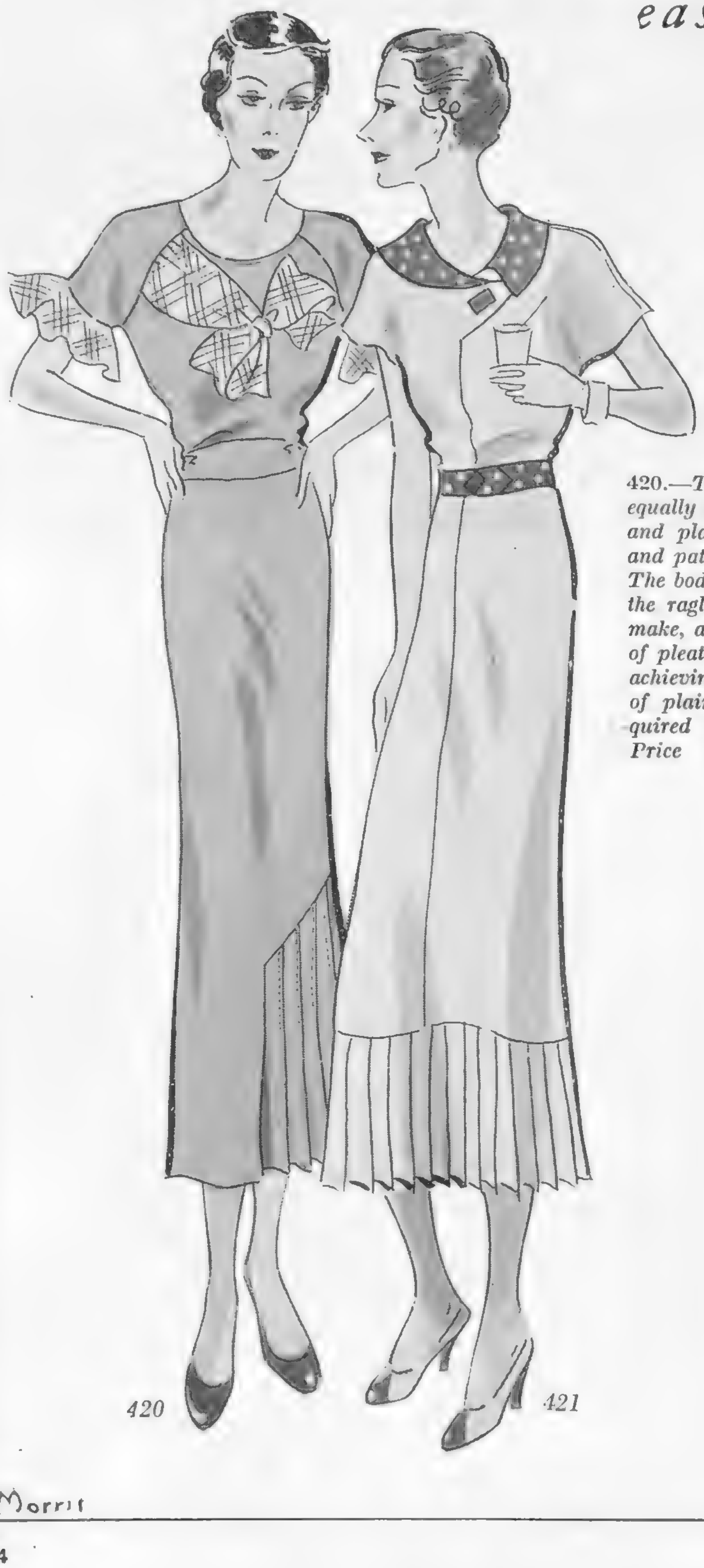
### *Filet of Veal in Jelly.*

Take a piece of filet of veal (about two pounds) boned, trimmed and tied. Meanwhile melt a piece of butter in the pan and fry in it a small onion finely chopped. Add two or three tomatoes cut in pieces, salt and pepper. Cook these together for a few minutes, push them to one side of the pan, and put in the piece of veal, which you brown on all sides. Add one calf's foot chopped into three or four pieces, the bones of the meat, and a pint of water. Bring to the boil, simmer for five minutes, cover the pan and put it in the oven to cook for two hours with the "Regulo" set to Mark 2.

Now remove the veal, cut away the strings and put the meat in a serving dish just large enough to take it, but deep enough to hold the gravy. This must be poured over the meat through a muslin. Put the dish in a cold place to set the jelly.

# WHY *not* SAVE MONEY?

## *Make your Summer Wardrobe at home: these Patterns are easy to follow*

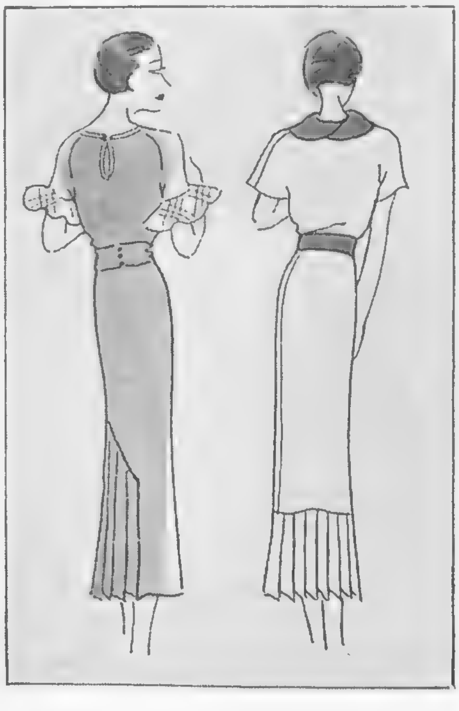


### How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns, 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these Patterns may be obtained only by post

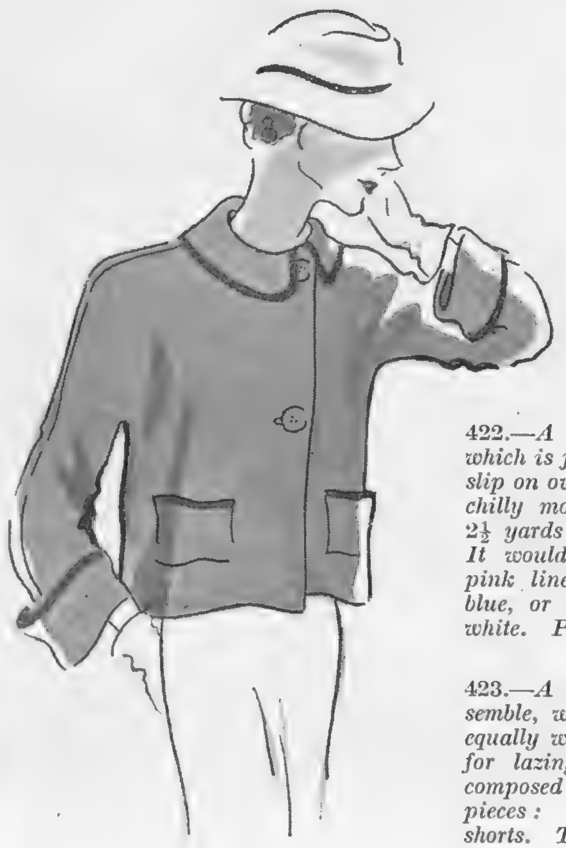
420.—*This dress would look equally well in plain gingham and plaid voile, or in plain and patterned crêpe de Chine. The bodice fastens at the back, the raglan sleeves are easy to make, and the one-sided group of pleats is a novel method of achieving fullness. 5⅛ yards of plain 36 in. material required and ⅝-yard of plaid. Price 1/–*

421.—*Here is another useful dress which could be worn in town or country, and be carried out in wool, silk or cotton. The pleated hem is attractive and the blouse and sleeves cut in one will be welcomed by the amateur dressmaker. Pale blue with navy spotted collar and cuffs would look attractive. 4¼ yards of plain 36 in. material required and ⅜-yd. of patterned. Price 1/–*



# TWO SIMPLE DESIGNS

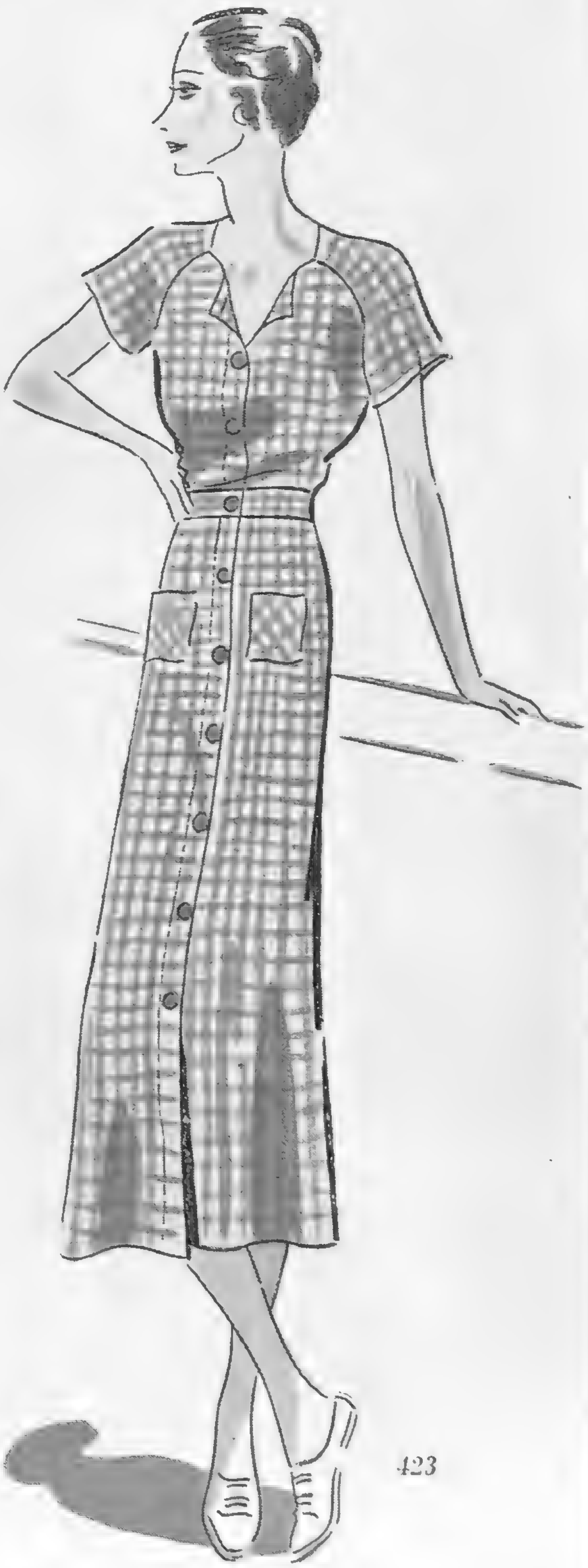
## *Beach Accessories are no longer luxuries if you make them yourself*



422

*422.—A simple little coat which is just what is needed to slip on over a summer dress at chilly moments requires only 2½ yards of 36 in. material. It would look charming in pink linen piped with navy blue, or in navy piped with white. Price 1/–*

*423.—A summer sports ensemble, which could be worn equally well at a tea-party or for lazing on the beach, is composed of three separate pieces: skirt, blouse and shorts. The wrap-over skirt buttons down the front and is easily removed; the shorts are smartly pleated. The shorts require 1¾ yards; the blouse 1½ yards; the skirt 2¼ yards. Price 1/6*



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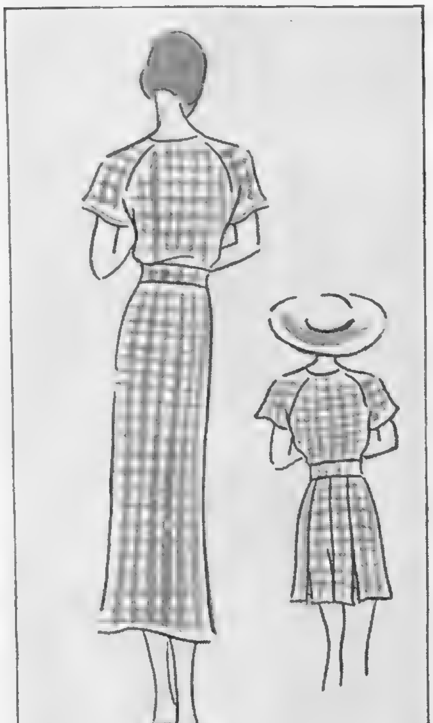
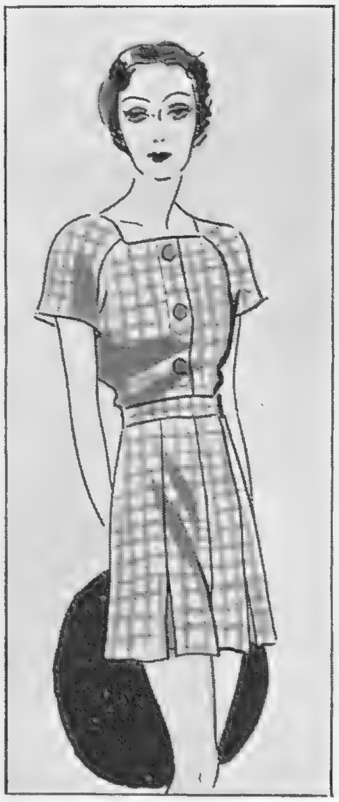




# Defeating *the* Heat *of* Summer

*The why and the wherefore of preserving your food during the hot weather*

*A REALLY ideal kitchen which has an electric cooker, convenient shelves and an Electrolux built in beneath its up-to-date sink*

FOR some years the use of chemical preservatives in foods intended for sale has been illegal, and precautions must therefore be taken during hot weather to guard against food going bad.

The numerous cases both of minor and serious food poisoning which always occur during a hot spell prove that this fact is not yet generally realised, and that we have not yet become sufficiently refrigerator conscious. An efficient refrigerator should be regarded as part of the essential equipment of a home.

*THE Frigidaire, built in conveniently between sink and disappearing table, opens its door to welcome and prolong the life of all the food in the house. And of course it makes its own ice-chunks. In those fortunate kitchens where space does not have to be taken into account, there is room and to spare for the cabinet type of Frigidaire, as seen in the illustration on the right*

The primary purpose of a refrigerator is, of course, to preserve food—that is, to ensure freshness and purity and to prevent waste—but it is also extremely useful in the preparation of cold sweets, ices and iced drinks.

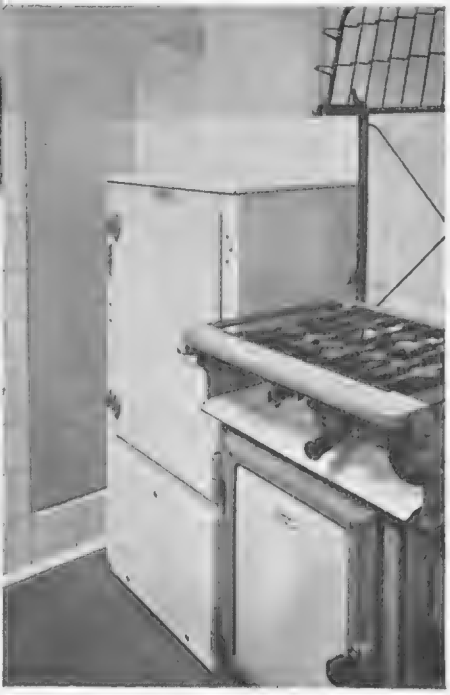
It may also be added that the vitamin content of foods is not affected in any way by the low temperature (30° to 45° F.) at which they are stored.

A few years ago a mechanical refrigerator could only be installed where electricity was available, but models have recently been introduced which are operated by gas or oil, and since in all cases deferred payments can be arranged, most housewives should be able to regard a refrigerator not only as a possibility but as a necessity.

All mechanical refrigerators make use of the principle that when a liquid is allowed to evaporate under certain conditions heat is absorbed from the surroundings, and the temperature therefore falls.

To make the apparatus self-contained it is necessary to provide condensing coils and a compressor, so that the vapour produced may be again condensed to liquid, and the whole cycle of operations repeated.

It is, however, unnecessary to describe the construction in detail. Modern refrigerators are so well made that they can be relied upon to give a lifetime of service with negligible maintenance costs.



Most refrigerators which are operated by electricity or gas are quite automatic in action. As soon as the temperature falls to a prearranged value, about 30° F., a regulating device cuts down the gas supply or breaks the electric circuit, and the cooling machinery is put out of action.

The temperature then slowly rises, but as soon as it reaches a second prearranged value, usually about 45° F, the regulating device again functions, starts the compressor and so again initiates the cooling process.

The gas or electricity consumption is thus kept down to a minimum, and the running expenses of the refrigerator are very low.

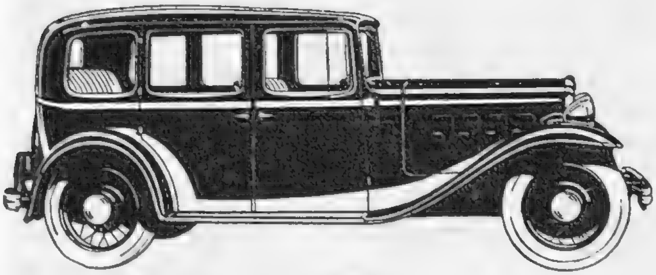
(*Continued on page 128*)

AS DEPENDABLE AS AN AUSTIN

The car shown above is the Twelve-Six Sports Saloon

# Advice to those about to buy—'INVEST'!

The doctor can speak with almost as much authority on matters Austin as on matters medical! This, you see, is his fourth Austin. He has proved long ago on his daily rounds, in wet or fine, by day or night, the strength of the Austin constitution . . . sturdy and reliant. With this, his new car, he is happier than ever. He snicks the gear lever over even more easily and deftly, thanks to Synchromesh. He appreciates the car's added comfort, he is proud of its fine lines. In spite of hundreds of stops and starts, the car is amazingly easy on petrol and oil. And though it is so moderately priced, with his Austin he is fully assured of that good name so essential to his professional position. No wonder he is so sure of his prescription for those troubled with motoring maladies—'invest in an Austin!'



The Sixteen Berkeley De Luxe Saloon

**The Sixteen Berkeley De Luxe Saloon** (*as illustrated*). A luxurious and roomy five-seater. Adjustable seats in rear as well as in front. Four-speed gearbox with Synchromesh gears. Choice of 16 or 18 h.p engines without extra charge. Triplex glass. Dunlop tyres. Price at works £318. The Sunshine Roof fitted to Austin cars, and used exclusively for the last three years, is made by us under licence from The Pytchley Autocar Company.

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YOU BUY A CAR—BUT YOU INVEST IN AN

# AUSTIN

The Austin Motor Company Limited, Birmingham and 479 Oxford Street, London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 & 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 & 10 h.p. North Row, W.1

# The Rolling Stone *(Continued from page 23)*

Uncle Jock dies, Duncan and I will be called upon to foork oot a hoonderd-and-seventy-three poonds three shillings and saxpunce more than we'll get ? "

" —— Aye, do ye mean it ? " gasped Duncan.

" I mean worse than that ! " said Mr. Glencannon placidly. " Noo that I've succeeded in getting oot o' my share o' the inheritance, leaving it divided in two instead o' in three, each o' you will hae to pay a tax o' two hoonderd-and-fufty-nine poonds fufteen shillings and thruppence. Aye, and there'll be no dodging it, either ! On matters o' that sort, ye canna diddle the King ! "

Cousin Douglas and Duncan wilted back in blank dismay. " But—but how did ye monnage it ? "

" Weel," said Mr. Glencannon, " it was a vurra deelicate job. Uncle Jock had made up his mind to leave it to the three o' us, and it tuk me many a weary hour to pairsuade the stooburn auld ram that you two were more desairving than I, and shud therefore hae the whole thing between ye. But finally he acceeded to my blondishments, changed his will and left me oot."

" Ho ! " snorted Duncan, half rising from his chair. " So ye fixed it so Douglas and I wud get stuck and soddled with the whole thing, did ye ? Weel, ye putrid miscreant, I've a guid mind to . . . "

" Wait ! " Cousin Douglas restrained him, brushing his ribbons out of his face and then petulantly yanking them off. " Hold on for just a minute, lad, and then I'll help ye tear him up by the roots as he dom weel desairves ! But feerst I want to osk him what's to prevent us fra' getting oot o' the mess the same way he did ? "

Mr. Glencannon licked his lips and rolled his somewhat fishy eyes. " Weel," he said, " Article III o' the Act Pertaining to the Bequeathment o' Lands Entailed by Freehold, Fief and Fee leaves auld Jock no alternative but to leave it to his nearest kin, whuch, as ye've seen by the geneology I just noo explained to ye, clearly indicates you."

" Ah, fush ! " groaned the Highlander. " Is there no way, no way at all, that Duncan and I can dodge this frichtful colomity ? "

" And if there isn't—— " said Duncan ominously, " ——and if there isn't ——weel . . . " Very slowly he removed his cap, hung it on the back of his chair, and went about unbuttoning his jacket. Mr. Glencannon, glancing furtively at Cousin Douglas, saw that the Highlander was unhooking his belt and sporran. The moment, he realised, was critical, and filled with dire potentialities.

" Noo, wait ! " he protested, at the same time signalling the barboy to bring a fresh bottle of Duggan's. " Dinna wax violent, dear reelatives, dinna wax violent, for aloss, 'twull avail ye nowt ! E'en though ye batter and buffet me aboot fra noo till Dumsday, ye'll still each hae to pay yon two hoonderd-and-fufty-nine poonds fufteen shillings and thruppence tax ! The only way in the world ye cud possibly get oot o' it wud be to sign ower yere shares to somebody else, and there's a fat chonce o' anybody in his richt mind letting ye do that ! Oh, haw ! haw ! haw ! m'lads—pairdon my laughter, but I fear yere vurra badly stuck ! "

" Oh, aye ? " One of Duncan's dredger-scoop hands shot out and clamped itself around Mr. Glencannon's forearm. " ——So we're vurra badly stuck, are we ? ——There's a fat chonce o' anybody in their richt mind accepting our shares, is there ? Weel, Uncle Colin—haw ! haw ! haw ! to ye, and pairdon my laughter—you yersel' are going to accept our shares richt here and noo, as we mak' them ower to ye in black on white ! In return, ye're going to give each o' us a written receipt, assuming full responsibility for all taxes and everything else, and releasing us completely. Aye, that's exoctly what he's going to do, isn't it, Douglas ? "

" Losh, why o' coorse it is ! " thundered the Highlander joyfully. " Bless me, Duncan, ye're a braw clever lad, e'en though yere looks belie ye ! Ho, barman ! " he clapped his hands with the sound of a salvo of field artillery. " Fetch us pen and ink and paper ! And noo, Cousin Colin, ye swundling sneak in the grass, we'll just compose some documents in triple duplicate that'll cost ye twice two hoonderd-and-fufty-nine poonds fufteen shillings and thruppence, or five hoonderd-and-nineteen quid ten bob-sax, by yere ain canny colculation ! "

Mr. Glencannon turned grey. He tried to speak, but his voice failed him. He sat as one crushed by weight of woe. Once, but only once, he glanced toward the door, like a caged beast planning a desperate break for freedom.

" Oh, dinna attempt it ! " his nephew warned him. " If ye do—weel, Douglas will clout ye feerst, and then I'll tromple on what I can find o' ye ! "

A dry sob escaped from Mr. Glencannon as he watched Cousin Douglas preparing the papers, but tears were in his eyes as he read and finally signed them. Without a word he stuffed his copies into his pocket and staggered from the room, an aged and broken man. So deep was his despondency that he even neglected to pay for the whisky.

Once out upon the Strada Reale, however, a surprising change came over him. He squared his shoulders. Smiles wreathed his face. He stepped along like a man who walks on the very top of the world.

" Swith ! " he gloated, patting his pocket, " Two shares added to the one I've got mak's three, and three mak's the whole dom estate ! Hoot, lad, ye're noo sole heir to the entire Glencannon fortune ! Losh, what a forty-seeventh anniversurra ! Many hoppy returns o' the day ! "

FROM Malta the *Inchcliffe Castle* went down to Dar-es-Salaam and to the Cape of Good Hope. From there she proceeded across the South Atlantic to the Plate, traipsed around through Magellan up to Valparaiso, and then clear over to China. Fourteen months had rolled by when, early one evening, just as the smell of fried kippers was rising from the galley, she swung out of the North Channel and stuck her snout into the dark grey waters of the Firth of Clyde.

The light on the tip of Arran winked cheerily through the gathering dusk, and Mr. Glencannon winked cheerily back at it. " Glesga in the morning ! " he chuckled. " And oot to Milngavie to see Uncle Jock in the afternoon ! Ah, little did I think when I set forth on this voyage that I'd return fra' it with my prospects o' foortune increased two-thirds ! He's a hoonderd-and-ten years, eight months and fufteen days o' age, and it won't be long noo ! "

Shortly after noon the next day, he donned the sombre garb which he affected when going ashore, took a drink of whisky for his stomach's sake, another to ward off pyorrhæa, a third against dandruff, and a fourth because he felt like it, and shaped his course along the Dumbarton Road toward the Glasgow-Milngavie motorbus terminal. He had not proceeded far, however, when a thought occurred to him.

" O' coorse it's no' customarra for the Prodickal Nephew to fetch alang his ain fatted calf," he mused, " but pairhops, in the caircumstonces, a gift o' some kind wud be no more than diplomatic. Some little token—an offering from the heart—a quart o' Duggan's Dew o' Kirkintilloch, for exomple." And crossing the street to an establishment labelled "The Riveter's Rest," he made known his wants to the barmaid.

" Wrop it up, if ye please, Muss," he requested. " And while ye're doing so, I'll just wrop mysel' aroond a dollop o' the same." As a matter of fact, he wrapped himself around several, and had partially enveloped still another when he realised that someone was wringing his unoccupied hand and emitting loud protestations of friendship. Turning, he recognised a certain John MacColquhoun, boon companion of his youth, and now generally conceded to rank among the three outstanding liquor consumers of Glasgow.

" John ! " he cried. " Ah, guid auld John, how are ye, how are ye ? " In the instant, the dear scenes of his boyhood flashed cinematographically through his mind ; he saw himself and John throwing red-hot counterfeit pennies over the wall to the little children of the orphanage, pulling out all the village idiot's teeth, and—grandest of pranks !—sawing the rail of the church pulpit in such a manner that it broke when the minister leaned against it, pitching him into the transept and fracturing his jaw. Nostalgia surged over him, and as he signalled the barmaid to do her duty, the scalding tears welled in his eyes and coursed down his cheeks. Mr. MacColquhoun, who bore signs of having done considerable wrapping on his own account, wept loud and unashamed. It was a touching reunion, but at length

" Come, come, John," Mr. Glencannon urged. " Pull yersel' together, and tell me the news o' Milngavie at first hond. I'm on my way oot there to pay my respects to dear auld Uncle Jock."

" Aloss, puir Colin, o' coorse ye are ! " sobbed Mr. MacColquhoun. " Ah, it came as a bitter shock to all o' us, Colin, but when I think o' how you must feel, my heart aches in sympathy ! "

" Eh ? " gasped Mr. Glencannon. " A shock, did ye say ? Swith, John, d'ye mean to——"

" Aye, exockly—it was sudden as a boat from the blue ! Apparently Auld Jock was his ain reegular sel', in full possession o' his health and faculties, except sometimes Soturday nichts, when his faculties got scrambled, and then his health wud be a wee bit low on the Sobbath in consequence, as who-in-the-heel is often sometimes not, I osk ye ? But none o' us drumpt that the end. . . ."

Mr. Glencannon's glass slipped from his fingers and crashed upon the floor. Before his eyes myriad yellow specks went dancing—specks which turned into bright golden sovereigns.

Uncle Jock was dead ! The patriarch had passed ! The Glencannon fortune was his ! He was rich, rich, rich !

" . . . and so the Reeverend Muster Lamb will officiate," Mr. MacColquhoun was saying. " 'Tis for three o'clock this afternoon, in the little ivy-grown kirk at the foot o' the hill, exockly according to auld Jock's wish. All o' his few friends will be there, but whurra, Colin, how I admire yere ain fortitude in soobmitting yersel' to the ordeal ! "

WITH great dignity and no little effort, Mr. Glencannon drew himself erect against the bar. " John," he said, " no mon o' our name was e'er known to shirk a fomily juty, howe'er sod the occasion and heavy his heart ! I shall attend yon rites, e'en though my tears blind me ! " Shoving the bottle into his coat pocket, he squared his shoulders and strode bravely through the door. Fortunately the plate-glass panel shattered outwards, so he escaped with minor lacerations. For a moment he believed that this little misadventure had passed unnoticed, but then, hearing the voices of the publican and his staff shrill in wrath behind him, he scurried across the street through the flood of traffic and into the gateway of a shipyard. A high board fence was between him and his pursuers, and in its concealment he proceeded on his journey, undisturbed by the hue and cry raised upon the thoroughfare.

From time to time he sang, and once, moved to dance, he launched into an airy *pas seul*. He had trod but the first few steps of the measure, however, when he was overcome by an irresistible tendency to spiral. Also, his feet felt heavy—so heavy that he was scarcely able to lift them. Suspecting a trap of some kind—flypaper, perhaps—he waxed righteously indignant.

" Ho, send for the head waiter ! " he cried. " If ye think I'm a mon to soobmit to such horseplay, ye're dom weel mistaken ! I'm Muster Colin Glencannon, Esquire, one o' the most influential men in Scotland, and . . ."

At this point, abruptly, his right foot came up with a viscous *sluck*, and carefully reviewing the situation, he found that he was standing ankle deep in ooze at the river's edge. The shipyard's boundary fence terminated just above the tide-mark.

" Dearie me ! " he muttered, stepping back to dry ground like a cat on a tarred roof. " I fear this barrier must hae turned a corner unbeknownst to me ! " Leaning against the end of it, he proceeded to unwrap the bottle. " Weel, here's to yere meemory, Uncle Jock ! " he toasted. " I bocht it as a gift, but noo it's yere monument ! "

The word "monument" gave him pause. He wrinkled his brows in thought. " Monument ! " he repeated. " Monument ! Aloss, the monument's an item I had completely overlooked ! Naturally, as his sole heir, twull devolve upon me to erect a suitable meemorial, but I hae no doot that all such mortuary knickknocks run into a muckle o' money. Oh, dom it, Glencannon—'tis plain to be seen that yere new-gained status is no' all milk and honey ! "

Still gloomily pondering the matter, he waded around the end of the fence and headed across a mudflat. " Marble is the usual thing, o' coorse, but a shoft o' marble is a costly confection ! Bronze ? Bronze is entirely oot o' the question, judging from the price we had to pay for those three-inch tapered phosphor busings for the ship. No, it must be something sumple—sumple, deegnified and inexpensive, in accordance wi' the consairvatif tendencies o' the times ! What, oh, what cud . . . och ! "

A sudden shocking agony stabbed his left shin and travelled up and down it in white-hot twinges. He clasped his hands around the injured region and endeavoured to hop on one foot. At the second hop the foot became so deeply embedded in the mud that he sprawled headlong.

" Ah, strange, strange ! " he muttered, shading his eyes and scrutinising the landscape. " Whate'er it was that smote me, it's no' here noo. But what cud it hae been and where cud it hae gone ? Swith, I've guessed it ! It must hae been a boomerang ! Ho, be on yere guard, Glencannon—the bushmen are on the rompage again ! "

Rising cautiously, he had just leapt forward in a frantic sprint for cover when his right shin was seared with the same sickening anguish.

As before, he went down ; as before, the piercing twinges coursed through him like high-tension electric currents. But this time—ah, horror !—he knew their cause. For there, scarcely a yard from his face, reared a giant cobra, hood expanded, ready to strike again !

This, then—this was the end ! Mr. Glencannon's eyes closed, and his hands clutched convulsively. One of them fastened upon something solid —a bit of driftwood ! *(Continued on page 80)*

# THE NAME OF HOUBIGANT

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Lashing out blindly, he felt the club strike an immovable object and shatter in his grasp. Opening his eyes, he saw that the rearing cobra, the immovable object, was in reality the flat triangular fluke of a kedge-anchor. The other fluke was hooked in the mud, thus securing a motorboat which lay tethered by a rope some twenty yards out in the stream.

"Hah, so 'twas you, was it?" he rasped, shaking his fist at the offending hardware. "Weel, ye dom treecherous shin-breaker, if' twas no' fer my wealth and social poseetion, I'd leave my mark on ye, I wud! The idea o'—er—er . . . ."

Suddenly his annoyance gave way to gratification. "Why, 'tis the vurra thing!" he cried. "The anchor, emblem o' security, symbol o' rest and repose in the last quiet harbor o' life's journey! Ho, Glencannon, here's Uncle Jock's monument all ready for the taking, wi'oot the expense o' a single soliturra farthing!" He cut the line several fathoms above the rusty mudhook and rigged it into a sling by which to support the burden on his back. With staggering footsteps he set off toward Dumbarton Road. The motorboat, freed from its tether, went spinning merrily downstream toward the Firth of Clyde.

"A coat o' gilt will mak' it the brawest monument in the kirk-yard!" gloated Mr. Glencannon. "Though aluminium paint wud be less extrovagant, as I can snoffle a tin o' it when I go aboord the *Inchcliffe Castle* to say my farewells to-morrow. —Also, I must remeember to filch a bit o' bross upon whuch I can engrave a suitable inscription. H'm, er, for instance, let's see:

"Here rot the bones o' J. Glencannon,
Whom grim Death from amongst us took.
His stormy voyage thru Life is finished
And noo he'll never drag his hook."

"Losh, there's a pairfect epitoft! Ah, ye've talent, m'lad, rare talent—I've told ye so a mullion times!"

HAVING plodded through the marsh and regained the highway, he found the going easier. To be sure, the rope cut into his shoulders and the anchor chafed large areas of his back, but so cheerful were his spirits that he was oblivious of physical discomfort. When he turned into crowded Greenock Avenue, however, he commenced encountering difficulties. Several times the wide projecting anchor-flukes hooked and maimed innocent bystanders, and once, in the course of a sudden lurch, the starboard stock smashed an apothecary's window. The din was considerable. Perceiving a policeman approaching on the gallop, Mr. Glencannon dodged around the corner and strolled unconcernedly down a side street.

Arrived at the terminal, he set about hoisting the anchor into a Milngavie bus.

"Hold hard, Muster!" the conductor objected. "Ye canna bring yon giant's pick-ox or whate'er it is in here! What d'ye think we're running—an ironmonger's lorry?"

Mr. Glencannon considered him severely. "Yoong mon," he said, "were it no' for my belief in the wisdom o' that wise old provairb 'A soft dancer turneth away wrath,' I'd smosh yere dom ugly snout for ye. This object is no' a pick-ox; it's no' a tool o' any sort—it's a monument, a meemorial, a work o' art, and I insist upon yere tronsporting it."

After much bickering, it was agreed that the anchor be carried on the roof. Assisted by the conductor, he boosted it aloft and made fast the end of its rope to the railing of the baggage rack. Unfortunately, in the course of the boosting a window was broken.

"Faw!" he snorted. "Whate'er has come ower the glass in this town, onyway? It's as brittle as glass!"

The beginning of the journey was uneventful. In the outskirts of Glasgow, Mr. Glencannon leaned forward and observed to an elderly gentleman that the country thereabouts looked rather like the outskirts of Glasgow. The elderly gentleman changed his seat. Mr. Glencannon moved along and sat beside him, but finding the other to be discourteous even to the point of refusing a snifter from the bottle, he fell to romping up and down the aisle and knocking off hats. Tiring of this he recited Gunga-Din, complete with practical illustrations of the drinking scenes, and then launched into a highly technical discourse on the Pirie-Lossington acid-vapor method of removing scale from boilers.

Approaching the long steep hill beyond which lies Milngavie, the chauffeur hit up a lively clip. At the foot of the grade, where the tram-rails cross the highway, there was a sudden jerk, a violent rending, and lo! the bus's roof was whisked away like a topsail by a typhoon.

There was a crash in the road behind them, shouts, and the shrill of brakes. The crew and most of the passengers filed out in consternation.

"Ah, noo, see here, conductor!" complained Mr. Glencannon, standing on his seat and leaning over into the Great Outdoors, "Fresh air is one thing, but too much o' it will suffice. And another thing, ye scut—what hae ye done with my anchor?"

"Here's yere anchor back here!" the conductor retorted. "Aye, dom, ye've ruint the bus, ye hae, and 'twull cost ye a pretty penny before ye've heard the end o' it! If ye want yere nosty anchor, get doon and lug it yersel', for ye'll ride no langer with us!"

"Haw, hae no fear!" Mr. Glencannon assured him, vaulting over the side. "I'd no' ride another step in yere rickety auld dump-cart, so just put that in yere smipe and poke it!" Walking back, he found the remains of the roof lying in the ditch. The rope was stretched taut from the baggage rack to the anchor, which was securely hooked under the tram rail. "Ah, a bit o' luck, I call it!" he exulted. "Why, if it hadna caught the track and yanked the roof off, I'd ne'er hae known it had booneed owerboard. Weel, 'tis only a stroll from here to Milngavie, so I micht as weel get gaeing."

THOUGH the distance was short, the hill was steep and the cargo heavy. After a hundred yards he found himself so sorely tuckered that he sank down in the grass at the wayside to regain his strength. He lay studying the anchor and wondering how best to mount it upon the sepulchre. "Naturally, a peedestal wud set it off to the neatest advontage," he decided. "But there again the ugly question o' finance intrudes itself'." Just then his glance fell upon a boulder in the high grass beside him. It was perhaps three feet in diameter, rounded and smoothed by the weather of the centuries. He balanced the anchor upon the stone and stood off to view it like a connoisseur before a Rodin. "The vurra thing!" he declared. "Why, ye'd swear twas made to order!—Er, m'm . . .

"Here beneath the Rock o' Ages,
Rest ye tranquil, Uncle Jock;
Though ye strive from noo till Dumsday,
Ye will never budge this rock!"

This epitaph was more truth than poetry, as Mr. Glencannon discovered when he tried to roll the boulder out into the road. Once there, moreover, it exhibited a perverse and almost irresistible tendency to coast back down the hill. He dug his toes into the macadam; he sweated, groaned and strained; the veins of neck and forehead stood out like bunches of grapes. "Push, Glencannon, push!" he panted. "If it eludes ye the noo, ye'll be squashed beneath it lik' a caterpillow!" Fortunately he was able to block it with the anchor; then, jamming a fluke beneath it, crow-bar fashion, he found that he could make some forward way. Inch by inch, he levered the great stone up the slope. His muscles ached. He had a scorching thirst. But the summit was attained at last.

Mopping his brow, he gazed down into the valley where lay the town of Milngavie. Through the still warm air of the June day he heard the solemn tolling of a bell. He shaded his eyes and watched a line of carriages slowly approaching the graveyard of the ivy-grown church at the foot of the hill.

"Come, come, ye must hurry!" he urged himself, falling to work again.

On the down grade his problem, while reversed, was even more difficult than before. Now, the boulder seemed determined to roll merrily on its way. He tied the rope around it; then, straddling the anchor and bracing backward with his full weight, he managed to keep the procession under a fair degree of control.

Half down the hill, the slant of the road increased. Despite his efforts, he felt himself walking faster and faster—felt the walk turn to a trot, the trot to a gallop and the gallop to a wild nightmare stampede. Faster he went, and ever faster. He was covering five yards with every stride. The stone was bouncing high into the air. He saw an ornamental iron gate, the entrance to a private driveway, standing ajar some fifty yards further down the hill.

"Praises be!" he panted. "Pairhops I can check it there!" With a final desperate burst of speed, he managed to hook the anchor into the iron grille. The rope snapped taut and tore the portal from its hinges, whereupon gate, rope, rock and anchor went careering down the road until halted by a tree.

"Ah, whurra, more trouble!" gasped Mr. Glencannon. "How I yearn for the guid auld days lik' this morning when I was penniless but care-free! Aloss, we rich! Our obligations! Our reesponsibilities! For instance, for example, what am I to do aboot this gate? It's not a bad bit o' ironmongery, but—but, why losh!—I can mak' it part o' the meemorial! Aye, 'Gates Ajar,' no less. Wait—ahem—

"Oh he has gone to his heavenly home
Has canny Uncle Jock
For once he's left his gate ajar
So ye need no' pick the lock!"

"Oh, needn't we?" said a gruff voice behind him. "Well, here's a lock that even you can't pick! Put the handcuffs on him, Campbell!"

Wheeling, Mr. Glencannon saw four burly gentlemen descending from an automobile upon the door of which was stencilled Glasgow Metropolitan Police. "You're wanted, Mister!" said one of the newcomers. "You've done enough mischief for to-day. We've had nineteen telephone complaints aboot ye in the last two hours, and if ye don't go quiet . . ."

"Ho, tak' care, officer, I give ye fair warning!" cried Mr. Glencannon propping up the gate and thumbing his nose over it. "Ye see me here safe in the sonctity o' my ain private domain, and ye dare no' illegally violate the threshold wi'oot a search warrant! A Briton's home is his castle, so come in and arrest me at yere peril! Phut to ye, I say! Phut, phut, and phut again!"

He attempted disdainfully to slam the gate in the intruder's face, but just then a great lassitude overcame him, and he sagged to the ground in slumber with the gate on top of him. The anchor, jolted loose, joined company with the boulder in its mad career downhill towards the unsuspecting village of Milngavie.

DISTURBED by the sound of voices, Mr. Glencannon opened his eyes and found himself in semi-darkness. He was reclining upon a hard, narrow and unfamiliar cot beneath a blanket which reeked unpleasantly of disinfectant.

"Aye," a thin voice was cackling, "it's him, richt enough, the shameless, roistering gowk!"

Mr. Glencannon sat bolt upright and beheld a gnarled and gnome-like figure peering at him malevolently through an iron-barred door. His blood froze with horror. "Uncle Jock!" he screamed. "No, no, no, go away! Dinna come haunting me, ye ghost! Help! Help! Police!"

"Police, eh?" sneered the ghost. "Weel, if it's police ye want, dear nephew Colin, ye've come to the richt shop to find 'em! Aye, hasn't he, Sairjunt MacNab?"

"Indeed he has!" agreed a voice from the corridor. "But noo, Sir, do ye plan to press the charges o' attempted murder or not? In view o' the fact that he was one o' yere principal heirs and therefore had everything to gain by preventing the wedding and killing you and the bride, I think he'd get twenty years at hard labour at the vurra least."

"Um," mused the ghost. "So he wud, and so he shud, but in that case I mysel' wud hae to pay for rebuilding the wall o' the kirk where the boulder smoshed it in. No, Sairjunt, I willna press the charges. I'll temper justice wi' economy, and I know that my housekeeper, Muss MacDuck —er, I mean to say, my wife Mussis Glencannon —will agree with me. And so, Colin, I'll leave ye alone with yere conscience, ye treecherous tarry-breeked thigger, ye!"

The footsteps grew faint in the corridor, and suddenly the light was switched off. Mr. Glencannon settled back in the darkness. His head ached, his back was sore, and his mouth as parched as that of the worn hart which panteth for the water-brook. But strangely enough his spirits were gay.

"Foosh!" he chuckled. "Muss MacDuck, his housekeeper! Weel, she's ninety-four years auld at least, and noo that he's married her, her monthly wages will be just that much saved for the estate. Be patient, Glencannon, be patient, and think o' the compoond interest!"

END

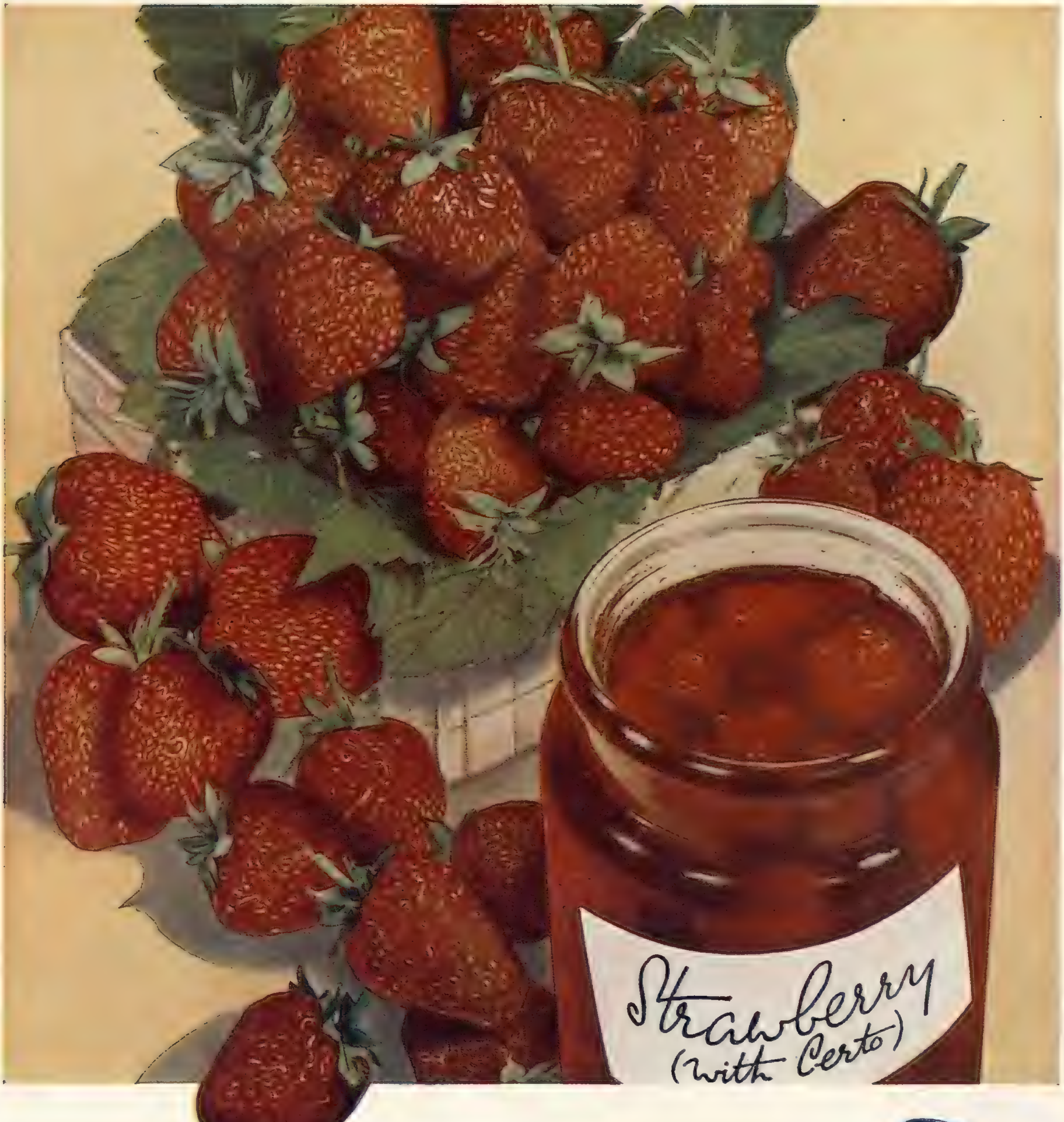
# In the Wings

(*Continued from page* 25)

with André Randall as charming and gay as ever; memories of London, the Hippodrome, Binnie Hale, Frank Boor, Delysia, Léon Morton. Could I be permitted to watch a show from the wings? And what, please, would that phrase be in French? The actor who speaks five or six languages quite fluently supplied the phrase: "Dans les Coulisses." Why not? He felt sure it could be arranged. He would ask Monsieur Pierre Fréjol, Directeur Artistique of the Revue. If I would wait while he did one number—not a long time, really—he would be able to tell me.

Meantime, he had a slight change of costume to make; would I mind? A raised voice: "Louise!" Entered hurriedly the stern lady with the grey hair. Louise, dresser to the male star of the Revue! It was the first time I knew that in French theatres—revue theatres, anyhow—women dress all the cast, male and female alike. After Louise had produced a spotless handkerchief, a flower for the button-hole, a top hat that was like a mirror, and departed once more to her chair in the corridor, I asked Randall why this job should be done by women. "Because, you must understand, it is not at all well paid; so no men will do it. The women manage quite well enough."

(*Continued on page* 83)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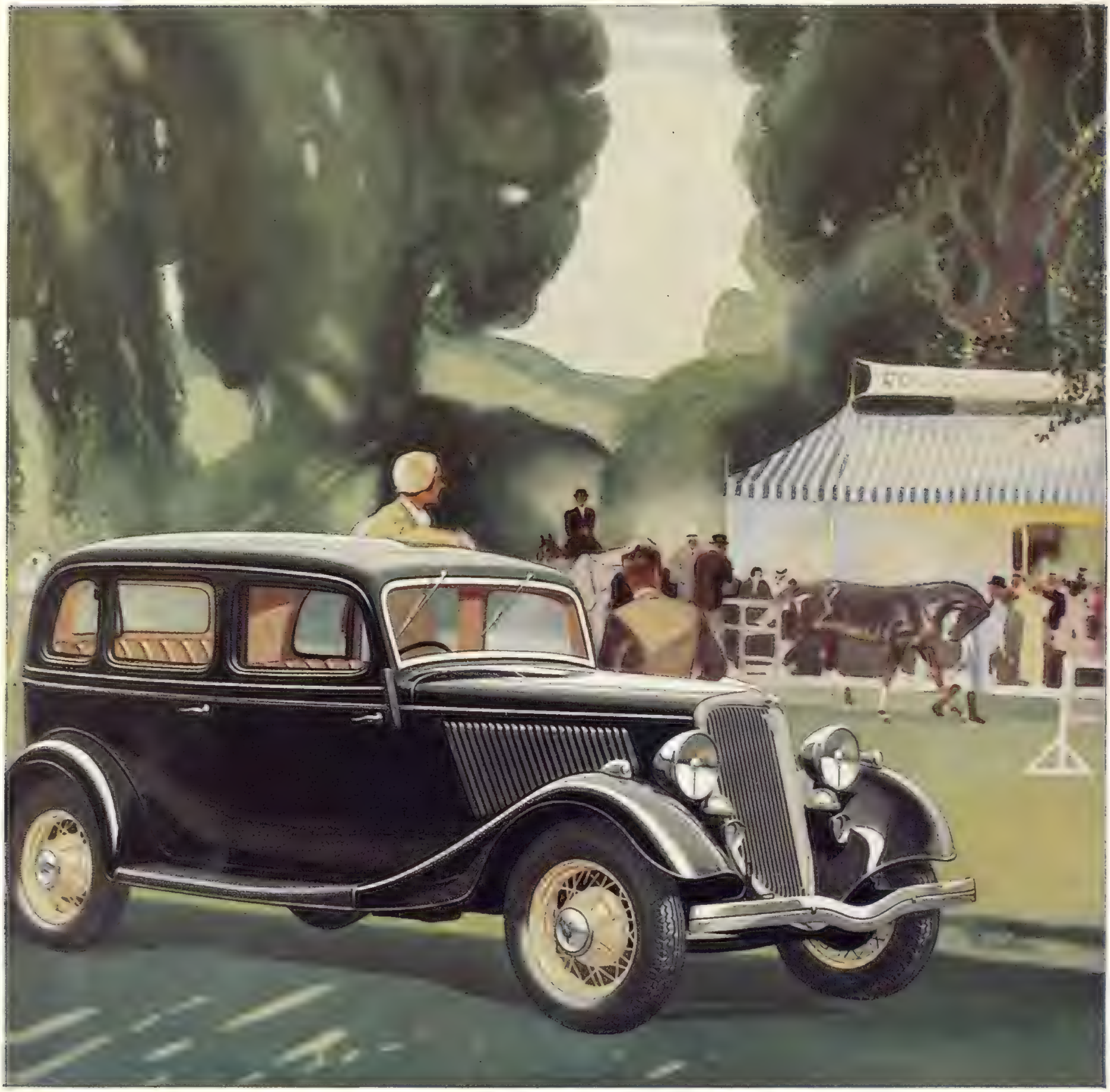

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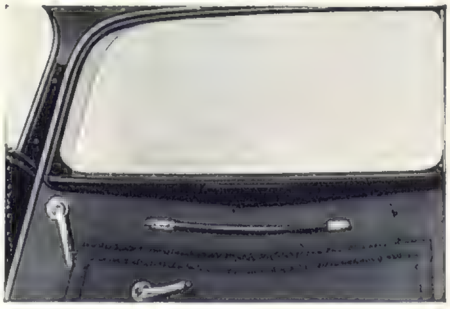

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While the star was on the stage, having answered the summons of the loudest bell in the world, ringing insistently in the dressing-room, I waited and read the latest news of the Stavisky case. Suddenly, something moved in a box by the dressing-table, something grey and furry. For a moment I thought it might be a new kind of rat; then I saw it was a cat, fast asleep in the box, stretching in its happy dreams. Back, breathless, with a quick change to make, André Randall managed to tell me all was arranged; would I be at the stage door at eight sharp the following night, come straight to his room, and he would introduce Monsieur Fréjol, who would see I was looked after "dans les coulisses." And I must be prepared to be squashed and bustled from side to side; and I must wear any old clothes, as frocks are likely to get dirty behind the scenes.

THUS it happened. Only a few stage-hands about as I went in. Scenery being carried from the entrance to the stage. A queer sort of silence on the entrance floor, but shrieks and the odour of patchouli and vanilla and lilies coming from half-opened doors along the dressing-room corridors. André Randall was as good as his word, and Monsieur Fréjol took me to his own office, with a stalwart negro guarding the telephone and keeping everyone out of that back-stage section of the "Folies" marked DIRECTION. He explained how little room there is behind the scenes; those vast sets that look so magnificent occupy every inch of space. There is only a foot or two each side, and at the back nothing at all. When a big set is being used artistes who are late cannot pass behind the back cloth to the far side without shaking it.

As Monsieur Fréjol took me to that side of the stage called the Prompt Corner in England, and "Le Jardin" in France, I noticed a room with CABINET DU DOCTEUR painted on the door. It revealed itself as a complete First-Aid post, with a woman in uniform sitting knitting peacefully in the midst of all the back-stage excitement. In nearly every show somebody needs attention of some kind; sprained ankles, cut fingers, torn muscles, common or garden headaches. All are cared for in this First-Aid room, where there is a comfortable sofa on which sufferers can rest till they feel better again. I have never seen such a thing in an English theatre.

Arrived in "Le Jardin" I found it was truly a squash. Two or three assistant stage-managers, one of them fully made-up but wearing a cotton dressing gown over some under-garments, filled all the space; but they made room for me, and said I could sit on a tip-up chair, close to the curtain, if I liked. But I must be ready to scoot at any instant if they gave me warning. The opposite corner—"O.P. side" in our theatres—is called "La Cour"; there were a good many people clustered there, too. Many stage hands, called Machinistes; many men busy with "props," and called "Accessoristes." Most of them wear berets, much on the side of the head; garlic is in the air; and all of them shake hands frenziedly with their fellow-labourers on arrival. "Ah, mon brave, ça va?" A hand-shake, a shake of the head; and on with the job.

The orchestra tuning up; girls trailing down the stairs, with fragile dressing gowns masking bare bodies. A Christmas tree mounting from stage to roof, almost; and up that tree the girls start to climb in their dressing-gowns, reaching their various perches. Settling themselves, they take off their flimsy coverings, dropping them carelessly to the stage below, whence they are retrieved sharply by one or two "habilleuses" who have followed the girls from their rooms to gather up shoes (felt, as a rule) and wraps.

JUST before the curtain goes up, my mind registers a few definite impressions. General casualness, a lot of talking, a feeling that nothing can ever happen—but it always does, with complete precision. More bare flesh than one imagined any one place could contain, and not a soul taking the slightest notice of it! Stage hands exchanging jokes with the undressed girls on the Christmas tree; and as far as they were concerned the girls might all have been wearing fur coats and snow boots. Cats everywhere; a miracle they don't get on the stage at times. . . . At times they do. . . . Those tired-eyed women dressers, arriving with wraps, powder boxes, owned by either the men or girls they serve. A Change Room—just a slip of a place, with one mirror, immediately beyond the Prompt Corner. A swing door at the far end of that room, leading to the staircase that mounts to all the dressing rooms, except the suite of rooms used by Mistinguett.

Amusing to watch everybody, men and girls, stop for a second in that little Change Room, to peep at themselves in the mirror! Up goes the curtain, the show is on! In the Prompt Corner one of the stage managers is showing me how a Call-Boy is dispensed with and all the cast summoned to the stage by means of bells—I remembered the bell that had deafened me in Randall's room. I was shown a small switchboard, in the corner, with the names of the cast appearing above and below several rows of bell-pushes. As I looked he was ringing for the American dancing-boys, and Novelly, the French girl who dances in the nude, and Lemercier and Carenzio, all wanted for a ballet two scenes ahead.

When the Ballet dance off the stage at the Folies it is a case of getting out of the way, or being carried along in the rush. Flattened against the collection of bells and telephones and microphones that decorate the Prompt Corner, I watched the Spark Ballet and the Sixteen Miami Vamps flash past, shouting remarks to each other but never turning their heads as they went on in one continuous line right through the Change Room and so on to their dressing rooms for a quick change, leaving that faint smell of vanilla in their wake. Perhaps it is the powder, which is used in sack-loads I should imagine; perhaps it is a kind of perfume popular with the Ballet and Les Mannequins (those are the girls who wear so little clothes, with so much unconcern). At any rate, vanilla it most definitely *is*.

WHILE stage hands were shaking hands and enquiring about each other's health, or muttering darkly on political matters, a dozen wood-nymphs shed their coverings, and started leaping about in a wood, pursued by hefty "Oxford Boys," all wearing just as little as it was possible for them to wear. It seemed to surprise everyone in the Prompt Corner that I wanted to watch the Nymphs; they were much more interested in their own jobs! Nobody ever seems to watch the show from the wings. A certain amount of embracing was going on, at that stage, between some of the controllers of the scenery and the cast, and a few of the girls who had come down a little early for a future scene. But they seem to have eyes all over their heads, and at least half a dozen ears, these people, for the most passionate embrace would be broken off, with a smile, at the exactly right note of the music—not heard too distinctly at that angle. And on would go the girl, in all her beauty, while the man resumed his less thrilling, boringly familiar task.

André Randall came down earlier than usual, to give me some answers to a string of questions I wanted to hurl at him. How many people are engaged in presenting the Folies-Bergère revue? Over a hundred, with stars, small part players, chorus and ballet. The ballets all go in sixteens. Sixteen Sparks, all German girls, except two who come from Denmark. Sixteen Mannequins, French mostly, but some Italian and some Polish. Sixteen Miami Vamps, English and Russian; sixteen "Little Girls," and those are girls who neither sing, dance, nor take off (many) clothes. They are really what an English theatre would call Supers. Sixteen Oxford Boys, French and German. As is the custom in France, they are paid every half-month, though they can—and do—"sub." every week, if they wish. That means, they can get some salary in advance, by asking the right department for it.

The Girls and Ballets earn about £6 10s. a week; the Mannequins get about £3 10s., with a chance of making a lot more if they choose; the Boys get £3 10s., and the Little Girls only about £2. The reason the Boys are paid so little is that they are nearly all just starting a stage career and have had no training. They have some other day-time occupation, as a rule; matinées in Paris are conveniently arranged for Saturday and Sunday, which allows energetic youth to be fully occupied elsewhere, if it pleases, during an ordinary working week.

OVER my shoulder I could see Mlle. Novelly, shortly to be thrilling a crowded theatre with her exquisite unclothed figure, powdering her nose finally and firmly in the Change Room. She was so much more concerned with her face than her figure; yet I doubt if fifty per cent of the onlookers are even conscious that she possesses a face at all! At the end of each scene somebody in the Prompt Corner picks up an instrument that looks like part of a mincing machine, and speaks into it rapidly but very quietly. The words he speaks are "Noir," which brings darkness to the stage, then "Jour," which sends all the lights up once more, followed by "en avant."

The bell that summons Mistinguett is pressed, together with every other bell on the switchboard. Men with trays loaded with artificial roses appear from the Prop Room, and hand out these glowing bouquets to rows of waiting Girls and Boys. The scene gets re-set almost by magic; there is astonishingly little noise over a scene-change when one realises that about twenty-five men are all moving about together, dragging heavy things all over the stage and hauling stairs and pillars and other cumbersome articles into position. The players and dancers drift out on the set, once all is ready, and sit or lie or stand, till the music tells them they must get ready to be inspected by the people out in front. Then they get to their places, with remarkable agility.

From her dressing-room between the Prompt Corner and the Promenade round the stalls comes "Mis," all in rose pink, followed by her dresser Nana—who might be Schnozzle Durant's double for nose—bearing a bowl of powder, a mirror, a large powder puff, and a long trailing feather boa. "Mis" takes her place on a flight of stairs, smiling greetings to Henry Wessels, the magnificent young American dancer who is one of the big turns in the Revue, to the other dancing boys who will soon be appearing with her behind the footlights, and to the girls she passes in the wings. To Mr. Wessels she murmurs something about "aspirin," and it is gathered that she has spent the day trying to scotch a cold in the well-known way. Following her is her white dog, Bicyclette; not wanted in that scene, but eager to follow where a beloved mistress goes. And one of the cats sees Bicyclette.

For a moment panic seizes me. Will there be a battle royal "dans les coulisses" just as Mistinguett makes her entrance? Providence arranges that there is only a slight snarling and yowling, drowned by the music and the voices raised in song beyond a few strips of painted canvas. From my place in the Prompt Corner I can see a string of girls—thirty-two of them—all dressed alike; they start with the girl who is treading on my toes, and extend through the Prompt Corner, across a strip of stage, right through the Change Room, and so on right up the stairs to the dressing rooms. That is the way the Girls marshal themselves for one of those effective entrances they make in line.

And as they wait, they talk. Half a dozen languages; whispers of: schnell, schnell . . . zut . . . je m'en fiche . . . Get off my corn, girlie . . . something in Russian . . . something in Danish . . . a good Cockney remarking: "Get out of that, Dolly. You know perfectly well you're behind *me*, in this number." . . . "I'm *not;* I'm behind Olga—so you can shut up, Miss Fuss-Pot!" . . . The doctor told me to stay in bed for a week—but how the hell can I?" Desperate shushing from a handful of stage-managers, aided by a few machinistes and prop men; the music growing louder; the girls moving, in a long graceful swinging line. A burst of applause and Mis is on the stage.

IN a sketch that came soon after, "Mis," Randall and Bicyclette between them managed to hold up the show for about five minutes by means of some gagging inspired by Bicyclette. I happened to be listenting—again, I was alone in this—and they laughed so much on the stage that I found myself laughing too. Hullo, what's the matter, somebody wanted to know, in the interval of bell-pushing; sketch not over yet? Playing the fool, are they? We shall be five minutes late to-night! And "Mis," as she follows Randall through the Change Room, dabs her eyes with a handkerchief, and says he has made her give an imitation of the Fountains at Versailles.

Entr'acte. Lots of gossiping in the corridors among those who are not in the first scene. Talk of racing next day at St. Cloud; arguments about dresses that are torn, or need cleaning, or shoes that certainly could not look an audience in the face again. The crowd I had seen the previous night in the Loge of the Concierge; the same drinks and smokes and embraces against the scenery on the quiet stage. "Mis," in her dressing-room, that is pink glass all over, floor, walls, ceiling, furniture; designed so cleverly by Jean Gabriel Domergue that nothing is reflected. People from the front of the theatre drift towards that door, find it half open, and go in to pay their respects to an actress who is greatly loved in and out of her native Paris.

On with the show again. A big number by a string of dancing boys; those same boys leaping from the glare of limes and footlights to the comparative gloom of the Change Room, where some women dressers await them, holding out trousers and coats as each elaborate costume is stripped off, revealing nothing but a belt beneath. Within ninety seconds the boys are back on the stage, transformed and taking part in another scene. After a series of frantic rushes on the part of the entire company, there is comparative peace when a sketch is played in a Front Cloth, while the big Finale is set and everybody changes. Down they come, chattering, pushing, arguing, laughing, singing some of the song-hits of the show. All Hands on Deck, and so the Finale works to its close.

That stage clears as though somebody had shaken a handful of bubonic plague germs all over it. They are away, tearing off head-dresses, jerking push-fasteners undone, shoving and scurrying to get out to supper or home to bed. Hand-shaking for me, and thanks all round for an opportunity that seldom comes the way of any ordinary mortal—to watch a Folies-Bergère Revue from the Wings. Then out into the dark narrow street which is the gateway to so much grace and beauty, offering us, through long hours of enchantment, forgetfulness of the drab world that we call Every-day.

END

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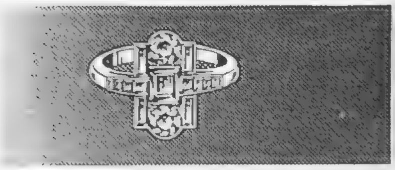
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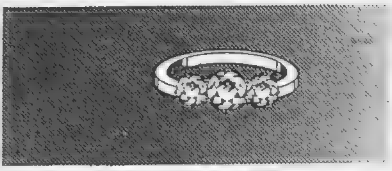
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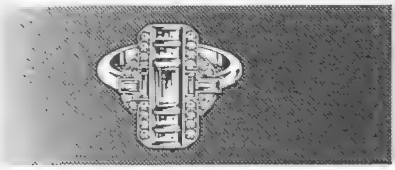
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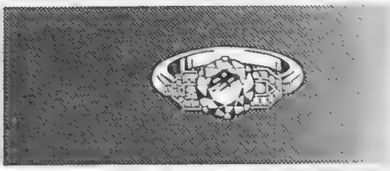
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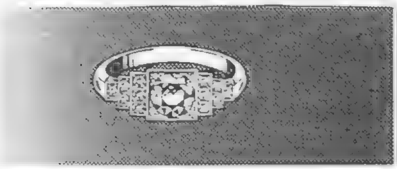
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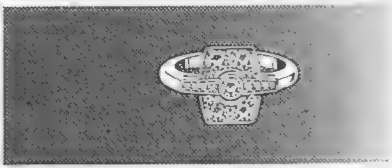
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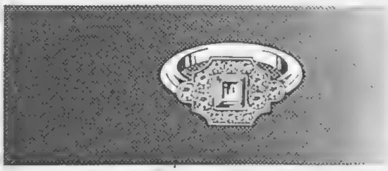
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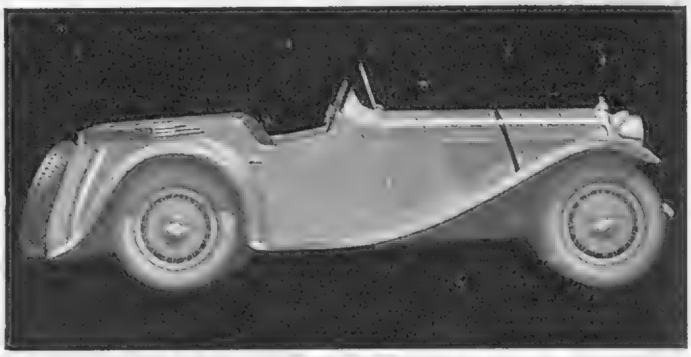

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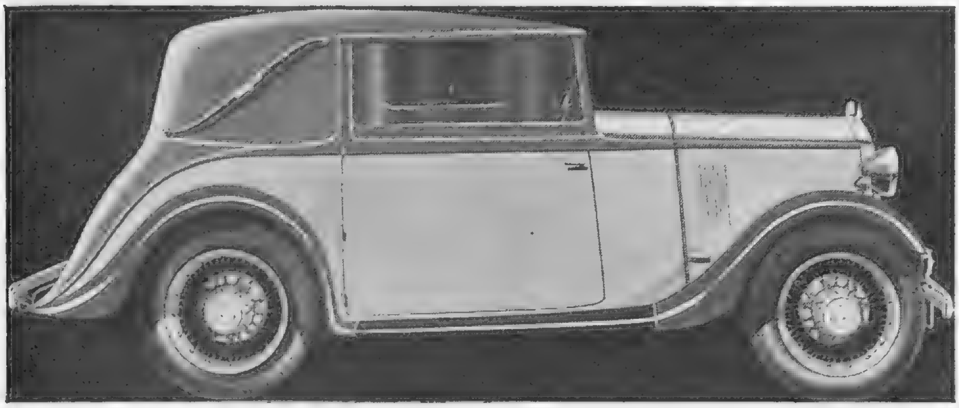
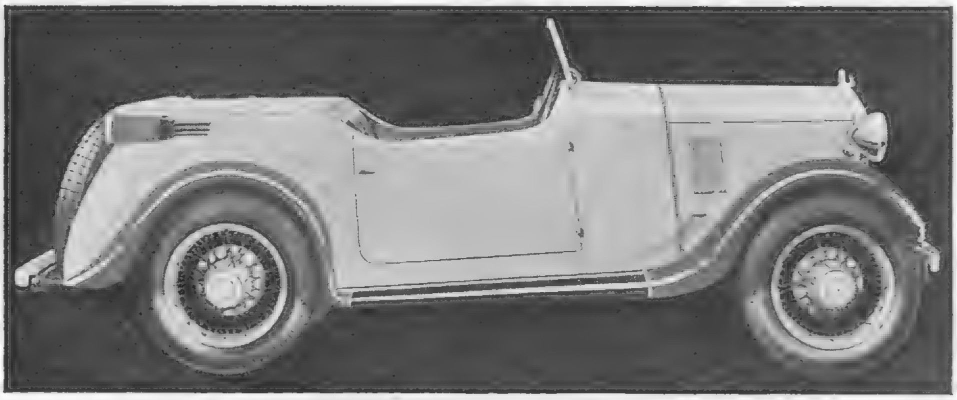
# The 9 H.P. WOLSELEY

*By The Earl of Cardigan*



*THE 9 h.p. Wolseley with special body by Messrs. Eustace Watkins. This four-seater two-door coupé is a genuine all-weather model, and has distinctly attractive lines*



*THE same car with a special open tourer body, built by the same firm. This open car has many advantages at the present season and is priced at under £200*

THERE was a time—and not so very long ago—when a 9 h.p. saloon was reckoned definitely a miniature affair. It was just a shade bigger than the so-called "baby" cars, but small enough to remind its occupants at frequent intervals that it was, after all, "only a 'nine.'" There was none too much leg-room in front, very little behind, and usually an all-round lack of head-room. As to performance, this might be quite fair—but again one was conscious always of 9 h.p. limitations.

I write the foregoing in the past tense—for nowadays the 9 h.p. car no longer need be accepted with these reservations. In the case of the 9 h.p. Wolseley, for instance, there is singularly little to remind one of the modest horse-power of the engine. The standard saloon has a slight overhang at the back, but the amount of space provided is undeniable.

There are many much larger cars which cater less generously for passengers. The Wolseley gives ample head-room, even for the tallest person. There is plenty of space in front, and, even with the front seats pushed well back, it is possible to stretch one's legs out comfortably when sitting behind.

The effect of substantial size is heightened rather than otherwise when the car's road performance comes to be considered. Lively acceleration is perhaps not unexpected, but there is at least 5 m.p.h. more speed than one would ever anticipate. A maximum speed of 60 m.p.h. would be considered good, but, in fact, this Wolseley model reaches 65 m.p.h. Similarly, in third gear, where one would be well satisfied with 40 m.p.h., a speed of 45 m.p.h. is attained.

Naturally enough, the engine turns over at very high "revs" in order to record these figures. There is, however, singularly little vibration or "fuss," so that one is never disagreeably conscious of the high-speed activity which is going on under the bonnet.

The gearbox, which provides four speeds, is of the familiar and popular synchro-mesh variety. Both third and top gears are, to all intents and purposes, crash-proof; although it is just possible, by making a faulty change in an abrupt manner, to produce slight sounds of protest. A discreet movement of the lever, however, may always be relied upon to effect flawless engagement — while first and second, which are quite ordinary ratios, likewise present no real difficulty.

IT is a curious feature of the Wolseley, as of many other modern cars, that, although a device is fitted to simplify gear changing, the gears actually are of such a nature as to be quite reasonably simple even without such aid. It is quite a long time now since I have come across a really "awkward" gearbox, or one which depends solely upon its synchro-mesh or other "fool-proof" mechanism for its good qualities.

The four-wheel brakes are hydraulic, and have all the advantages of smooth and progressive braking which one expects from such a system. Although the stopping power is ample, there is no need to be nervous of stepping firmly on the pedal in an emergency. The hand brake also is a useful one, being well and conveniently placed.

The steering is pleasant, and the car holds the road with commendable steadiness. The springing likewise is good, particularly in view of the relative shortness of the wheelbase.

### The 9 H.P. Wolseley in brief

ENGINE: four cylinders, overhead valves. Very lively.

GEARBOX: four speeds, third and top synchro-mesh.

PERFORMANCE: top gear, 65 m.p.h.: third gear, 45 m.p.h.

STEERING: good, light.

BRAKES: hydraulic type, smooth and efficient.

SPRINGING: good.

COACHWORK: unusually roomy for 9 h.p. car.

PRICE: with saloon body, £179.

An interesting and convenient chassis feature is the method of operating the self-starter. There is no separate starter pedal or button, but the starting motor is engaged when the driver first presses the accelerator, disengaging itself again automatically as soon as the engine is running. One good effect of this is that, should the engine stop when "ticking over" in traffic, a single dab on the accelerator pedal is sufficient to restart it.

The standard saloon coachwork, as already noted, is admirably roomy. There is a neat locker behind the back seat, and in this the spare wheel is stored—out of the way, and yet instantly accessible when wanted. The back panel of this locker hinges down, and forms a very useful luggage carrier. The complete car is very modestly priced at only £179.

IT is perhaps not surprising, and is worth noting, that many special bodies are made for this popular 9 h.p. chassis. Messrs. Eustace Watkins, in particular, have specialised in this class of work. An "E. W." four-seater two-door coupé is available, having a folding head. This is a genuine all-weather model, and has distinctly attractive lines. There is also a special open tourer, built by the same firm, which has many advantages at the present season, and is priced at under £200.

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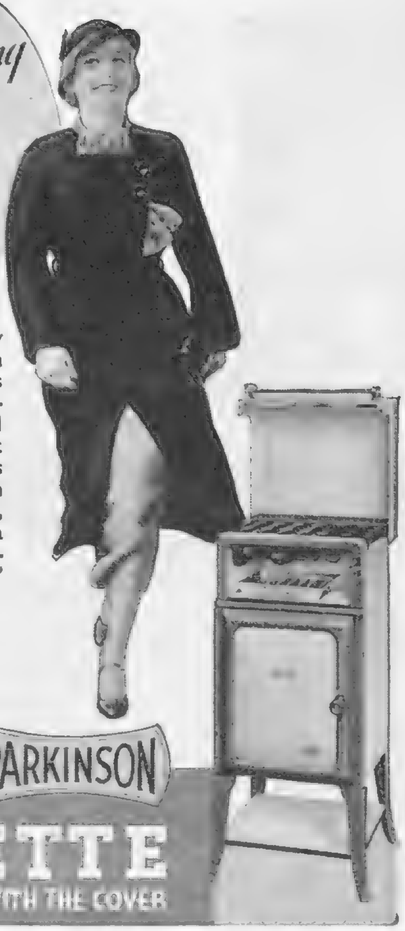

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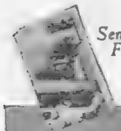

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*THE new 2-litre Crossley is an extremely good-looking car. The coachwork is none the less thoroughly practical and provides very comfortable seating*

### By The Earl of Cardigan

*THE front view of the Crossley is decidedly attractive. In place of the usual "dipping" headlights, the two subsidiary lamps are switched on when the main headlamps are "off," and vice versa*

# A New Crossley

## The 2-Litre Sports Saloon

### The New Crossley in Brief

**ENGINE:** Six cylinders, overhead valves. 15.7 h.p.

**GEARBOX:** Pre-selective type, four speeds. Relatively high ratios.

**PERFORMANCE:** Top gear, 75 m.p.h. or over; third gear, 65 m.p.h.

**STEERING:** Firm and definite.

**BRAKES:** Mechanical type. Powerful but progressive.

**SPRINGING:** Good. Car holds road well.

**COACHWORK:** Good-looking and comfortable.

FOR a great many years it has been the policy of Crossley Motors, Ltd., to produce cars of a strongly individualistic type. That is to say, successive Crossley models have been designed not merely to fit in with the motoring fashion of the moment, but rather to satisfy the demand of a discriminating class of owner for something a little bit out of the common.

It follows that a Crossley is always an interesting car to drive; and the new 2-litre model is no exception to the rule. The engine, in this case, is of 16 h.p., the six cylinders having overhead valves, push-rod operated. At all speeds, a high degree of smoothness and silence is achieved, no vibration being perceptible up to the practical maximum of 4,000 r.p.m. It is worth noting, in this connection, that a "rev-counter" is "among those present" on the instrument board—an unusual but very useful item.

This smooth-running engine is assisted by a gearbox of the pre-selective type, giving moderately high gear ratios. Naturally, all gears are entirely fool-proof, besides being commendably silent. The only small defect is that the notches cut in the gear lever quadrant are rather inconveniently shallow. Thus, if one is changing gear in a hurry, or without due care, it is possible to go inadvertently from top to second (there are four speeds) or to some intermediate position. I have noticed the same thing recently with several pre-selective boxes.

The Crossley's road performance is of unusual interest, owing to the surprisingly high speed obtainable in third gear. In "top" (4½ to 1) 75 m.p.h. is the very useful maximum under ordinary conditions. In the 6½ to 1 third gear, however, no less than 65 m.p.h. can be reached—so that there is only a difference of 10 m.p.h. between the road speeds available in these two ratios.

The effect of this, from the driver's point of view, is distinctly pleasing. With top gear engaged, there is absolutely no question of the engine "revving" unduly, or becoming "fussy" when given full throttle. The maximum road speed is more than sufficient for any ordinary driver, and it can be used to the full without involving the obvious stresses of extreme engine speed. The car's comfortable cruising pace is therefore an unusually high one, and 60 m.p.h. running seems positively restful.

In third gear, on the other hand, the engine is prepared to "rev" very vigorously indeed. Acceleration is rapid, so that traffic can be negotiated expeditiously. On long hills, it is possible to climb consistently at 50 m.p.h. or more, and to exceed 60 m.p.h. before having to change "up."

With such a performance, the Crossley is naturally a car which lends itself to the achievement of high average speeds. In this connection, a valuable feature is the steadiness with which it holds the road at all times. It was raining during a part of my test run, but the wet roads were never a source of anxiety. The springing seemed very good, and the braking steady. There is certainly no lack of braking power, but the action of the brakes is agreeably smooth and progressive.

THE steering is extremely definite, and gives the driver confidence at high speeds. For traffic work it seems a trifle on the heavy side, especially when nearing full lock, but this is a small matter in view of its general excellence on the open road.

The coachwork is notably attractive. The general lines of the saloon model are distinctly handsome, and the interior lacks nothing in comfort. There is ample head-room and leg-room, not only in front but also—a less common virtue—at the back. A very useful luggage trunk is fitted, capable of accommodating a number of suitcases. The price is not quoted in the catalogue which I have before me, but it may safely be said that, at any reasonable figure, this is a car of real interest to the keen owner-driver.

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*These facts about the Differential Gear?*

IN some ways, the differential gear, placed in the centre of every back axle, is the most curious device of any which is fitted to the modern motor car.

In the first place, many owners do not know that it exists. Comparatively few are able to understand what it does. Practically no one, even among the experts, is able to explain its action in intelligible words. (Personally, I shall not even make the attempt!)

Here is one of its queer manifestations. Jack up both back wheels of a car. Rotate one wheel in a forward direction. The other will then be found to rotate backward.

Here is another. Jack up one back wheel, start the engine, and gently put the car in gear. The jacked wheel will rotate—but it will do so at exactly twice the normal speed.

In ordinary driving, the differential is usually helpful, although it can occasionally be a hindrance. It enables the outside wheel to "speed up" in cornering, so that there is none of the "drag" which might otherwise take place. On the other hand, should one wheel become "bogged" in a muddy place, the differential may cause this wheel only to rotate, while transmitting no power at all to the wheel which rests upon firm ground.

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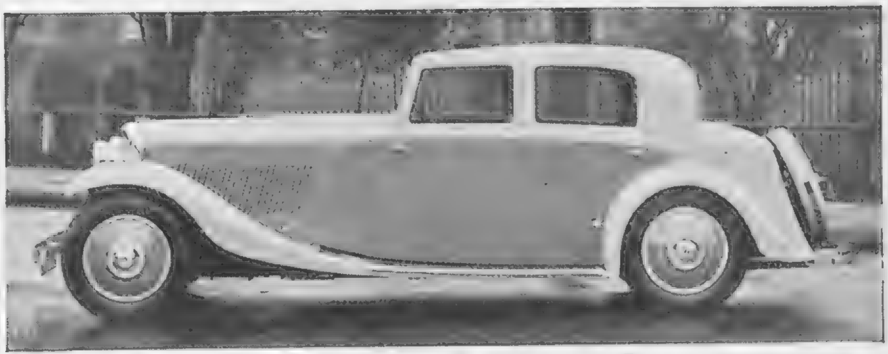

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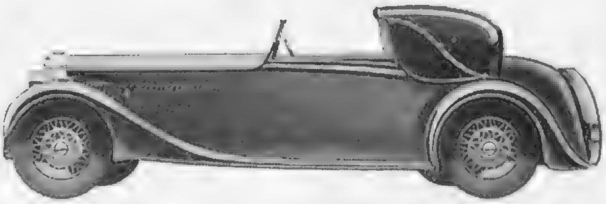

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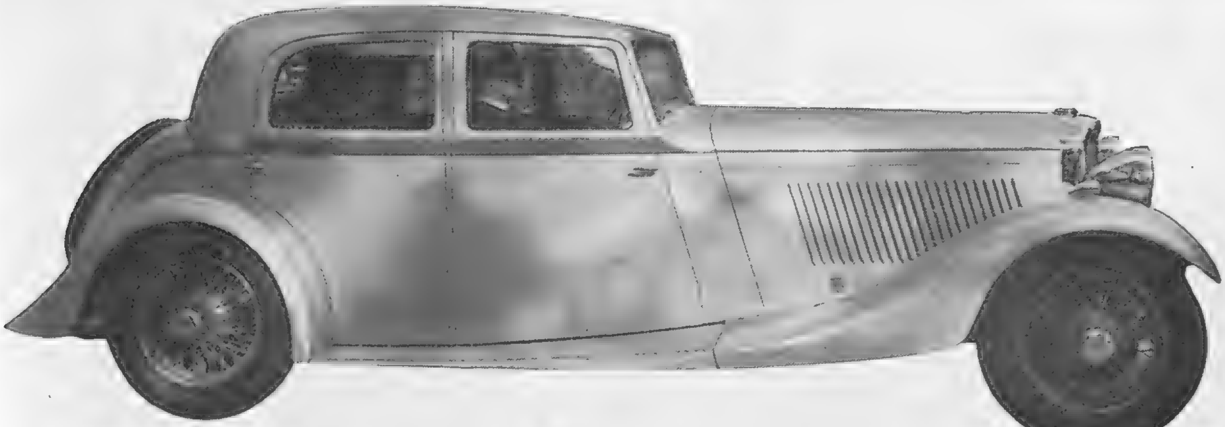


*THERE is no doubt as to the new Bentley being an attractive-looking car. This four-door saloon model provides really comfortable accommodation for four passengers*

# The New Bentley . . .

## An Extended Road Test

### *By The Earl of Cardigan*

*THIS rear view of the saloon model shows the ingenious arrangement of the luggage trunk. There is ample space for several suitcases and a very neat array of tools*

*THIS picture well illustrates the low build of the Bentley. Remarkably steady road-holding has been secured, and, in spite of the low overall height there is no lack of head-room*

IT is, of course, an interesting experience to drive a car such as the new Bentley for the first time. It is equally interesting—and a great deal more instructive—to drive such a car for the second or third time. In the latter case, one is less concerned with compiling data, and better able to form a fair general impression.

During my first run in the Bentley, for instance, I was much preoccupied with various novel chassis and coachwork features. It was not until my second run—just concluded—that I was able to allot this car its precise position on the select list of those which I personally should like to own. Unquestionably it deserves a place, and a very high place, on that list.

Like all really good cars, this Bentley possesses one virtue which becomes apparent within the first hundred yards. Almost at once, it has the ability to capture the driver's entire confidence. He feels instinctively that all the controls can be trusted to act "just so," and that the car's response to them will be immediate and definite.

This feeling is no doubt enhanced by the very well thought out driving position. The seating is extremely comfortable, with cushions designed to give support just where it is needed. Even with the driving seat pushed well back, the gear and brake levers are conveniently at hand. A non-opening windscreen offers the only possible material for criticism.

As regards performance, everybody knows the Bentley as a car which can be driven, if desired, at very high speeds indeed. One soon discovers, however, that it is also a car which, without conscious effort on the part of the driver, contrives automatically to cover the ground, whether in town or country, at an average rate of speed which is truly remarkable. This quality is so marked that, until familiarity is established, it is definitely necessary to keep a cautious eye on the speedometer!

## The New Bentley in Brief

**ENGINE**: Six cylinders, overhead valves, push-rod operated. Horse power 25·3. Develops 120 h.p. at maximum "revs." Exceptionally quiet.

**GEARBOX**: Four forward speeds, third and top gears synchro-mesh.

**PERFORMANCE**: Third gear 75 m.p.h., top gear 95 m.p.h.

**SPRINGING**: Very efficient. Road-holding exceptionally good.

**STEERING**: Light, but exceedingly definite.

**BRAKES**: Servo type. Powerful and progressive.

**COACHWORK**: Thoroughly comfortable.

**PRICES**: From £1,380 to £1,635.

It is no doubt the silence and smoothness of the engine which is chiefly responsible for this phenomenon. With the cut-out closed, there is practically no sound, other than the hum of tyres, to be heard. Nevertheless, the car gathers its speed just as swiftly as if it were the conventional "speed model," complete with open exhaust and specially "hotted" power unit. The effect is entirely novel, and curiously deceptive. It is also, after the first few moments of surprise, extremely fascinating.

Of course, if one wishes to make such noises as are usually associated with high speeds, the exhaust cut-out may be opened. The resulting engine note may seem a little aggressive at a medium pace, but, curiously enough, becomes less and less obtrusive when the car is travelling really fast.

As regards the actual figures which can be obtained, these are of a decidedly impressive order. In third gear, a silent synchro-mesh ratio, 75 m.p.h. can be reached without difficulty. In top gear, the maximum must be around 95 m.p.h. I myself touched 90 m.p.h., and, had road conditions permitted, could no doubt have recorded a few m.p.h. more.

What is even more striking, in my opinion, is the steady cruising speed which an ordinary driver will maintain, without any intention on his part of deliberate speeding. On the Great North Road, for example, I constantly found myself driving at something between 70 and 80 m.p.h.; and—believe it or not—I am not by any means a fast driver in the ordinary course of events. In my own small car, 40 or 45 m.p.h. is my usual pace. With the Bentley, however, I must have achieved some remarkably high average speeds; yet, so insignificant was

(*Continued on page 90*)

# She lost 18 Pounds of Fat in 5 Months

**Took 6 inches off Bust: 4 inches off Waist: 4 inches off Hips:**

Nurse M. C., of Liverpool, writes: "*All my life I have been very much admired.*" All her life—until she began to get fat. For Obesity and Beauty never went hand in hand. When fat begins to wipe out one's girlish lines, charm begins to wane; the admiring glance becomes the critical survey. But no woman will surrender without a struggle, her power to attract. This nurse states: "*I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing.*" She tried in vain—until she tried Nature's own remedy, which melted away 18 pounds of that unwanted fat in 5 months! It was Kruschen Salts, of course. Read her letter:—

"*I am a hospital nurse, 38 years of age, 5 ft. 8 ins. high, and I have a very good figure; all my life I have been very much admired. About 2 years ago I began to get very fat, especially round the abdomen. This worried me very much, not only that it spoiled my figure, but I have to carry on my profession, and getting fat made me look much older, too. I started taking first one thing and then another for reducing the figure, until I got thoroughly disgusted. Then I started taking Kruschen Salts, and although I knew myself that I was getting thinner, I did not weigh myself until last week, and to my delight I found I had lost 1 stone 4 lb. in five months, and I feel so well. I have not dieted at all, but I have considered the advice you give us with each bottle and cut out things you say are so fattening.*

*MEASUREMENTS.*

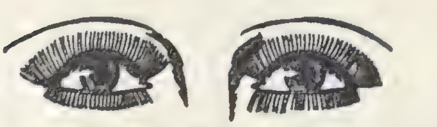
| *BEFORE.* | *AFTER.* |
|---|---|
| *Bust 40 ins.* | *Bust 34 ins.* |
| *Waist 32 ins.* | *Waist 28 ins.* |
| *Hips 42 ins.* | *Hips 38 ins.* |
| *Weight 12 st. 4 lb.* | *Weight 11 st.* |

"*I think Kruschen Salts are wonderful for a reducer and a mild laxative. I will recommend them to my friends and also my patients.*"

*January 8th, 1934. Nurse M. C., Liverpool.*

Kruschen represents the residual ingredients of the mineral waters from various European spas, natural aperient waters which have been taken from time immemorial for the relief of various ailments, including obesity.

**Get a 1/9 bottle of KRUSCHEN SALTS at your chemist's (lasts four weeks) and take half a teaspoonful in a glass of hot water every morning.**



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CALMON & NEATE, LTD., 8, Gerrard St., London, W.1

# Audrey Seaton's Husband

(*Continued from page 57*)

going to write which would astonish the world.

Flora firmly appeased his ardour.

"All in good time, honey . . . meanwhile, waltzes and foxtrots pay the rent and the food bills, so you'd better give your mind and time to those first."

He was hurt to the quick when she made him accept an offer from the management of the Princess's Restaurant to "croon" twice nightly.

"The insult of it," he exploded. "I ask you, Flora darling, am I a *crooner*?"

To which she responded serenely:

"You could be—if you try hard enough," and added significantly: "The pay is handsome."

He took the job, not because she more or less bullied him into it, but because she needed new shoes and a summer rig-out.

Her triumph when she displayed her purchases made the humiliation worth while.

During his second week he told her:

"There's enough money to stand you a supper at the Princess. I want you to hear me."

She came, sitting alone at a table near to his piano. Lovely she looked in a fresh apple-green frock cut off the shoulders, her unruly curls falling untidily into her eyes.

"You're worth it," he told her in rapture on the way home.

And she asked, with her arms tightly holding him: "Worth what, honey?"

"The prostitution of one's art," he retorted.

"But, darling," she exclaimed, "you were giving them your best."

That made him think.

Far into the night Michael Holloway thought. Sullenly he moved to the far edge of the bed he shared with Flora and thought about women.

His women.

Audrey, who had pampered and petted him almost into imbecility; of Flora, who kept him working ten hours a day now, and considered that he had reached the zenith of his career in becoming "crooner-in-chief" at the Princess.

Both women had brought him happiness, in their own way, according to their respective tenets. Audrey had given him the fleshpots . . . Flora his pride.

But he wasn't sure that the latter wasn't a troublesome gift, after all.

It had been so easy with Audrey, forgetting one's pride, and never being tired, never having to hold down a job as he did now, because of the weekly menace of the rent-book and household bills.

That night, lying next to the calmly sleeping Flora, Michael cried, scared and angry, for Audrey and the old life.

MICHAEL stayed six weeks at the Princess's. His original engagement had been for a fortnight. The management informed him—a trifle begrudgingly, frightened that if they praised him he would demand an increase in salary—he might stop on another month. They encouraged him to sing his own compositions.

"Something new every week."

That meant working twelve hours a day.

Flora said:

"Grand, sweetheart—I'll see you have lots of hot coffee."

Before his time was up at the Princess's, the "Felicia" secured his services at double his previous salary. He was invited to broadcast and make gramophone records.

"I think," decreed Flora, "we are justified in getting a flat."

She found one in Shepherd's Market. Bought furniture on the instalment plan and engaged a daily maid. Michael thought it charming. But the cost of it all scared him. He wanted Flora to have new clothes, too. He needed another dress suit and some shirts. So that when the management of a famous music hall asked him to top their bill twice nightly, he said he supposed he could fit it in. With the three-year lease of an expensive flat, and the instalments on the furniture to be paid each week, to say nothing of Lily, the maid's, wages, and food for three people, he did not dare turn away forty pounds a week.

Flora was terribly sweet to him about it, but not a bit sympathetic, even though, what with composing his own stuff he was now working Sundays as well.

"Darling," she praised, "you're the fashion, the rage. My goodness, I'm proud of you."

And that, he decided, was worth more than sympathy. It thrilled him, too, even when his head ached and his body felt a mass of quivering nerves, to recall that he had been able to give Flora the fur coat she coveted, for her birthday present. He was thrilled, no matter how tired he came home, when he looked round his flat and remembered: This is mine. I did it. It was not so big or so luxurious as the home Audrey had provided for him in Knightsbridge, but it meant something big and real in his life. It was *his* home.

One evening during the second week of his engagement at the Frivolity Music Hall, he came home to find Flora sitting up for him, which was unusual, and though he thought he was too tired to notice anything, he was startled anew by the grave beauty of her small, pointed face, the serene, lovely rapture in those wide, inquisitive eyes.

"I've something to tell you," she said, "Something rather nice." She came closer to him. "We're going to have a baby."

Michael felt the room reeling round him. His emotions were a mixture of boyish excitement and stark fear of the breadwinner. Another mouth to provide for. School fees. Eton, he planned, already certain that it was to be a boy child. Then Oxford, and for the immediate present, doctors, a nursing home for Flora, the best in London. A layette, didn't they call it that?—for his son.

"We'll manage all right, though, nothing to worry about." He spoke his thoughts and fears unconsciously aloud.

Flora smiled.

"You're right, darling, we'll manage." Her cheek was pressed against his boiled shirt. "I've something else to tell you," she went on, a new shyness in her voice. "Perhaps you will hold it against me that I have not told you before, but that legacy I was spending seeing the world, Michael darling—well, it's rather bigger than I led you to believe. It works out at ten thousand dollars a year, two thousand pounds in your money."

Michael held her tightly. He did not ask why she had withheld this information from him. His heart was overflowing with gratitude and pride. He wanted to thank her for everything, starting from when she had made him come back from Majorca second class, but he did not know how to express himself; so he just said gently:

"I am glad for both our sakes that you did not tell me before."

And knew she would understand what he meant.

END

# The New Bentley

(*Continued from page 89*)

the effort involved, I found myself able to chat quite easily with my passengers, even with the speedometer needle hovering round the 80 m.p.h. mark.

This combination of high-speed running with perfect ease of control implies, of course, exceptionally good road-holding; and this is, in fact, one of the Bentley's salient virtues. Its springing is excellent and its steering irreproachable. Bends can be taken unusually fast, and without any trace of "drag" or rolling. Even at 90 m.p.h., I never had an anxious moment.

For such a car obviously, good brakes are needed—and here again effortless efficiency has been achieved. Stopping power is ample, but the action of the brakes is perfectly progressive and at all times very smooth.

I MUST give the Bentley full marks for confounding at least one accepted maxim. It has been said that all compromises are unsatisfactory. The Bentley represents a mechanical compromise of the first water—the blending of luxury and sports car qualities. None the less, I can honestly state that, among many fine cars which I have driven, very few have given me more complete all-round satisfaction.

It is obvious that for a car capable of such acceleration and maximum road speed as the new Bentley a suitable tyre would have to be evolved, and this task was successfully undertaken by the Technical Department of the India Tyre and Rubber Company, Ltd.

In such a tyre, tread design, balance and finish had to be most carefully studied and exceptional road-holding and smooth running capabilities secured. These results were achieved in the India Speed Special, which is the 5.50–18 size of the new India Super Special range, and which was chosen as the standard original equipment tyre for the new Bentley.

END

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Lloyd Loom is very economical as these prices show. In foreground—Lloyd Loom Tub Chair 8308 with Auto-Construction Sprung Seat from **55/6.** Prices of models reading from extreme left to right:—Lloyd Loom "Popular" Chair 7383 with auto-sprung seat in two colours from **39/6.** Lloyd Loom "Popular" Table 7.S.S.5 with fabric top from **32/6.** Lloyd Loom "Popular" Arm Chair 7064, in two colours from **30/6.** Lloyd Loom Chair 5394 with sprung cushion from **57/6.** Lloyd Loom Settee 8314, with auto-sprung seat from **98/-.** Lloyd Loom "Popular" Table 7036B, with glass top **42/-.** Lloyd Loom Chair 8308 (as in foreground).

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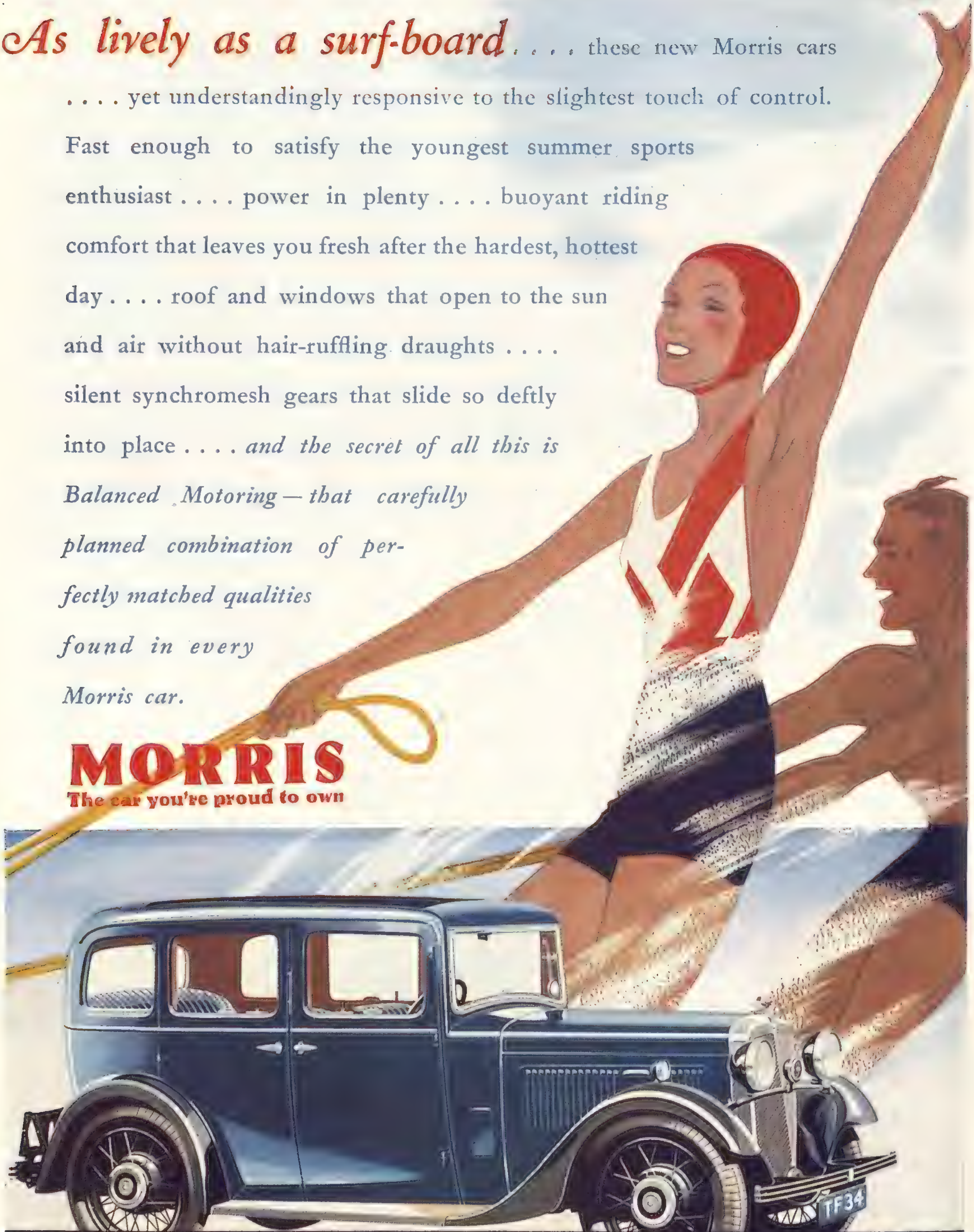

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## His Best Friend's Wife

(Continued from page 33)

he had trusted to luck to help him out of trouble and so seldom it had done so. As for Fabian, after two years away from England and the life he had led there, he had almost forgotten the past, as men often, and for themselves so conveniently, do. And it never occurred to him that what had happened to others might happen to himself.

Then one morning, soon after he had set out for a solitary hour's shoot, he found he had forgotten the little compass without which he never cared to leave camp. He went back for it. What he found does not matter to us; it did to him. Had he belonged to another race or another epoch he might have shot the two of them. As it was, he told them in twenty words what he thought of them, he called for his pony to be saddled and, alone and at once, he set off on the return journey to his farm.

He never arrived at it, nor did anyone ever discover what had happened to him. The boys saw him ride away. Certainly 'Bunny' and Dora did not at once follow him. All that was known was that two days later his pony, scared and riderless, was caught by a farmer some thirty miles away. And as for 'Bunny' and Dora it was not till they reached the farm that they had an idea that Fabian was not already there. There was nothing to be gained by giving details of what had happened or of explaining why the unlucky Fabian had set off on that return journey alone. But no doubt the boys had some idea of what had happened and some version of it leaked out. It was an ugly story. A man can become the closest friend with the husband of a woman who has been his lover; and often he does. But he must not reverse the order of events. 'Bunny' had and it did not go down well.

Of course he was profoundly shocked by the manner and cause of his friend's end, and he would have been ready to make what amends he could. But there were in truth none to be made. Dora would not marry him and, once he had brought her back to England, would not even see him. She went back to Wales and to her parents and the expression of her eyes changed once again. As for 'Bunny' he was there, in London once more, and so he stayed on. But though he tried to take up his old life again his nerve was gone. Was the story of poor Fabian's death known? Were friends steering wide of him? He would stroll alone into the coffee-room of his club and look around for someone whose table he would share. Perhaps it was merely that no one happened to look up and catch his eyes. Was that all? He could not tell. Was he now asked less often to make a fourth at cards? Perhaps. Often for minutes together he would stand in the big front window of his club, hands in his pockets, staring out across St. James's Street. Then watching the often empty pavement he would think of Fabian with his hat over his eyes, his bird-like nose and his slow smile.

Fabian was on his mind, always on his mind. The present held no special interest, the future stretched uninviting. Inevitably his thoughts turned to the past; to evenings when Fabian and he had huddled over the fire in that wayside pub in Leicestershire, to summer mornings when the sun had lain across their breakfast table in Jermyn Street. Fabian was there, now always at his side. His nerves were getting bad, his fencing was going all to pieces. One morning to prove himself he went to the shooting gallery under his gun shop and tried his skill with his old service revolver. Once he had been a fine shot with it, now he could scarcely touch the target. Fabian was at his side and he could not disregard him. So strong was the sense of his friend's presence that that afternoon he went to see the manager of his department of the bank. Had anything been heard of Fabian? he asked. The manager eyed him curiously. No, nothing. And, if anything had, he who had been left executor of his friend's will would have been the first to have heard of it. 'Bunny' fingered his gloves. No cheques had been presented . . . no cheque of Fabian's? The manager seemed in a hurry. No, none! After that 'Bunny' paid a visit to his doctor. But he was not frank with him—it would not have been easy to be—and the doctor found him physically in excellent health. 'Bunny' spoke of sleeplessness, of having some worry on his mind. The doctor advised a sleeping draught and a course of four hours' concentrated reading each day. 'Bunny' tried both, they helped him and for three days he scarcely thought of Fabian.

His spirits rose. Now as often as not he would sleep till nine, do a half-hour of bathroom exercises, force himself to sit down to two hours' serious reading and by luncheon time he would be eager to go out for a brisk walk before a meal at his club.

The weather had been overcast, but one morning the sun was shining gaily when the valet drew back the curtains. 'Bunny' jumped out of bed and whistling went into his bathroom. He gave himself an extra ten minutes at his exercises, had a cold bath and sat down to breakfast. That morning he would try riding instead of reading, he determined, and he spent two hours on horseback in Richmond Park. Back he came in the best of spirits to change, then up St. James's Street towards the Berkeley and his luncheon appointment. He was a trifle weary, pleasantly so. And, too, there was a slight heaviness in the region of his heart. Perhaps that sleeping draught was over strong. Perhaps he would go and talk of it with his doctor.

At the top of St. James's Street he had an unaccountable sensation that Fabian was at his side. Instinctively he stopped and looked behind him. There was no one there except an old woman and her daughter. Curiously relieved he went on. It was all right, only imagination.

The appointment with his old cousin was not till a quarter to two, so when he entered the little ante-room which led to the Grill and to the 'Buttery' he found it deserted. He looked into the restaurant, called the head waiter to him and spoke about the table he had ordered. Then he strolled round the screen, let the attendant take his hat and stick and wandered back into the ante-room. He was in good spirits. His hands in his pockets he whistled softly and under his breath. A jolly day, a familiar and favourite spot and he was hungry. Everything pleased him, even the polish of his brown shoes seemed better than ever. Really the valet who served his flat kept them almost as well as his faithful old Ebbot had.

Then he looked up and there on the settee against the wall, and not two yards from him, was Fabian, reading the *Tatler*.

His hands trembling violently Bunny took the place on the seat beside him.

"Fabian," he gasped.

Fabian turned and saw him. "Well?"

Bunny's hands were still shaking. "I thought you were dead," he said.

Fabian laid down the *Tatler* he had been reading. "So I am," he said. "And they thought I was the right fellow to come and fetch you."

It was less than half a minute later that the attendant of the cloakroom happened to come round from behind the screen. The ante-room was empty, except for 'Bunny,' and he was lying on the carpet before his chair, dead.

END

## Rainbow Man

(Continued from page 35)

the name. "Disorderly conduct," they said. I went along and there was Peter, looking at me from the small bars of the small window of a cell. When they brought him out, I entered into an undertaking that I would produce him the next morning. Then I drove him home and left him at his door.

"I am still making the robe," he told me, as we drove. "But I cannot find the woman. If you have made the most beautiful garment in the world, who is to wear it?"

Then he confessed that, in the evenings, when it was too dark to work, he had been wandering about the streets, trying to find the Perfect Woman. He had wandered miles and he had looked into thousands of faces. But there was no one beautiful enough.

That night, some woman had accused him of accosting her! He had not spoken. He had merely looked into her face. What he had thought was beauty had become the ugliness of anger. She had called a policeman.

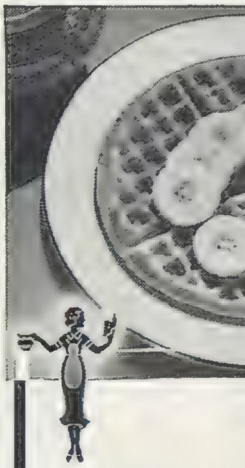
"They do not understand me," said Peter. "I would not harm a fly. I am only searching for beauty. Is there no beauty in the world except the beauty that you make yourself? I cannot find it. I have searched. I go on searching."

They fined Peter Wallson the next morning. He wanted to explain. But I told him to plead guilty.

"Surely if I told them," he said, "they would understand that beauty has to be searched for. Those who create it out of their own minds cannot find a setting for the finished work.

"They hang a Vandyck on the wall of a dining-room in which some vulgar villain guzzles away his stolen wealth. They put a Rembrandt in a public gallery near something that has no place beside it, merely so that nasty people can stare. They allow a Gothic cathedral to stand in some ugly slum. They build a new street, wide and stately, line it with buildings that come out of the brain of the greatest architect of the day, and then they allow to stream past, all day, ugly motor buses, blatant with screaming signs. They murder beauty everywhere."

(Contd. on page 94)



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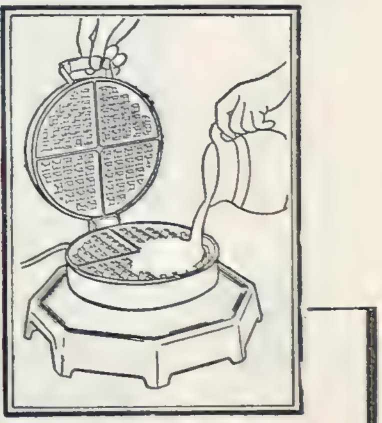

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Well, they fined Peter. He did not explain. His name meant nothing. So no newspaper reported it.

I took him home. And there, in his lodgings, I saw that there was perhaps a yard of robe lying on his bed. He had got from white to red. The robe was half finished.

"Fifteen years more," he said. "I have still fifteen years in which to find the woman."

Oh, how old he looked!

"What woman would notice you?" I thought, looking at him. "Even if you laid at her feet the Kohinoor, she would merely stare at the diamond and then spurn you."

I left him with his robe . . . .

It was yesterday that I saw Peter Wallson for the last time. They had found my name and address lying somewhere about his rooms. He had died in the night. And so they sent for me.

I WENT round, and entered the death chamber. Although not many months had passed, he looked ten years older than when I had last seen him. The straggliness of his beard had become a long weed.

The room looked much more grubby than when I saw it before.

Peter Wallson was lying on a bed. And he was covered in what there was of the Rainbow Robe.

"*I threw that rag over him,*" said his landlady, "*He looked so cold.*"

When Peter Wallson was buried, his Rainbow Robe was his shroud.

Perhaps he has found Perfect Beauty now . . .

A rainbow merely touches the earth with its ends and then fades away again. To enter Heaven, you climb one.

## Books

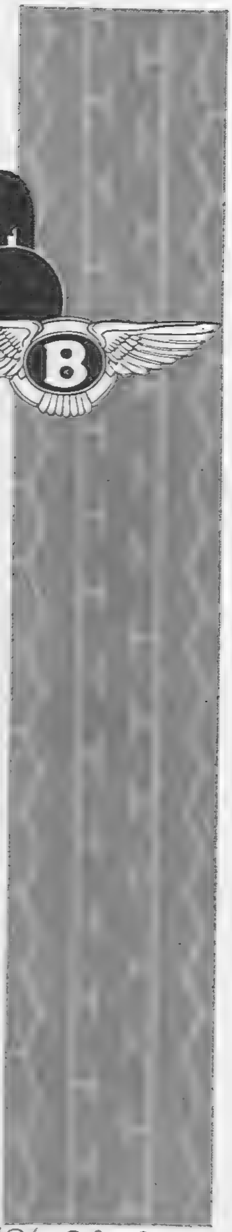
(*Continued from page 49*)

self-indulgent, highly neurotic, though gifted with irresistible charm." And as Stendhal's *Vie de Rossini* is on a shelf within reach, I cannot resist pulling it out and adding the evidence of that sharpest of observers. Stendhal found him lazy, a man suffering "from the great misfortune of respecting nothing but genius, he never restrains himself or refuses himself anything when it comes to making jokes; so much the worse for the object of his ridicule; but he is destitute of spite; he is the first to laugh at his own sallies, and to forget them. Lively, quickwitted, sharp, never boring, seldom sublime." I like comparing versions of great men. Even when they disagree, they only give us another side, allowing us to progress a little further in our tour round the figure.

In spite of its title, I find *Happy Retrospect* (Bell, 12s. 6d.) a sad book, for it is full of the vanished glories of Austria. The author, Count Hans Wilczek, who died in 1922, compiled his reminiscences for the perusal of his grandchildren, and with no idea of publication. Nevertheless, he was personally so well liked, and met so many persons of note, from Wilhelm II to Franz Liszt and Dumas *père*, that his book will probably appeal to a fairly large public. The chief value of the work is, for me, incidental. It is obviously written by a splendid and upright man. The best members of the Austrian nobility had claims to be considered the flower of Europe. Was the war really fought to end them?

If there is a sentimental sadness about Count Wilczek, there is physical horror in *Desert Cactus* (Bles, 10s. 6d.). This book, by Julie Heyneman, is the biography of Arthur Putnam, sculptor, of San Francisco. After a long period of struggle and privation, shared by an heroic wife, Putnam had won recognition, and the world, the obstinate world, was open to him at last when, at the age of 37, he was struck down by some form of seizure or paralysis. He lived for another twenty years, his body unruly, his mind and hand unsure, his character disintegrated. Miss Heyneman has done all that a biographer can do with this hideous history, but all her skill merely increases the agony of the reader. Frankly, I do not know what to say about this book. Putnam was a remarkable man, and we, perhaps, have no right to turn away from his story. But I have found it almost unbearable; and I think that he, with his love of animal beauty, would have found it so, too, even more than most of us.

Putnam's theories of his art are worth attention, but still more stimulating, to my mind, are the ideas enunciated in a little pamphlet called *Art for Heaven's Sake* (Faber and Faber, 2s.) by that most intelligent and challenging artist, Mr. Leon Underwood. The ideas here expressed were, in the first place, notes made on envelopes or studio walls during the active process of painting or sculpture. There are some hard sayings, and some with which I cannot find it in me to concur. But most of Mr. Underwood's thoughts are as true and forceful as they are beautiful.



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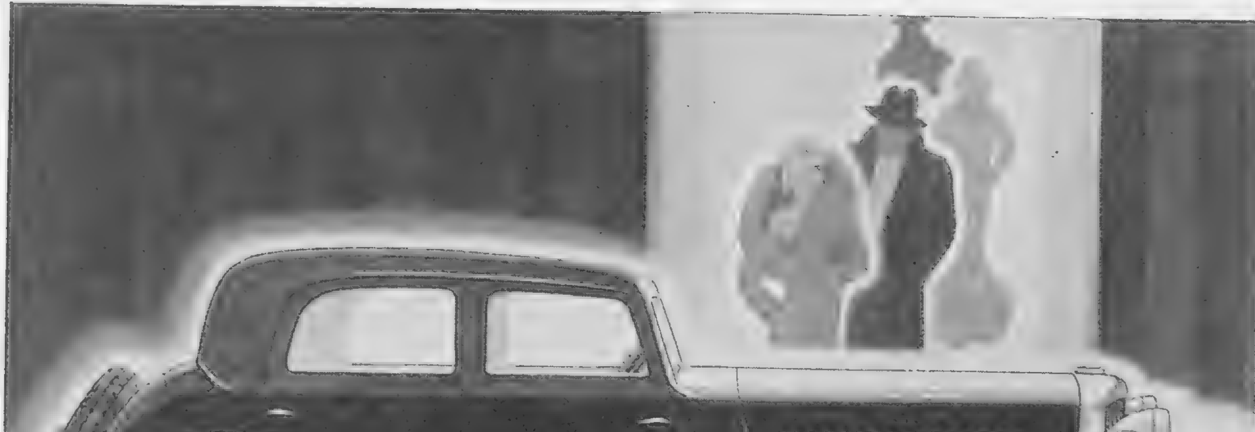

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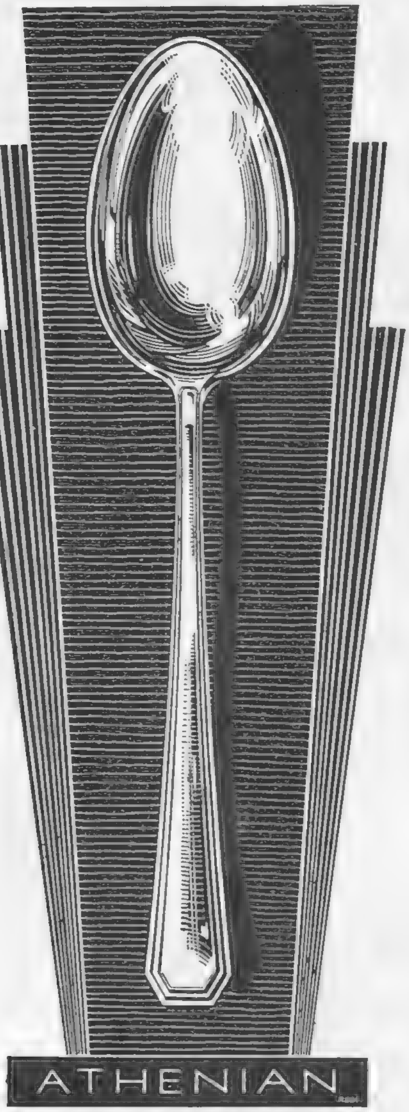

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# For Damages Received

(*Continued from page* 39)

"Then if you understand, I don't care how or why you understand." He switched the subject. "I'm going to call you Blue Eyes. My name—I ought to have introduced myself long ago—is Terence. And now I'm off to do something I never did before—visit a dressmaker's and shop for you."

"Terence," she begged him, "come back soon."

"I hate leaving you." He softened on the point of departure.

She reached up her arms.

"Do treat things as fun. I expect you think I act awfully strangely. But when one's memory's taken a holiday——"

"You're privileged to behave any way you like. But I'm not. When you remember, you may regret things that we do now. To speak plainly, if we're seen together and it's known that you're staying with me——"

"Then don't let people know." She pouted her lips at him.

He was stooping to her, when a discreet "Ahem!" checked him.

"Ah, Jodrell!" He straightened. "You arrive appropriately. We need your advice. You're old enough to be our father. Miss Blue Eyes and I have been talking matters over. She doesn't want a fuss; police and doctors—notoriety. She believes that left to herself she will recover. The problem is what to do with her in the meanwhile. An idea suggests itself. Your wife is a native of these parts. She ought to know of some farm or village where Miss Blue Eyes can be lodged. Of course I mean without occasioning questions."

"She might," Jodrell assented. "If you'll excuse me, sir, I'll ask her."

Terence turned to the girl to find her on the verge of tears.

"Don't separate me from you. I couldn't bear it."

He was touched.

"I'm not separating myself from you. If you're somewhere in the country, I shall be much more free to visit you. We'll see much more of each other. Here in St. Jean, if we live under the same roof, affairs are bound to grow awkward. There are too many of our own countrymen. The news would leak out. Tongues would wag."

He was still pacifying her and explaining, when Jodrell returned. His wife's relations lived at Sare. She was willing to undertake the journey that afternoon to see what could be done.

The moment they were alone, the girl clung to him.

"I would so much rather stay with you."

He released himself gently.

"And so would I that you should. But you've forgotten so many things that I'm forced to remember. And now I'm off to Biarritz to purchase you a wardrobe.'

He had to tear himself away.

It was an incredible situation. He pondered its possible developments as he drove along the white road, following the coast-line. Supposing she never recovered her memory. Supposing she did and her family proved indignant instead of grateful. He shrugged his shoulders; the worst that could happen was that he would be compelled to marry her.

In Biarritz he had noticed a house in a prosperous street with *Madame Daphne* spelt in gold letters across the front. He drew up. Hesitant and abashed, he entered. In an ornate room, decorated in gilt and plush, mannequins were parading. Beneath the curtains of alcoves, he spied silk-clad legs. Feminine legs. He felt like an intruder in a harem.

A stout woman with a double chin approached him.

"I am Madame Daphne."

"I have a cousin," he lied, "who has arrived from America and lost all her trunks. She requires a complete new outfit. Stockings, hats, handkerchiefs. You know what I mean."

Madame Daphne beamed.

"Lingerie. Undies. Half a dozen of everything."

"Very probably. And she'll need frocks."

"For all occasions?"

"I guess not. She's planning to lead the simple life. Four or five should be enough."

"And how about size?"

Terence pointed to a mannequin.

"Anything that fits her ought to fit my cousin."

"But wouldn't it be wise to try the frocks on your cousin?"

"Quite unnecessary," he spoke tersely. "How long will it take to get these things together?"

"At least an hour."

"Fine. Then I'll be back in two hours."

As he killed time in the *Café de Paris* glancing through the Continental editions of English and American papers, his attention was arrested by a headline: *Sally Blodgett, Lovely Daughter Of Oil King, Found.* It appeared that Miss Blodgett, the social rage of Chicago, had walked out of the Hotel Crillon, where she was staying with her parents, and vanished. The hue-and-cry had been raised and a reward offered, with the result that Sally Blodgett had been recognised at Cannes. Under what circumstances nobody would state. Her family was reticent. Loss of memory was the theory advanced to account for her escapade. The journalist commented on the fact that she was the third American heiress on a tour in France to suffer from loss of memory since April. Loss of memory seemed to be contagious; there had been a regular epidemic. The journalist implied that loss of memory was as good an excuse as any.

And here was Blue Eyes suffering from it. Terence paused to consider. If her story became public, she would be classed with such questionable characters as Miss Blodgett. A slur would be cast on her reputation. And yet it was odd, this loss of memory—sinister. To approach the police would make Blue Eyes a press-item. The gallant course to adopt, at any rate for the next few days, was to keep her predicament private.

On his return to Madame Daphne's he found sufficient boxes awaiting him to fill a delivery wagon.

"A trousseau," Madame said naughtily. "One might suppose that your cousin was about to be married. The nighties I have chosen are ravishing."

He paid the bill and fled.

During the drive back he analysed his conduct. He was perfectly aware what Jodrell thought: that he was a susceptible jack-ass and that the girl was an adventuress who had devised this unique means of capturing his intimacy. And if it were so, did he care? But he mustn't be trapped into kissing her. He must treat her with playful respect, the way he would a lovely child.

Passing the Echola, he noticed the waiter who had served him. Drawing up, he beckoned.

"Did anyone return for Madame last night?"

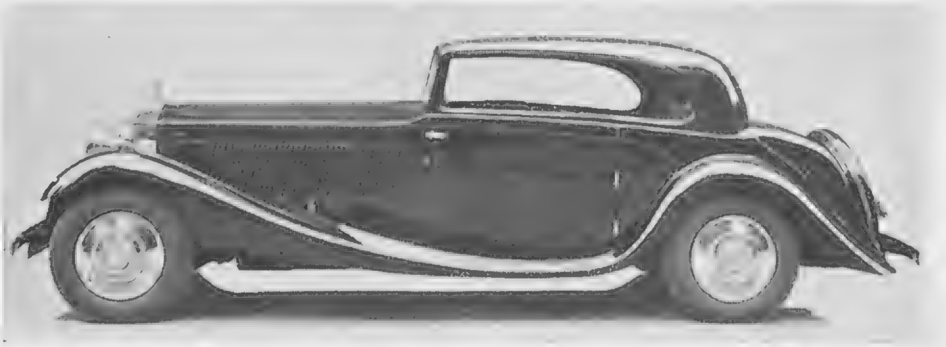
The waiter shook his head.

"And has nobody enquired for her?"

"Nobody."

Queer that a girl so rare should be allowed to disappear. That her disappearance had been planned seemed obvious. She had been carefully parked where she would attract attention with everything removed that would identify her. If it was a plot to inveigle

(*Continued on page* 98)



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an admirer, what could be the object? In a mood of precaution he approached the villa.

Madame Jodrell was paying off her taxi. She addressed him volubly. Her husband, joining them, did the translating. Her relatives were willing to lodge Mademoiselle. They had been informed of her peculiar circumstances and were ready to receive her that night.

"If that's the case," Terence said, "your wife had better go through these parcels and get Mademoiselle dressed. When that's done, we'll make a start."

He entered the villa, dark and shuttered against the heat. In the salon he found her. At sound of his footfall, she sprang up.

"I've been so afraid—afraid that it was all a dream and I'd lost you."

She clasped him, clinging to him.

He loosed her arms.

"But you mustn't do this, Blue Eyes. People will misunderstand. Run upstairs and see what I've brought for you."

While she was gone, he strolled out on the terrace. Heavens! If he should be falling in love! Romance was one thing; selecting a wife was another. The yacht had not returned. He went over the facts. Quite evidently the man in the racing car had been making for the yacht at St. Jean de Luz. But what purpose had the yacht served? A yacht was not like a house; it could put to sea and lose itself. Blue Eyes had been dressed in a sports suit of a grey material when she had passed him on the road from Angoulême. She had been conducted on board the yacht to change into evening clothes. From the evening clothes all labels had been removed. But how could anyone have reckoned on her losing her memory? Without the loss of her memory, which must have been foreseen, there would have been no point to all these preliminaries.

She was calling to him.

"Look."

"Delightful."

"But you do have good taste, Terence."

"Not mine. Madame Daphne's."

Again she returned re-costumed for his approval. He chased her away with compliments. At last she joined him in a yolk-coloured suit of serge with a tight little hat to match.

"Am I pretty?"

"You're adorable." He became businesslike. "We're dining out. Come as you are. I'll tell you of our plans as we drive."

Her wardrobe had been repacked and considerably reduced in bulk. Luckily she didn't see it as he helped her into the car. She was the first girl for whom he had ever purchased clothes. With her snuggled at his side he felt the thrill of possession. Whatever she had forgotten, she remembered her Americanisms.

"Do I do you proud?" she whispered.

"I'll tell the world," he responded.

When they were in the open country, following the quiet river of the Nivelle, he questioned.

"Ever seen this before?"

"Never that I recollect."

"Don't you recollect anything, however faintly?"

"Nothing behind the evening when we met."

"I suppose you wouldn't know those mountains?" He indicated the Pyrenees, standing peak beyond peak straight ahead of them, as though forbidding further progress.

"Terence, dear, I'm not pretending," she pleaded. "What reason would I have to pretend?"

"None at all that I can see; but I'm mystified."

He turned off the main highway, traversed a quaint village and began a steep ascent. Soon the land to the right of the road fell away in a grassy precipice.

She drew closer.

"It's a bit frightening."

"Then shut your eyes," he advised her. "I'll take care of you."

"But will you always?"

"Till you get better."

"I won't speak again," she promised. "I'm disturbing your driving."

She disturbed his driving much more than she was aware. She had disturbed his life. She was so grateful, so spontaneous, so obedient. She was a child in a woman's body. To make love to her would be a crime; and yet her caresses and endearments urged him to make love to her. If he did, her memory might come flooding back. With the restoration of her memory her personality might alter.

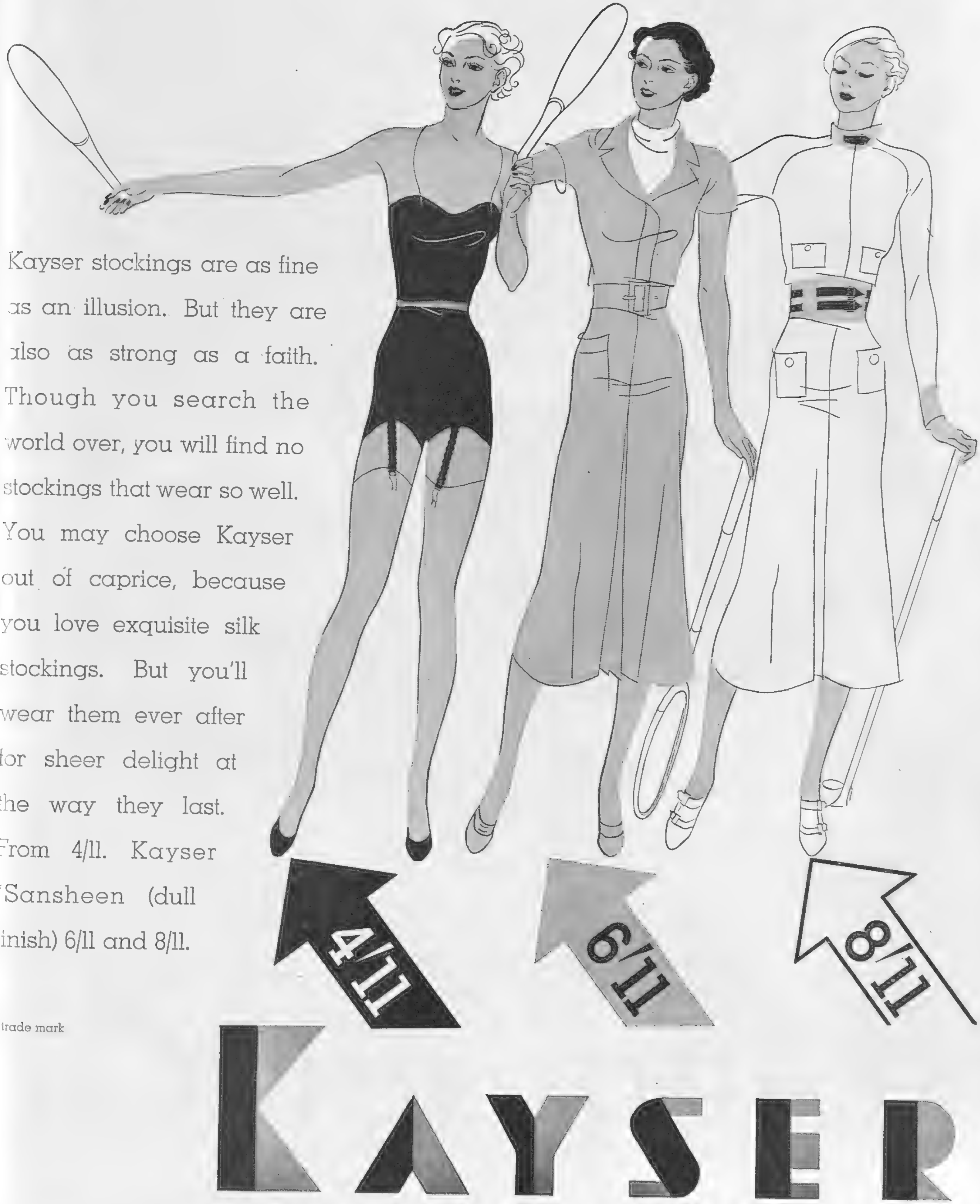
At the top of the long climb they came to a defile, where the knees of opposing mountains pressed together. On the further side they looked down into a deep valley, happy and drowsy in the rich glow of the late afternoon.

As he began the descent, he glanced at her sideways.

"It's about time I

(*Continued on page 100*)

# 'WARE WEAR—WEAR KAYSER



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told you where I'm taking you. I suppose, if I were strictly honourable, I should have gone to the police at once. You didn't want me to; but that wasn't my only reason for not doing it. I wanted to keep you, just as you are, a little longer. You're not like other girls. I expect you never were. I'm dreading the day when you wake up. I'm afraid you'll accuse me."

"Of what?" She was hurt by the unkindness of his suggestion.

"Heaps of things. In this funny old world, into which you plunged last night as innocent as if you'd fallen from the clouds, unrelated young men and women don't live beneath the same roof unless they have other people to protect them."

"Against what?" she questioned.

"Against each other."

"But why should I be protected against you, Terence?" She scarcely knew whether to take him seriously.

"Because——" And there he stuck. "Anyway, I've secured lodgings for you in a place sufficiently distant that I can visit you without either of us being suspected."

"You know best," she said resignedly.

"In this case I do," he acknowledged.

Like the flight of a bird, the white road sank into the valley. At its foot grew up a biscuit-brown collection of dwellings, ancient and Basque, grouped irregularly to form three sides of a dusty square. Beneath the houses ran a colonnade. At one point tables were spread before an inn, bearing the name which Madame Jodrell had mentioned.

"Here we are." He drew up.

Madame, the proprietress, greeted them in an ecstatic flow of eloquence. She was a full-bosomed woman, benevolent and matronly, with snapping, dark eyes and oiled, black hair.

"I don't understand a word," Terence raised his hands despairingly.

To his surprise Blue Eyes started chattering in French.

She broke off to interpret.

"Madame has no other guest. She promises to make me comfortable. She wishes us to follow her."

The inn was spacious inside. It must have been there for centuries. The stairways were of stone. The balustrades of walnut and brass. The room which was to be Blue Eyes' was slate-paved. There was scant furniture; against the wall was pushed a monstrous bed. But the view from the windows, when the shutters were opened, atoned for everything. The emerald mountains rose, terrace on terrace, like altar steps to the tranquil sky.

They had dinner on the square, a rough country meal, highly spiced. How did it happen? He began to tell her about himself. This time last year he had been a bank clerk; now, as though one miracle had not been sufficient, he sat facing her; ash-gold and ivory, rose petals thrown in for luck. More beautiful than anyone he had imagined.

She laughed.

"But am I really beautiful?"

Stars drifted out.

"Amazingly."

"And I can't tell you anything about myself," she sighed.

"That will come later," he consoled her.

At parting close to midnight, he knew what she expected. He resisted and kissed her hand. From far up the valley he could see the light in her window. It was still burning when he gazed back from the entrance to the defile.

In days that followed he lived only for her. To confess his love would be to precipitate a crisis. He would have to set about unravelling her past. In the process she might evade him. She was so utterly his as she was now.

They formed habits. That his actions might not arouse comment, he spent his mornings with his accustomed friends, bathing or playing golf. In the late afternoon he would slip away to Sare to find her watching for him. They would dine in the square, where most of the village life was led. His first question would be. "Have you remembered?" She never had. She didn't care if she never remembered, providing the present continued as it was. Dinner ended, they would go for a drive through the mountains, silvery under moonlight, where they scarcely met a soul save some late returning peasant.

The seventh evening she proposed a change in their programme.

"Let's walk, instead of drive."

He realised the danger. His hands would not be occupied. Yet with a gladness beyond his power to control, he consented.

Where the village was left behind, his arm stole through hers. After an interval of hypocritical contrition, it shifted to her waist. Entering the deep shadow of clumped trees, they halted. Without a word they swung breast to breast, their lips clinging in longing.

A snatch of poetry, recollected from college days, sang in his mind: "In the greenest of our valleys by good angels tenanted." He was on the point of repeating the lines, when they were startled by footsteps approaching. The traveller, a little man with a pointed beard, passed them within hand-stretch. His clothes pronounced him city-bred. He struck a discordant note. He was certainly not a native.

"He saw us," Terence whispered.

"What of it?" she replied.

"But he must be stopping at the inn. There's nowhere else for him to stop."

"Of course. He's been there some days. Were you ashamed to be caught kissing me?"

"It's not that." Terence spoke slowly. "But now we shall go on kissing—falling deeper and deeper in love. When we look at each other, every one will guess our secret and we ourselves shall be able to think of nothing else. It's no longer right that I should keep you hidden away. We must set out to discover who you are at once."

"But I don't care who I am now that you love me," she pleaded childishly.

He drew her to him again.

"I'm forced to care. There may be obstacles."

"Whatever they are——." His lips pressed her, but she muttered against them, "If you ceased loving me now I should die."

They had formed no plans when they returned to the darkened square. Where the golden stream of light spilled from the inn's doorway the first sight that caught their eyes was the clerkly figure of the little man with the pointed beard, solemnly awaiting them. Apparently he was prepared for departure; beside him stood a well-stuffed leather bag. Rising diffidently, he removed his hat and addressed Terence in correct English.

"A thousand pardons, Monsieur. I understand that you are driving back to St. Jean. It is most important that I should be there tomorrow. If Monsieur would permit me to accompany him——"

It would be churlish to refuse.

"Hop into my car." Terence's voice betrayed annoyance. "I'll be with you in a second."

Then farewell. Her clinging arms.

"I love you. I love you."

"And I love you just as wildly."

"Then promise me that nothing shall ever divide us."

"So help me God, nothing ever shall."

In the car Terence addressed the stranger at his side.

"If it was so important for you to get back, why did you delay your departure till nearly midnight?"

"I had business in Sare, Monsieur, which I have only just completed."

They drove on in silence, ascending the winding road, till they came to the entrance to the defile. For a second Terence halted to gaze back at her window, gleaming like a signal from far down the valley. Though he could no longer see her, he knew that she was following the progress of his receding head-lights.

He had almost forgotten his passenger, when the man spoke out of the darkness.

"Monsieur is enraptured. She is truly lovely. But what has happened to her memory?"

"So you've found that out!" Terence curbed his chagrin. "The proprietress of the inn must have told you."

"Monsieur is mistaken. I knew before ever I met Mademoiselle. She is subject to such attacks."

Terence jammed on the brakes.

"Then the business that took you to Sare concerned her?"

"This should explain everything."

Fumbling in his vest pocket, the man produced a card. Switching on the dashboard lights, Terence read: *Antoine Pasquale, Private Detective.*

"Someone hired you to trace her?" he questioned. "Who? Her father?"

"It would be breach of confidence for me to answer. My client is waiting for me to report to him."

Terence released the brakes. The car rolled forward, gathering speed as it descended toward the moonlit lowlands. He was thinking furiously. This odd creature at his side could answer so many of his questions. If he were to shake the truth out of him——. But that might not be the wise method. He would appeal to his sentiment.

"You saw how things are between us?"

"And I pity you from my heart, Monsieur."

"Why not envy me?"

"Because Monsieur's conduct is—how shall I say?—capable of the guiltiest interpretations."

"Guilty nothing." Terence rebelled. "You're a fine detective. It's about time you learned something."

He started to relate his version of the adventure. The little man let fall no hint whether he was imparting news or bringing coals to Newcastle.

"Far from having done her an injury——"

The appeasing voice cut in on him.

"But all of this will need proving."

Travelling through the dead of night they argued. When they entered St. Jean, still wanton and gaily lighted, Terence paused before the Echola to point to the very table where he had found her.

"This is near enough to my destination, Monsieur."

The diminutive detective was scrambling out. Terence dragged him back.

"No you don't. We're going to get this matter straight. You're coming home with me."

"Anything to oblige Monsieur."

Lulled by the man's meekness, Terence became conciliatory.

"I have a butler whom I wish you to interview. He'll confirm my every word."

"It will be a pleasure to hear Monsieur's character reinstated."

Up the hill they sped through sleeping rows of villas, twisting, climbing, till they entered the gate and came to rest in the shadowy garden. Terence was closing the doors of the garage when he was alarmed by the sound of escaping footsteps. When he turned to follow, Antoine Pasquale had completely vanished.

Terence didn't sleep a wink that night. He made no attempt to undress. He sat reasoning and interminably smoking. Was it right to marry a girl who was subject to attacks of loss of memory? He decided that whether it was right or wrong, he intended to marry her. Then what was his legal standing? It would appear that he was to be accused of having kidnapped the girl; that was what the detective had meant by guilty interpretations. But why had the detective escaped from him? The answer came in a flash. That he might return to Sare with his client and gain possession of Blue Eyes. His own position couldn't be worse. Pulling out his car, he drove through the dawn to forestall her capture.

The inn had not yet opened when he arrived. He had to beat on the nail-studded door to obtain admittance. Dashing past the surprised proprietress, he raced up the stairs and called to Blue Eyes. To his relief she answered. Telling her to dress quickly, he descended and settled her score. The moment she joined him, he hurried her into the car and set off at a reckless pace through the waking country.

"But why?" she implored him.

Slowing down and glancing continually across his shoulder to make sure that they were not followed, he told her.

"But where are you taking me?"

"Back to the villa."

"And then?"

"I don't know. I've not thought that out."

At the villa nothing alarming had occurred in his absence. The peaceful spectacle of the portly Jodrell throwing back the shutters was the first sight that met their eyes. But to Terence the brilliant day that Nature promised seemed full of menace. During breakfast he rose.

"The situation has grown graver than I can handle."

He called for Jodrell.

"Admit nobody while I'm gone."

"But where are you going?" Blue Eyes questioned.

He evaded a direct answer.

"To procure advice."

He drove straight to the American Consul.

"I guess I'm in big trouble."

He had scarcely begun his story when he realised that he was causing excitement. The Consul ordered his secretary: "Send for Bill Thayer. This'll interest him. He was on the Sally Blodgett case." To Terence he said: "Hold your horses till he comes."

A tall young man, powerfully built and dark-haired, entered. The Consul addressed him.

"Listen to this, Bill. It's the goods for which you've been searching."

Terence had to start afresh. Long before he had finished Bill Thayer's eyes were glowing.

"What do you call this girl? You must call her something."

Terence was abashed.

"Since she didn't know who she was, I had to invent a name. I call her Blue Eyes."

"Gone as far as that, Buddy!"

"Anxious to marry her," Terence leaned forward, "if she isn't already married."

"Where is she now?"

"At my villa."

"Good. How is your villa arranged? Is there any place where three people could be hidden so they could listen to a conversation?"

"There's a smoking-room with glass doors leading off from the salon."

"Fine. Go back and later I'll join you."

When Thayer arrived he was accompanied by two French policemen. His first demand was to see Blue Eyes. Drawing a photograph from his pocket, he presented it to her.

"Do you recognise yourself? We've been searching high and low for you."

But when she and Terence asked him questions, he refused to answer.

"I can tell you nothing at the moment. Antoine Pasquale and his client will be calling presently. If you know what lies behind all this, you won't act naturally. As for Miss Blue Eyes, at first she

(*Continued on page* 103)

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mustn't be present at the conference. At the right moment I'll send her to you."

Shortly after eleven a *fiacre* halted before the villa. Blue Eyes was hurried upstairs. Thayer and the French police secreted themselves in the smoking-room.

Terence was seated alone in the salon, when Jodrell announced two gentlemen.

"French, I fancy."

Antoine Pasquale came first, bowing and full of tricks as a monkey. Behind him followed a tall, wooden-faced man whom Terence immediately recognised.

Antoine Pasquale made the introductions.

"Allow me to introduce Monsieur Blazé. He speaks English perfectly and has an important question to ask you."

Monsieur Blazé lost no time.

"Rascal. Thief. What have you done with my wife?"

"Your wife!" Terence gasped.

"Most certainly. What have you done with her?"

"Before I answer, I think your own conduct needs explaining."

"My conduct, Monsieur! I do not know what you mean. I motored with my bride—we were recently married—to St. Jean and was met by a telegram instantly recalling me to Paris. Having lodged her at an hotel and taken her to dine, I was compelled to leave the same night. I wrote to her and received no word. My business was of such a nature that I could not go to her, so I sent Monsieur Pasquale to make enquiries. You know the rest, how he traced her to Sare, where she was living under the most suspicious circumstances."

Terence rose and paced the room.

"You have made several deliberate omissions. The first time I clapped eyes on you was on the road from Angoulême."

"And you followed me, Monsieur, to gain another glimpse of my wife."

"I followed you because I didn't like your actions But let that pass. How about the yacht from which I saw you landing?"

The injured husband seemed to be rather taken aback by this piece of information; but he recovered himself quickly.

"It belonged to a friend."

"That's as may be. The next time I saw the young lady she was sitting alone in the Echola. The hour was past midnight. She had no money. Without making myself known to her, I settled her account. She left the restaurant in such a dazed condition that I spoke to her. She could remember nothing. Since she was an American, I offered her my protection."

"And what do you mean by your protection, Monsieur? Were you to tell that to a court of law, no one would credit the loftiness of your intentions."

"Perhaps not," Terence agreed imperturbably. "The only place I knew to take her was the yacht, which according to you belonged to your friend. The moment I hailed it, it sailed out of the harbour."

Antoine Pasquale thrust in his spoke.

"So you were stranded with a desirable young woman on your hands? Will you tell my client what you did next?"

"Why, certainly. I have nothing to hide. Since the young lady had forgotten her past, I took her home with me."

"As any gentleman would do," the little man taunted. "And next morning, I presume, you visited the police and laid the case before them?"

"I didn't."

"Why didn't you?" Again the husband took a hand.

"Because every mark of identification had been removed from her clothing. To have approached the police would have produced a scandal. Her memory was a blank, though in all other respects she was in full possession of her faculties. I may have been unwise, though it seemed wise at the time; I agreed to provide her with lodgings and give her time to recover."

"And has she?"

"Obviously not."

A pause.

Then, "Let us face facts, Monsieur McBride. You went to all this trouble because you were in love with her. There is no necessity to answer. A man of your age does not display such quixotic chivalry unless he has designs——."

Terence kept his temper.

"You're right—unless he has conceived a tenderness."

Monsieur Blazé rose.

"Then it looks as though I should have to sue you for damages."

"Unless," Monsieur Pasquale thrust in his spoke, "this gentleman would prefer to make compensation without being sued."

Terence eyed the pair calmly.

"That's an idea, too. But before discussing compensation oughtn't the lady to be consulted? What I mean is—you two gentlemen walk into my house and make statements for which I have only your bare word. How do I know that she is your wife?"

"That's easily proved," said her husband boldly. "Send for her. Bring us face to face."

His request was scarcely spoken, when the door opened. Blue Eyes entered. The first person of whom she caught sight was Terence. In the midst of throwing him a smile, her face became doll-like and expressionless. Her head turned mechanically till she was gazing directly at Monsieur Blazé.

"Well, little wife," he asked, "are you glad to see me?"

She was advancing to meet him, when the smoking-room door burst open. He was seized and so was Pasquale.

"No good struggling. The jig's up." It was Thayer speaking. Then to Blazé, "Undo what you did to her."

When Blazé showed reluctance, his arms were twisted till he writhed with agony. Approaching the girl, he stared at her intently.

"You must remember. Do you understand? Remember."

The trance-like look left her face. She gazed about her in amazement. Seeing Terence, she ran towards him.

"What is it? Why are they all here?" Then catching sight of Blazé, as though for the first time, "That dreadful man! Don't let him look at me."

Thayer rested a hand on her shoulder.

"He can't harm you any longer. Tell us how it happened. Take your time."

After a full minute she pulled herself together.

"I was staying in Paris. I left the hotel to do some shopping. Feeling tired I entered a café. As I was sitting there sipping an iced drink, that man approached me, raising his hat. I didn't recognise him, but I thought perhaps he knew me. Without asking permission, he joined me. He was staring hard at me and forbidding something."

"You forbade her to remember," Thayer questioned Blazé. "Isn't that so?"

"I refuse to commit myself."

"Then I'll commit you. We've been searching for this precious pair for months. This so-called Monsieur Blazé is a hypnotist. He specialises in rich American girls travelling in France. Having hypnotised them and robbed them of their memory, he transports them by automobile to some fashionable resort, where he plants them as he did this young lady at the Echola to attract an admirer. When the admirer has sufficiently compromised himself, this Pasquale bird, who had been watching proceedings all the time, pops up in the guise of a private detective. He introduces Blazé as the injured husband. They collect blackmail from the admirer, who is glad to avoid a scandal. The family, when they recover the girl, take no action for the same reason. Might spoil her marriage chances. So till now Monsieur Blazé has led a charmed life. But he won't any longer."

He said something in rapid French to the policemen and the culprits were marched out.

"Well, that settles your tangle," Thayer picked up his hat.

"One second," Terence halted him. "You've not told me the lady's name or where I can find her parents."

"Her parents aren't living. She was travelling with friends. As for her name, why don't you ask her?"

He saw Thayer to the door and came slowly back to the salon. How would she treat him now? Would he have to win her all over again? His face was sober as he entered.

"And now——" he said.

She threw her arms about him.

"For damages received," she kissed him.

END

# The Skeleton in their Cupboard

(*Continued from page 27*)

for business. He began to leave the business and finance side to Sam. He left Sam to fix up the company-organisation stuff that he couldn't be bothered with. Sam organised the General Electric Company of Schenectady, was its first manager. Then he broke loose from Edison and got busy on his own account on the commercial exploitation side in Chicago.

A central power station to distribute electric current—his activities had started and grown around that first basic idea. The bankers and enterprising business men of the big western metropolis backed him. They had the money bags; he had the technical knowledge and the ideas. But he had always taken care to preserve his personal control. He intended to use the money men, not be used by them. Franchises, high finance, politics—he quickly mastered the whole intricate big-city mechanism which operates to pull contracts for street lighting, traction, and the rest. It kept him very busy, so busy that he was thirty-nine before he had time to think seriously about marriage and the social side of life. There was the pretty young actress he had met at a party two years before. Rich, as riches went in those days, and feeling secure, and with more leisure, he married her. It was then he bought the big house on the north shore of the lake. He had the money to make a social splash, as social splashes went then. He thought himself quite a fellow! He heated, powered, and lighted all Chicago.

Some fellows would have been content with that conquest. Not he. He went on to acquire outside companies. The paper representing ownership piled up. It was in 1912 that he had organised Middle Western Utilities to hold his securities. How old would he have been then? Fifty-three.

THEN—war, and the coming of the big years. War profits had made America rich, turned her from a debtor to a creditor nation—turned American heads, too; maybe turned his own head. But who could withstand that rush and roar, the prosperity flood tide? It swept you away. It looked as if nothing could stop America's rise to the stars. One professor calculated that America would have grown from a nation of 120,000,000 to one of 700,000,000 by the end of the century. Apply that to electricity, and—where did it take you? Well, it had nearly taken him to smash!

But no one could see it then. The public utilities business seemed guaranteed an expanding market for as far ahead as men could see. Millions more customers a year. And more and more electricity being used per head of the population year by year. On, and up!

Maybe his judgment was not so good then as it had been. He was 66. That's not old. But they say a man's not so good after 60; he gets either too cautious or too reckless. Old Tom Lipton had been a great builder, but he lost his grip twenty years before he died. And there was old Leverhulme and old Morgan; in their last phase both of them shook their business, and their personal fortunes, by being too acquisitive, grabbing at everything in sight, buying, buying, buying, without the old careful thought for values. He had to admit he had gone much the same way. He bought too fast from 1925 on, at inflated prosperity values, too, bought until his empire extended over two-thirds of the country and embraced 5,000 cities, bought until he had extended himself like a balloon stretched to the limit, bought until his empire had a market capitalisation of £500,000,000. He was big, big. In London, Berlin, New York, Chicago, Paris, he was received like a king. The American public could not get enough of his paper. In each year from 1925 on he had no trouble at all in selling from £20,000,000 to £25,000,000 worth of new bonds and shares to investors.

His own personal fortune had risen with the fortunes of his interlocked companies. He had outgrown his old home and old ways long since. Now he had a 4,000-acre estate outside the city, with an Italian-style villa in the American millionaire manner. Cost him over a million. Everything on it done most expensively, by electricity. His annual bill for bloodstock was £15,000. He gave his wife her own repertoire company. Set him back £50,000. He built the £4,000,000 opera house in Chicago, had his royal box therein, where he sat with his bejewelled wife acknowledging the salutations of the other magnates. A modern Medici, they called him, the Lorenzo the Magnificent of the Middle West. Well, wasn't he a modern Medici? Who were the Medici, anyway, but the richest folk of their age? He was getting richer and richer.

Did him harm, too; he could see that now. The stock market boom boosted everything too high, values, prices, hopes. It put Insull stocks up to a figure where the future was discounted too far ahead; if prosperity were to collapse, his stocks were in a terribly exposed position—like a galleon caught full-rigged by a tornado. He had had to pay dear for many of his properties—those properties which he then re-capitalised, loading the new paper into one or other of his string of holding companies, all reposing on the central company, the mighty £260,000,000 Middle West Utilities.

The bear syndicates knew his weakness and got after him when the market break came. But after he had given them a smack or two, they went more carefully. His 400,000 shareholders had confidence in him and were not easily frightened out of their stocks. They calculated that other businesses might hit hard times; but everybody had to have light, heat, power; and so Insull stocks were all right. They did not know how the revenues were falling off. Nor did they know (*Continued on page 104*)

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that the whole financial structure was becoming undermined as the great depression deepened. He knew, but he had confidence in his ability to hang on. Better times would come.

In the spring of '32 he checked up on his position. It frightened him. The giant Middle West Utilities was gutted. He was in a terrible jam himself. He thought the slump had touched bottom, and he had been caught by the market. He had borrowed millions from the banks, issued short-term notes for millions more, put up all the securities he possessed as collateral for loans: his whole huge personal fortune was at stake. And still Insull stocks went down.

Then, that woman! Helen Samuels. She held a little parcel of debentures. She filed a bill. Cause: alleged insolvency of Insull Investments. People had laughed, recalling it was All Fools' Day. But he had not laughed. He knew that a lighted cigarette end can burst a very big balloon. Helen Samuels said that Insull Investments held assets figuring in the balance-sheet at £46,000,000, and, on the strength of those assets, had contracted liabilities of £25,000,000. Could it meet its liabilities? "No," Helen Samuels asserted, "because the true value of the assets is only one-eighth of the asserted value, and if you don't believe me, go in, and test them." The damned woman! The worst of it was, she was right on the track. That was about the true position.

He had had a bad time then. It looked as if the mighty Middle West Utilities would topple and bring down the whole structure in a cloud of dust. The parent company might be capitalised at £260,000,000, but it had a note out for two millions, and no ready cash to meet the note, and he had no idea where to get the money to meet it. Unless a miracle happened, the whole show would blow up. Only financial aid in an enormous sum could avert the catastrophe.

Worse, he did not like the prospect of investigation. He had many political enemies who would slander him, impugn his conduct of the affairs of his combine, put the worst interpretation on sundry incidents. There was that little affair of brother Martin's loan—the loan of £34,000 to protect Martin's stock market position. In other days he would have put his hand into his pocket, and said: "Here, my boy!" £34,000! In the old times he had paid as much for an opera singer, a jewel for his wife, a few additions to his blood-stock herd, an improvement on his estate. Why, only a year or two before he had tossed £22,000 to a London temperance hospital for a new wing to commemorate his childhood days by the riverside. But in this jam he had been obliged to find the money in a way which was perhaps a little irregular—which would need quite a bit of explaining away if the details came out, and which would provide the politicians with the material to make a definite charge against him, a charge which would put him on trial and enable a hostile public prosecutor to grill him and attack everything he had done.

It was soon after this that he had decided to flee from an investigation by the new political regime. There was just one spot in all the world where Uncle Sam's policemen could not get him under the extradition law. It looked as if, at his life's end, with everything lost—houses, estate, bonds, jewels, cash—he would have to live out the rest of a smashed life in Greece. And even there the Washington bloodhounds would come smelling after him, baying around the frontiers, bringing actions in the courts, and diplomatic pressure to bear. . . .

But had he not always been lucky? His luck had held. The Rockefeller emissaries had come to his house, secretly. He had made a mess of things, but he could be saved. His gutted structure could be nursed over this bad patch, and used as the nucleus of a nation-wide electric combine in due course. There would have to be a top-to-bottom reorganisation, of course, and writing down of capital eventually. But when they pulled things round and finished off the programme, they would have a stranglehold on the sources of electricity supply; the price could be raised, and with the revenues thus increased, the whole group would become highly profitable.

But he would have to yield entire financial control. It would be for his own good. He was really an industrialist, not a financier at all. He might not have got into this jam if he had been content to attend to the business end he understood, and leave financial policy to a financial brain.

After that, it had been fairly plane sailing. News that the Rockefellers, with their vast resources, had taken him over immediately eased the strain. Insull stocks shot up from their panic levels. The bears were trapped. The brokers' demands on him for more margin stopped. Wads of the securities he had had to pawn for cash were released. He himself had given huge buying orders, and he cleaned up. He had come in for a lot of criticism in the (*Continued on page 106*)

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Peter Rose Pulham

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reorganisation when the capital was written down to bring it in line with the real value of Insull-group assets; but by that time everybody recognised that the slump had knocked values sideways, anyway, and the fact that he was one of the few who had weathered it mitigated a good deal of the hostility. Most of the holders stuck to their stock and got their money back when recovery came and the earnings of the new and larger Electric Trust began to rise steeply, carrying the stock values up to new high levels. It was all a question of holding on . . . holding on . . .

IT was a rule on the yacht that Mr. Insull had the aft awning to himself for his breakfast cigar, and his radiograms, until 10 o'clock. On the stroke of that hour a dozen young people invaded his privacy, chatting and laughing. But their host was asleep; the cigar had fallen from his hand. They shush-ed one another and crept away to play elsewhere. It was not till midday that they learnt that their host would never set foot on Grecian soil after all. He had passed away peacefully in his sleep.

"Well, anyway, he was eighty," said the girl to her lover, as they watched the moon cut a path of silver over the sea that night, "and a man's got to die sometime. I don't see why you have to be so sad. I saw his face when we thought he was just sleeping, and it looked as if he was having the loveliest dream."

END

# Two New Social Services

THERE is hardly a moment of the day when some one or other of your possessions is not becoming soiled—your dress, your curtains, your suit, your gloves. The machine age in which we are now living, the vast accumulated hordes of people living close together which form our great cities; our steam heat, coal fires, trains and motors—these and a horde of other factors combine to make the hygienic care of our clothes a problem daily becoming more acute.

But if science sets a problem she is usually not slow in solving it, and the difficulty presented by dry-cleaning, the definite wear it made on fabrics, its expense and the trouble involved have been eliminated by Clark's of Retford.

No matter where you live, in town or in a remote country district, there is a Clark's depot to hand, for this firm has built up a vast business by post, and every post office throughout the land is a potential depot for goods which require their care. Apart from the convenience and efficiency of such a method the advantages are clear, for in this manner the vast expense of branches and *personnel* are avoided, thus permitting Clark's to undertake work at remarkably moderate prices.

But the chief merit of Clark's system is their Vita Cleaning. This is their term for an exclusive method which not only cleans perfectly but which gives back to the fabric just that resilience and "life" which until now has been the privilege of newness and has been lost in any process of dry cleaning.

Just as Vita Cleaning is a tried and absolutely successful method of ridding clothes, furnishing, etc., of dirt, so is Plus-Dyeing an exclusive method of changing the colour without in any way harming the fabric. Indeed, as in all Clark's work, the freshness and original "virtue" of the material is restored and you are sure of not receiving back a tired, "dead" piece of stuff good for no further wear.

So the next time you pass your post office, bear in mind that there are services it may render as yet undreamt of by Sir Kingsley Wood.

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## London's Luxury Flats

(*Continued from page* 69)

trouble of preparing it themselves, and special post-office and telephone facilities are part of the service at Sloane Avenue Mansions, where one may occupy anything from the smallest bachelor flat at £90 per year to something luxurious in the way of family accommodation.

A little farther out of town, though only a quarter of an hour from the West End, if that can be counted as distance, is West Hill Court, Highgate's latest and proudest acquisition. Here, the delightful garden is one of the best features of a very distinguished architectural ensemble. Moreover, as the general environment of the house is of such unusual charm its own natural beauty is increased by half. Looking from almost any window at West Hill Court (windows are many and delightfully spacious), one commands a view across smooth lawns and perfectly tended flower beds, to a natural lake and a wooded hillside in the distance.

The squash courts at West Hill Court are situated in a corner of the large garden and are available for the use of tenants. A good many of the flats, incidentally, have the advantage of an open terrace commanding a view of the garden beyond. Altogether, in fact, West Hill Court offers many of the advantages of a large and luxurious private residence, to which are added the facilities of a modern, self-contained flat.

Surbiton court is another magnificent block within easy reach of the West End. Here, sunk, wide flagged walks and rose terraces offer to tenants the facilities of a luxury mansion at the price of a bachelor flat. The flats are fitted with every modern contrivance for comfortable and economical living; and, of course, the gardens are free.

## Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page* 45)

Towards the middle of October the *Via Dolorosa*—nay, the *Via Crucis* of Marie Antoinette was at an end.

She had faced her judges with a superb dignity. She had not lost that expression of contempt that she had acquired for everything that was French. At the end she was, in truth, "l'Autrichienne"—Imperial Theresa's child. She retained that expression during the last journey, when, erect and regal in her white dress, she passed through the bloodthirsty crowd yelling with the sure instinct of the mob: "Place à l'Autrichienne! Place à la veuve Capet!"

SHE refused religious consolation not from lack of piety, but from distrust. Only once did her expression change, as she glanced at a window at which she knew there would be a priest, who had secretly let her know that from there he would give her his blessing as she passed.

Unable to make the Sign of the Cross with her hand, she made it with four movements of her head.

"The executioner," says Lamartine, "trembled more than she. A shudder [*frisson*] made his hand hesitate in releasing the blade.

"The head fell, the assistant grasped it by the hair, and with his right hand lifted it up, showing it to all around the scaffold."

A long shout, "Vive la République!" saluted that discoloured, dishonoured face—to be honoured for ever more.

The little Dauphin shut up in his room knew nothing. His life of seclusion had made him so silent that for days he did not utter a word. Dr. Dessault, famous physician of France, had known the Royal children before their imprisonment. He had the opportunity of entering the Temple and examining the little Capet.

His diagnosis was summed up as follows:

"His mind is apathetic, his senses are dulled and his body is wasted. His manner is shrinking and timid, and he cannot be induced to speak. He has swellings at most of his joints. His debilitated state, long confinement, bad food and the inhuman treatment of Simon have developed a slight tendency to scrofula."

So sped this young life until, one day, a little coffin was brought out of that room.

Some have said that it did not contain the remains of the Dauphin.

What difference does it make? The son of Louis XVI disappeared—vanished into the Limbo of Forgotten Things.

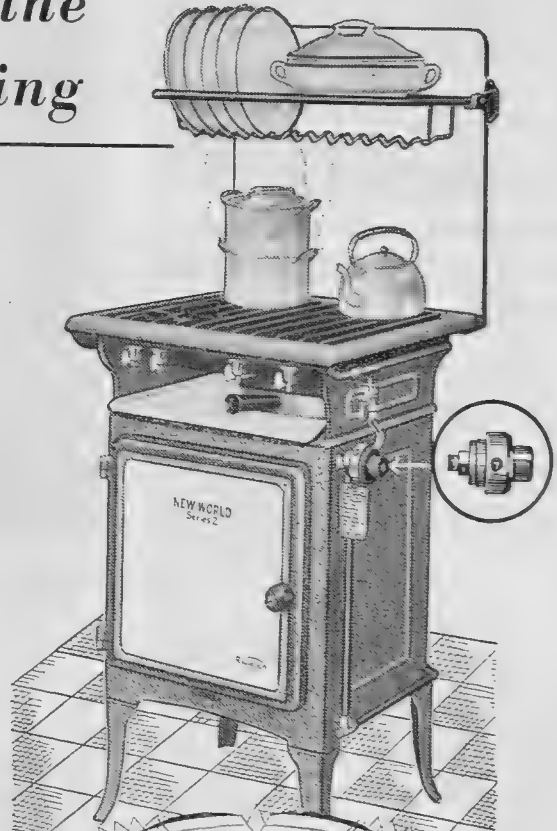
As the heavy knife of the Guillotine had been released and had descended on the head of his father, it simultaneously proclaimed this little boy King of France!

What is the fruit of such teachings?

What is the benefit of such examples?

Where is the evolution of civilisation if execution for political reasons is not yet considered a Crime against Mankind?

## *Free from the kitchen for the rest of the morning*



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# Why *not a* Holiday *in* Norway?

THE fascination of Norway is to be found in the variety of the scenery it offers, and by this I mean not only the Norway one sees from the fjords, but also the Norway of the interior, far beyond the reach of the farthest fjord. For the complete picture it then presents is one of a marvellous coast-line, spangled with islands of brown rock and dark green forest, of low cliffs with a sandy foreshore, and of giant masses of granite against which waves shatter in foam: of great fjords, miles wide at the mouth, with low-lying shores, narrowing, as they cut their way inland, to great canyons, with sides of sheer rock rising thousands of feet from the water's edge adown which torrents plunge: of wild valleys ascending from the fjord-head to mountain ranges where there is a wealth of mountain scenery: of snow-capped heights, moorland levels, lovely lakes, and glistening glaciers. And then, beyond all this, a land of broad dales adown which flow peaceful rivers, on the sides of which stretch smiling fields of rye and pasture, and orchards of rosy fruit: of belts of well-wooded plain studded with lovely lakes, and tracks of undulating country between ranges of high hills, well cultivated, fertile, and bearing evidence of prosperity in the number and appearance of the neat homesteads one descries.

*Målselv, North Norway, with the Istinder Peaks in the background. This is about 150 miles north of the Arctic Circle*

TO see these wild regions—the playground of the gods—and these fair, settled dales and plains, where the peasants of Norway have their homes and farm their lands, living a life of seclusion, yet one full of colour, and preserving much of old-world custom that is full of charm, you must travel by rail and road through the land and spend a night here and there in some inland town, in a hostelry where you will eat the good solid fare of the country, drink a glass or two of Norwegian-brewed ale, and hear the fine, full speech of its folk, and then you will gain an insight into the spirit of the Norwegian countryside.

EVERYWHERE you will meet with a hearty welcome, and there need be no difficulty in going wheresoever you will, for the Norwegian State Railways (London Office, 21-24, Cockspur Street, S.W.1) have a system of travel that is delightfully effective. For an inclusive charge, which is so moderate that it will surprise you, they take you in hand from beginning to end—show you all that is best to be seen, and in an exceedingly comfortable manner, whether by rail, steamer, or road, and find you accommodation in the best of Norway's good hotels.

IN this way, too, you can visit any of the deeply interesting cities of the land; Oslo, the picturesque capital, with its handsome parks, broad thoroughfares and glorious wooded heights, and its royal palace; Trondhjem, the royal city of the north, where the Kings of Norway have been crowned for nearly a thousand years, and with a cathedral of wonderful Gothic; and Bergen, steeped in history as a one-time port of the great Hanseatic League.

English is understood and spoken almost everywhere in Norway. A lack of knowledge of the Norwegian language is therefore no obstacle to the full enjoyment of a holiday in Norway.

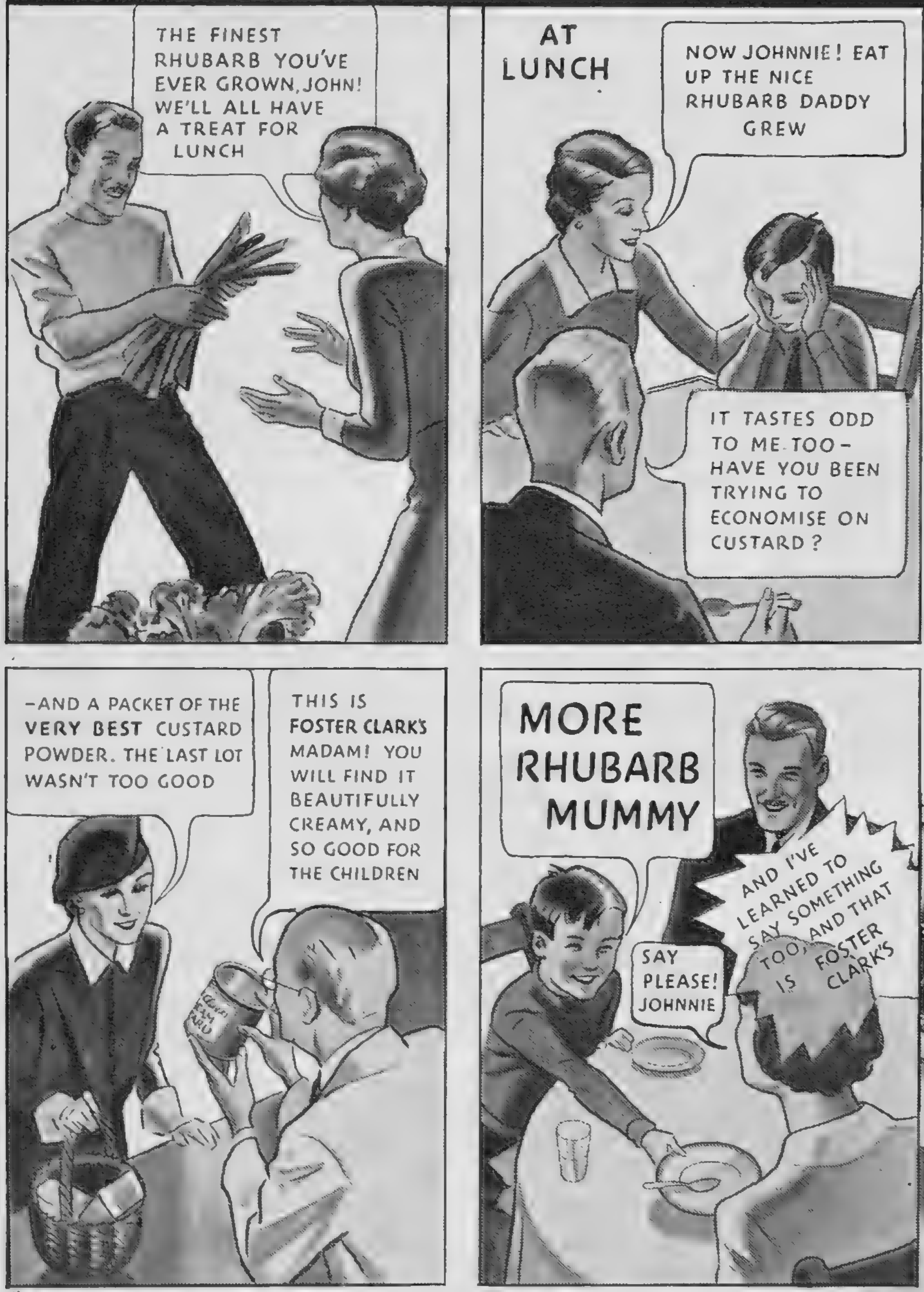
THE hotels in Norway offer a very real welcome to the visitor. They are scrupulously clean, the food exceptionally wholesome and well prepared, and the thought of the comfort and pleasure of the guest is always in the mind of the proprietors and staff. Most hotels are licensed for beer and wine, some also for spirits. All the usual brands of whisky, brandy and other liquors are obtainable in unlimited quantities at the "Vinmonopolet" stores in the nearest town

AND to get to Norway? A journey of under twenty hours in a 7,000-ton B. & N. liner, with many single-berth cabins and a marvellous cuisine! Dinner as you leave Newcastle-on-Tyne and tea next afternoon in Bergen.

*Sitting on top of the world. A wonderful view at Geiranger, West Norway*

*The beautiful Sundalen Valley, West Norway*

# "More rhubarb PLEASE mummy"!


THE FINEST RHUBARB YOU'VE EVER GROWN, JOHN! WE'LL ALL HAVE A TREAT FOR LUNCH
AT LUNCH
NOW JOHNNIE! EAT UP THE NICE RHUBARB DADDY GREW
IT TASTES ODD TO ME TOO – HAVE YOU BEEN TRYING TO ECONOMISE ON CUSTARD?
–AND A PACKET OF THE VERY BEST CUSTARD POWDER. THE LAST LOT WASN'T TOO GOOD
THIS IS FOSTER CLARK'S MADAM! YOU WILL FIND IT BEAUTIFULLY CREAMY, AND SO GOOD FOR THE CHILDREN
MORE RHUBARB MUMMY
SAY PLEASE! JOHNNIE
AND I'VE LEARNED TO SAY SOMETHING TOO, AND THAT IS FOSTER CLARK'S
C38

How do your children enjoy rhubarb puddings, gooseberry pies and all the other summer sweets so valuable to health? There is endless variety in these early summer dishes and each is made more appetising and more nutritious by the addition of custard. Try giving them Foster Clark's custard with their fruit—the custard with the creamier flavour.

*Beware of false economy!* When you make custard, remember that four-fifths of the cost is for the milk you use. Don't spoil the custard for a ha'porth of custard powder! Be careful to use Foster Clark's, the creamiest and safest that money can buy. There are four flavours: Vanilla, Standard, Lemon and Almond.

# FOSTER CLARK'S CUSTARD *with the creamier flavour*

6 pint packets 4½d. Family-size tin 10½d.

BY APPOINTMENT

**Don't use whitewash !**

BY APPOINTMENT

There was a time when the only way to clean tennis shoes was to daub on a thick coat of whitening and water. To-day there is a Meltonian dressing for white shoes which cleans as well as whitens, preserves the material as well as help to keep it in shape.

*Ladies' canvas tennis shoes like these are built more for speed than style. Even they can be kept more stylish than some of their neighbours with Meltonian White Cleaner*

BOTTLES 6d.
SOLID 2d. & 3d.

**For this shoe**

**MELTONIAN**
**WHITE CLEANER**

THERE IS A MELTONIAN DRESSING FOR EVERY TYPE OF SHOE

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[FACING SEA.

*Latest first-class Hotel on beach*
*— opposite Swimming Pool. —*

**Casino at 200 yards. NOW SPECIAL REDUCED TERMS.**

## 20 Years Ago

(*Continued from page 13*)

on individuals." That was how he hoped to raise his money, his £207,000,000 Budget ! Apart from this, there existed a third reason for " the most momentous session of modern times " in the Government's intention of pressing through the Welsh Disestablishment Bill over the Lords' veto.

" Bobs " had begun stumping the country advocating national service as the only safeguard against Germany, but people didn't pay much attention to him, considering he was being used as a newspaper stunt. Nor did anyone show more than polite interest when the Labour Party became united, at Bradford, with Mr. Ramsay MacDonald at the head of 36 M.P.'s. The Suffragettes were far greater fun, and Ulster looked like working up into a real show, and what about the Tetrarch, and here were the French positively flinging their emotions on the occasion of the visit of their Majesties to Paris . . . such a *lot* of things to think about that gorgeous May.

Right across Paris from the Embassy to Vincennes the boulevards were hedged with waving crowds crying, " vive l'Entente ! " And what Anglo-French fervour followed at that first aerial pageant in history in the course of which seven aeroplanes attacked a dirigible (France *v.* Germany the multitude read into it, Count Zeppelin being a name of the moment). The first photographs by air were brought back to the London Press on this occasion. On our side of the Channel we responded nobly to the French vogue. The tricorne hat and pannier skirt and anything else from Paris was de rigueur. There were south coast loving-galas (that at Portsmouth passed into Fleet history there and then), Max Linder was the cinema star of the day, as Carpentier in his Grecian youth would meet with tumultuous receptions on his periodic arrivals at Victoria ; and Védrines, flying up the age-old Nile, was the champion of the skies when it wasn't Garros, and Gina Palerme and Régine Flory were just two of many Parisiennes starring in a flock of French revues in town, and the first week-end air-hops to Le Touquet were leading to the zenith of that resort's vogue, and the franc was worth nearly tenpence and France was full of Anglais, and for our part we liked practically everything Français except the Dada-ists, who were too much. Nor, truth to tell, were we particularly gripped by French politics. Cabinets fell regularly over budgetary difficulties, M. Doumergue's lasting longest, one month. Jaurès and Briand ruled the Chamber, although there was talk of a fellow called Barthou who was trying to push through a three-year military service bill. But the real excitement was the Budget, and at one stage the country was warned there was a deficit of £320,000 and if £240,000 were not voted forthwith, national bankruptcy was the alternative. But we weren't really interested. Far more thrilling was the Empress Eugénie's minutely recorded first treading of Fontainebleau in 44 years ; while some people may even have noticed a paragraph to the effect that, "a girl of 15, Suzanne Lenglen, has just won the French women's lawn tennis championship and she may yet win the English one too."

Still, foreign affairs left us pretty cold. The United States easily took next place over Mexico and the Panama Tolls. After the murder of Villa, Huerta and Carranza became the men of destiny and for weeks the question of U.S. intervention, with its likely effect on British oil interests, ruled the foreign news. Tampico ! We cancelled our entry to the San Francisco Exhibition and refused to reconsider matters when a more or less unknown President named Wilson at least had the courage to right our Panama wrongs by plainly telling his own people that they were cheating. There had been an Anglo-American Centenary Peace Ball, and Mr. Ambassador Page had been liking us unwisely and getting tangled up in the Monroe doctrine, but frankly we hadn't a great deal of use for Americans and what whoops of joy there were when Lord Wimborne's scratch polo team surprisingly thrashed the Yanks at Meadowbrook and when, later, the U.S. golf invasion, Ouimet, Evans, Travers, suffered a like fate at the hands of Mr. Jenkins and the great Vardon.

It only remained for Tommy Lipton to lift the Cup with Shamrock IV in September ! The Americans were to win the Derby with Durbar II and to walk away with Henley, but that was offset by the superb prowess of a Brookes and a Wilding at Wimbledon, not to mention a Mrs. Lambart Chambers and Mrs. Larcombe. The Americans were really much better discovering rivers—as when Colonel Roosevelt brushed aside the Brazil forests and appeared announcing that he had discovered a new river, the Duvida, 1,000 miles long. Not that Teddie feared our mirth. He came right over to the Royal Geographical Society about it.

That was America, that was . . .

And it was even

(*Continued on page 114*)

## Rosebuds in your garden whisper the secret of beauty

# USE LOTIONS INSTEAD OF CREAMS

The secret of beauty has been an open one — for all to see — ever since rosebuds first raised their faces to the dew. Yet, so far as I know, the only beauty culture based on that secret is my own.

By their very nature creams and greases clog the pores. If the pores are clogged the skin cannot be clean. And only a really clean skin can be really beautiful. That is the real argument for my lotions. They cleanse the skin properly, thoroughly, gently. They make it satin smooth and crystal clear. They impart the natural bloom of milk and roses.

Wouldn't you like to see for yourself the wonderful change that comes over your complexion when you change to a liquid beauty culture? Then send for my Initiation Casket. And watch the difference my lotions make, whatever the condition of your skin.

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The Purifying Lotion.
2/6, 4/6, 7/6 & 13/6 per flask

**SADKO SKIN FOOD**
The Nourishing Lotion.
2/-, 3/9, 6/6 & 11/6 per flask

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The Anti-Shine Lotion.
2/6 per flask

**SATANIT**
The Astringent cleansing Lotion.
2/6, 4/6, 7/6 & 13/6 per flask

**LAIT DE BEAUTÉ**
The Foundation Lotion for Powder
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**SADKO FACE POWDER**
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8 SAMPLES OF FACE POWDER

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Please send me your Initiation Casket as above. I enclose 3/6.

My skin is Dry........ Greasy........
(indicate by X)

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June 1934

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a shorter tale with other lands. Russia—just a spot of bother over oil, consequent upon Winston staking out a claim for the Navy in the Persian fields. Russia seemed to be wanting more men all the time for the army; and a young admiral named Beatty visited St. Petersburg. That was about all out of Russia though how we were soaked in Russian art at home ! Germany ? Well, Prince Henry inspected the new Central Flying School (we were to spend £1,000,000 on army aviation in the ensuing year); and we hadn't liked the look of the Zabern incident when a Prussian officer got away with slashing an Alsace cripple; there were one or two spying episodes, too; but we were more or less used to this kind of German stuff by now. When the German striking force at sea was increased about the same time as the opening of the Kiel Canal, that merely led to leading articles on "Fleets and Friendship." Wasn't Beatty on the spot hobnobbing cheerily with the All-Highest himself ? What interested us more about the Fatherland was wonderful first *Parsifal* at Covent Garden, and Froitzheim's final at Wimbledon with Brookes, and the prospective triumph of Cowes, with the Kaiser's *Meteor* and Krupp's *Germania* in the van.

Norse and Swede, Turk and Greek, also fleetingly claimed our attention. The first wanted unaccountably to chuck their kings; the second got into a customary Near East wrangle. Italy was in this too; but mainly news out of Italy related to Mr. William Marconi, then very Irish. Mr. Marconi had managed to 'phone 33 miles by wireless. Very interesting (also, Carnarvon was inaugurated), but wasn't wireless really for millionaires in mid-Atlantic ?

At home, was the cosmopolitan scene really being shown. Drury Lane and Covent Garden each showing superlative opera together—when they weren't going one better and competing over Russian Ballet. Never had anything been seen, dreamt like it. Hang Ulster, hang the Constitutional Crisis ! Who cared ? With Caruso ! Melba ! Nijinsky ! Karsovina ! Chaliapin ! Pavlova ! Tetrazzini ! Fokine ! Mordkin ! Never had such a constellation been collected, nor e'er should be again. The "winged young Nijinsky" packed everything, when somebody else wasn't doing likewise. Men became hysterical over him. Not in the Edwardian heyday had such evening toilettes and jewels been displayed.

Lady Ripon, Lady Curzon, Lady Cunard were hostesses of the hour. And Nancy Cunard and Mlle. de Bittencourt were noted débutantes, and Lady Diana the beauty par excellence. Mrs. Dudley Ward was an adorable newly-wed. The newly-arrived Mrs. Lavery, the stunning beauty. The Torbys' parties at Ken Wood were famous. At one of Mrs. Keiller's soirées, a Venetian setting was staged in Hyde Park Gate. At another famous affair of Mrs. Keppell's coloured wigs were introduced. On breathless nights one went out to the Welcome Club at Earl's Court. Or some gay midnight party up river won the day—or rather night. Each Friday there was Covent Garden Ball for those of both sexes who liked their pleasures with a dash of spice. And the Artists of Chelsea obliged at the Albert Hall. The Fleet Street Revel, presided over by Lord Lonsdale, was another winner. But *the* occasion was the Midnight Ball at the Savoy in aid of St. Dunstan's; and everything given free by those concerned. The Savoy was given, so was the food, so were the prizes extending down from a Noiseless Napier. The show was given free by the leading music-hall artists and the beauties of the day sold kisses: Gladys Cooper, Julia James, Mabel Russell, Phyllis Monckman, Ina Clair, Fay Compton, Emmy Wehlen, Isobel Elsom, Sari Petrass.

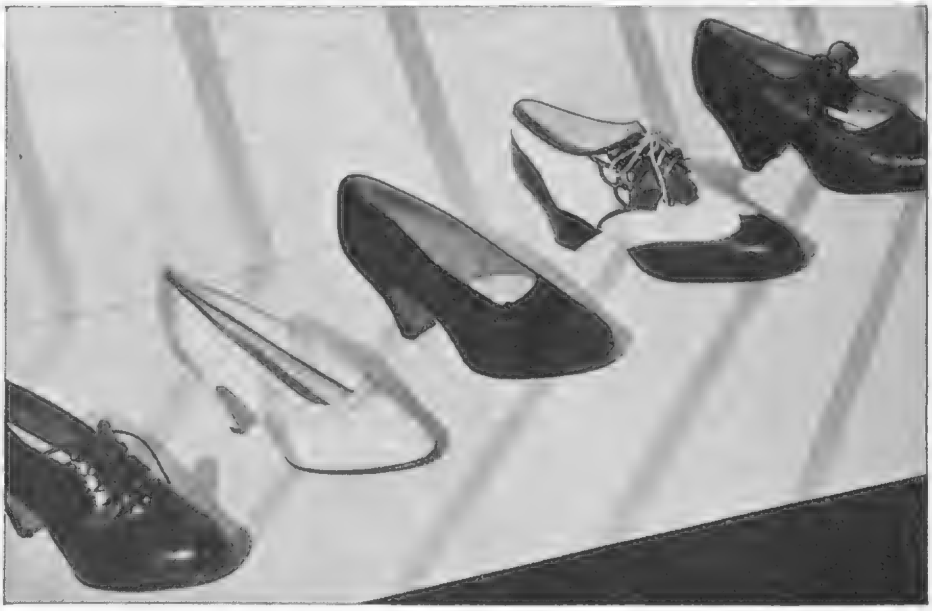
Meanwhile, naturally, the Suffs and Ulster and Labour were being an awful nuisance. The Suffs chiefly slashed famous paintings such as the Rokeby Venus, or else spent their time burning down churches, trying to interfere with Turf classics or insulting Royalty. There was one succession of police court and Old Bailey trials, and all the time the hateful Cat and Mouse Act operated by which as soon as a Militant recovered from her prison hunger-strike she was nabbed again. Mrs. Pankhurst's experiences aroused the highest emotions in her followers who looked upon her more as saint than human. It was suggested that the really bad cases might be tattooed. As for Ireland, the Ulster Volunteers were training ("F. E." galloped each week-end across to help them) and so were Redmond's opposition forces in the South. Ireland monopolised the cartoons and leaders.

Labour wasn't as bad a show as in previous years and the King did a good deal by going constantly on tour to Hull, Nottingham, the Mersey, Scotland. King George had an unenviable time, for amid all this the extremer Liberals said he was interfering unduly in the working of the Constitution (with reference to Ireland) and the Suffs used to demonstrate outside the Palace, and his Majesty had such a lot to do *alone*. No one but the Queen to help him. Princess Mary had just put her hair up and the Royal children would principally figure in the news as riding in the Row. Oh, and there was, on three occasions, reference to an unknown young man of twenty :—

"The Prince of Wales, who is known as the Pragger-Wagger at Oxford, spends his spare time following the torpids and beagling. He is studying history and economics, and it is jokingly said that there is perhaps too much Hansel and not enough Gretel.

"The Prince attended his first public dinner, of A.D.C.'s, at the Café Royal. H.R.H. will leave for Christiania

*(Continued on page 116)*



*THE excellent workmanship of Abbott's shoes is well known, and the large selection of models which they keep in stock makes a selection less difficult. The five shoes shown in the photograph above were chosen from their new range of summer models as being indicative of several new trends.*

*The first shoe on the left shows the growing popularity of the lace-up shoe; this one is carried out in tan suede and kid but can also be obtained in white and navy blue. The second shoe is destined for the races, garden parties, and such like festivities, and is carried out in white kid; note the charming finish given by a stitched band which makes a flat loop on one side. The centre shoe is made of plain dark suede, brown, black or navy, and is trimmed with a narrow band of kid ending in a figure S on one side of the vamp. The tan and white country shoe is extremely popular not only because of its undoubted good style but because it incorporates an arch support which makes wearing it a comfort on the most trying day. The top right-hand shoe is carried out in brown or black and has light broguing around the vamp and toe. The single tie on the instep is very smart.*

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### AMPLE SPACE

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The cold control enables ice cubes to be frozen in record time. If you go away for a few days the "week end" positions on the cold control maintain a steady cold at a minimum current consumption.

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How delicious are iced drinks. This model Frigidaire freezes 5 lbs. of ice, while the new patented release makes tray removal easy. There's plenty of room in the ice cave for freezing sweets and creams.

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Salads have a sparkling crispness when served from the Frigidaire Hydrator. The Hydrator—exclusive to Frigidaire—not only preserves the freshness of fruits and vegetables, but actually revives them when wilted.

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to-morrow, and it is hoped that he may make a wider European tour later in the year."

"Our little Prince performed his first public ceremony by laying the foundation stone of St. Anselm's at Kennington. Top-hatted and frock-coated, he bravely faced the ordeal of speech-making. He is of a retiring disposition, but time will alter this."

The Tetrarch's withdrawal from the Derby led to a long leader in the *Times*. "Never was there such a firm favourite as 'the rocking horse.' No Turf news was ever so sensational. He was the best ever foaled as a two-year-old. There has been too much mystery about the grey public pet. All we know is that he hit his leg and that it filled." Hobbs and Blythe were the cricketers outstanding. Steve, the champion jockey. Gray's stroke at billiards was never out of discussion. Bombardier Wells was too civilised for boxing and the future was too "Carp." It was a record Horse Show, with Lord Lonsdale and coaching A. G. Vanderbilt as the bright lights. As for the air—the first real aerial summer England ever had! And one name dominating it—Gustav Hamel. This crinkly haired young viking was the darling of the ladies as he looped by day and night; this "social skylarker" gave pioneer Society girls their biggest thrills. Hamel obeyed a Command to Windsor and looped 13 times. Thirteen: for he was soon to die. One day he passed from view for ever after Dover. The Navy searched for five days, so much was Hamel admired. But of what avail? Of what avail, either, to try to still the absurd, lying tales that were later to circulate?

In England 800 now held flight certificates, but Brock, an American, scooped the pool with all three races—round London, Manchester and back, and Paris the same (in 7 hours). The R.F.C. experienced a stimulating birth. It possessed 60 flyworthy craft, but small interest was evinced when three squadrons concentrated at Salisbury under Major Trenchard for a month's intensive combined exercises. One squadron, from Montrose, suffered cruelly in fog, and as 18 army airmen had been killed in a very short while, the public scoffed when advised of the likelihood of an army machine presently flying at 120 m.p.h., remaining 24 hours aloft, ascending to 25,000 ft., and carrying sufficient juice for 650 miles. Bombs of 100 lb. could be carried and a height of 3,500 ft. reached in eight minutes. In all this Winston was the inspiring leader. Creator of the R.N.A.S., and the first Minister to fly in history, Mr. Churchill haunted Hendon and questions were asked: Was it safe that he should constantly be either in submarines or piloting? To which Winston said: "They'd twit me if I didn't."

The French fired a machine-gun in the air and also transmitted a wireless message to the ground. But England saw the air only as a great and exciting new sport. Day after day the papers were full of Lieut. Porte's preparations to fly the Atlantic. He expected to make it in 16 hours from Newfoundland and was due to start in late July. It was to be a race between him and Hamel who, taking an ocean navigator and dropping his wheels, counted on getting across in twenty hours in his great Martin-Handasyde monoplane.

In the middle of all this the *Empress of Ireland* sank in the St. Lawrence with a loss of nearly 1,000 lives. The country was shocked only less than by the *Titanic* two years before, and the merits of huge liners came to be vitally debated. That a Norwegian had been twice the culprit, for ramming in a fog and then backing away, didn't help much. The thing was that this supersafety vessel had vanished in calm summer water in twenty minutes. The London stage lost Lawrence Irving and Mabel Hackney, last seen clasped together on deck. However, soon there was other and gladder maritime news. The 50,000-ton *Britannic* was launched at Belfast and declared absolutely unsinkable with her "inner skin"; and the *Vaterland* and *Imperator* proudly and colossally took the ocean to wrest the riband from the *Mauretania*. Other topics of the day as the season developed included: How to save St. Paul's, should women attend boxing matches, the eyesore of Charing Cross Bridge and the preservation of Waterloo ditto, Sunday cinema opening and a secret movement to close the pubs on that day, the employment of women, the perils of girls riding on motor-cycle carriers, the respective merits of the tango, turkey-trot, bunny-hug, hesitation waltz, foxtrot and plain "rag"; and hadn't they had enough Shaw, and what rot this fellow Wells wrote; and the Green Peril of absinthe at sixpence a glass in the Café Royal, temple of John and Epstein; and where were they all slithering to with the supper club craze and ceaseless limb-wagging (*dit* dancing); the high price of drinks and amusement in general; and should Margot smoke at No. 10, and was W. T. Stead really coming through to Gen. Sir Alfred Turner, and the mystery of King Manoel's separation, and Tony Asquith as the 10-year-old wonder boy ("he makes perfect models of aeroplanes and is a connoisseur of the best music"); and that little Welsh blank's taxing the rich in terribly dear times, and Mallaby-Deeley's £2,750,000 Covent Garden purchase, and Mr. Masterman's by-election defeats as Lloyd George's lieutenant, and slit skirts to the knee that made returning Londoners gasp, and the growing nuisance of trippers' litter. And what about starting female constables, and what to do touching street perils and din? "The motor-horn nuisance has risen to a swelling chorus in Piccadilly. Crossing the streets is becoming an art. And the stoppages!" And the modern girl: "The nut and the female nut are the progeny of modern pace. The motor activity of the modern girl leads to neurasthenic sterility. All she thinks of is dancing, golfing, motoring, tennis. Her excesses are not better for the children. Like an eddy of purposeless dust, her life! Under a hurricane of protest she has come." Others argued that the athletic girl made the best mate, mentally and physically. Another constant topic was the weather, for its remarkable caperings, which were attributed to the record sun spots one of which was visible to the naked eye. Days of great heat, well in the nineties, would merge abruptly with crashing storms and floods into near freezing point. Seven were killed on Wandsworth Common by lightning. Wild, freakish, rebellious, mad, unaccountable, explosive summer, the elements run wild, now roaring, now blinding, now still. . . .

As sidelines to the main and drumming orchestration of Ulster, week in and week out, there was the interest aroused by a proposal of Mr. Jesse Collings that emigration of rural England to the Colonies be stopped or there would soon be no able-bodied young men left in the countryside. "Our villages will be deserted. The Colonies can wait. To Australian clamour for fresh emigrants I say: 'Take our town-bred ones or go without!'" Arctic and Antarctic exploration was another topic permanently to the fore, with Shackleton about to start on his attempted air sledge crossing from the Ross to the Weddell Seas. Mawson was also in the field.

The criminal courts did not yield much. Dull season. A newsvendor accused of killing his boy in a train as the cause célèbre! True, there were the Army canteen scandals and Oscar Slater; and the Master of Elibank was exculpated by his peers, last ripple of the Marconi (*Continued on page 118*)

**The classic simplicity —**

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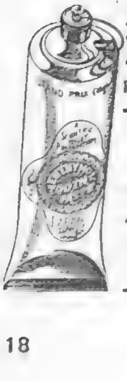

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case; and two British spies were sentenced, one for stealing a code book from the *Queen*; and T. W. H. Crosland was in a libel action with Robert Ross over the old, old subject, and Frank Harris found Brixton Prison "dehumanising," and there was a famous divorce case long and lusciously reported. But in the main: dull, with the Suffs blocking the courts. The same could be said of the world of art and letters save for the supreme opera and ballet. The Academy had "no unity or character," and except for a Sargent of Henry James (promptly slashed by the wild women) found small notice. Pictures were chiefly in the news by the closing down of galleries and museums. On the stage Bennett's *Great Adventure* still survived gloriously, and Maugham made a hit with *The Land of Promise*, and Knoblauch, a bigger one with *My Lady's Dress*, "a play about clothes in which the wonderful-looking Miss Cooper first shows that she really can be an actress." *Potash and Perlmutter* started off; and Shaw put "not bloody likely" into Mrs. Pat's mouth at His Majesty's and the success of *Pygmalion* was assured and London had a new catchphrase, and the modern stage was finally emancipated. Tree and Alexander relied on revivals. *The Marriage Market* ran on and on at Daly's, and a great revue was born at the Palace in *The Passing Show*, with Elsie Janis and Basil Hallam. Ethel Levy, Lee White, Shirley Kellogg were other favourites, but the public finally showed signs of acute impatience with nothing but Ireland and Shaw and Lloyd George in the piled-up revues.

ANOTHER small company was hardly known beyond a limited number that frequented the "picture palaces." Doug and Mary, the Gishes, Tom Mix, Bunny, Theda Bara, Chaplin, Linder, Mabel Normand, the Talmadges, Fatty. But Charles Frohman announced that "a moving-picture play would compete with the moving-picture itself, a succession of scenes quickly over." Another piece of news told that Felix Weingartner had been filmed in Berlin conducting *Carmen* and "transferred to the living orchestra for generations to come."

In the book world Wells led with *A World Set Free*, "a porridge of discontent, Utopia, and imagination." Corelli's *Innocence*, Vachell's *Quinney's*, Moore's *Vale*, Conrad's *Chance*, also held the attention. Shaw issued *Misalliance*, a treatise on parents and their children, in which he argued that athletics were all wrong to keep the young off sex; they should be stuffed with

(*Continued on page* 120)

# Carpets for Modest Schemes

REALISING the need for sound and durable carpets and rugs that meet the purpose of the simply furnished bungalow or flat, manufacturers have lately turned their attention to providing something adequate in quality and appearance that meets the case equally well in the essential matter of price.

Wilton carpets, which as everyone knows are the aristocrats of their kind, are offered now for less than five pounds. A Wilton carpet in plain colouring, with a deep border of a darker shade—admirably suitable for the cottage bedroom, or for the smaller sitting-room—costs no more than £4 15s. These carpets in many lovely shades are being shown in Messrs. Gorringes, of Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1, new Inexpensive Carpet Department, and are guaranteed for sound wear and lasting service. A rather bigger size costs £6 6s., still well within economic bounds for the really simple furnishing scheme.

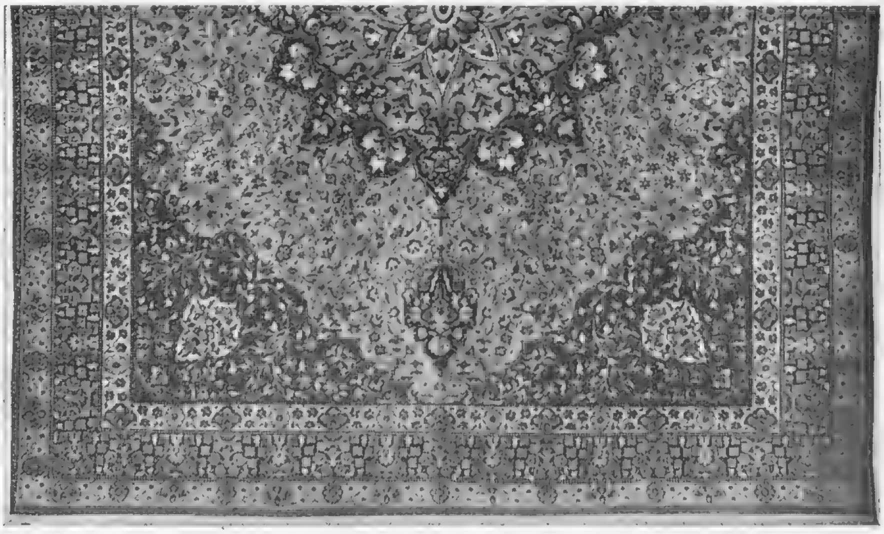
Indian carpets in their pleasant bright colourings figure among the very best values in this department, which has been instituted specially to cater for the really modest furnishing scheme. The rougher texture of these carpets makes them particularly suitable for hard wear whilst adding very much to the possibilities of comfort in the room.

An Indian carpet measuring three yards square—this is sufficient for the small room—can be had for £3 6s. A slightly larger size is £3 17s. 6d.; while one measuring three yards by four yards is £4 7s. 6d. Again very reasonable, you see.

INDIAN rugs begin at 12s. 9d.—very bright and comfortable these for the bungalow bedroom—and a large 7 ft. by 4 ft. size is still only 25s. 6d.

At these prices no one will care to be without the comfort and decoration, nor in choosing from Messrs. Gorringes' new department need they fear to be dazzled and distressed by the proximity of costlier carpets. This department is strictly confined to modest prices, and one could wish that all shopkeepers were as considerate.

*HAND-MADE Indian carpets figure among the bargains at Gorringes. No two designs are alike, and the colourings are blue, brown, green, rose, on ground shades of camel, fawn and beige. From 45/–*



*A REALLY fine pile Wilton carpet with a medallion centre costs only £6 15 0 (size 9 ft. × 6 ft. 9 in.) in Messrs. Gorringes new inexpensive carpet department. Persian colourings on fawn or soft rose grounds can be had, and there are larger sizes up to £12 12 0*

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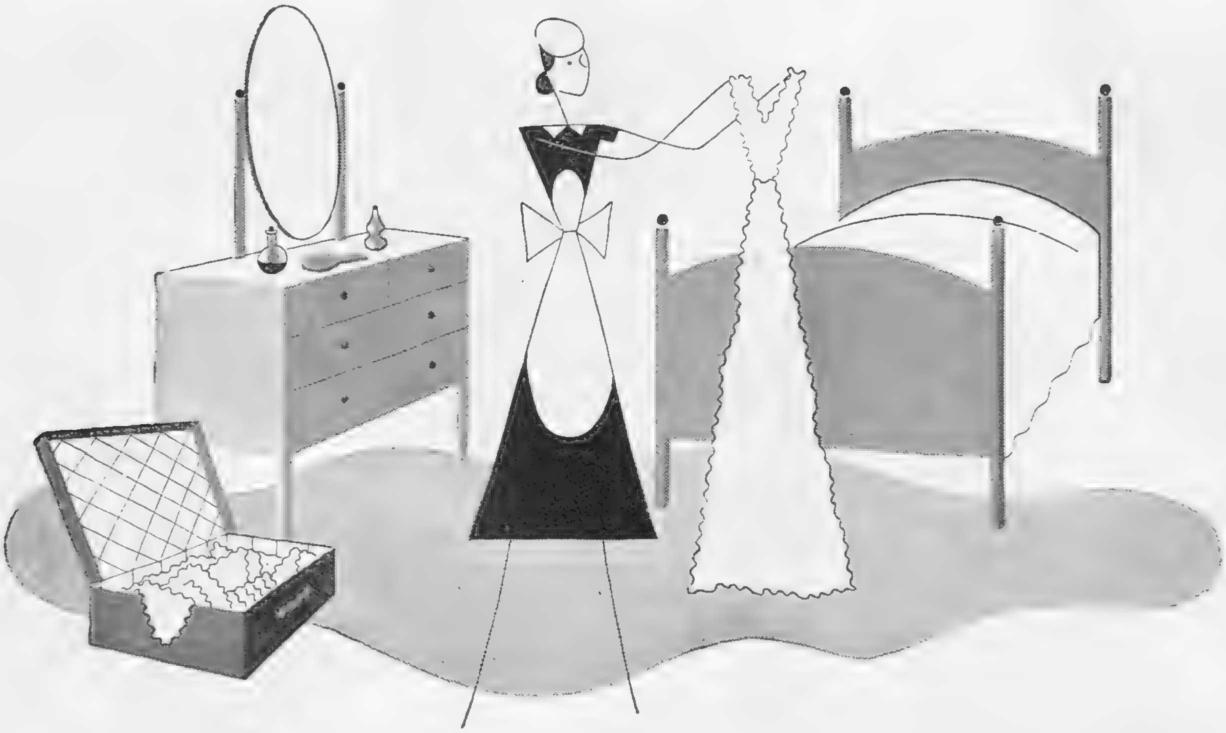

But don't you be behind the times. When it comes to unpacking, let your frocks show up-to-date freshness. Make them of Tootal crease-resisting fabrics and they'll travel as smoothly as costly silk or wool. There's a charming variety for every kind of dress, from Toutaline—cotton tweed for tailormades—to the lovely Tootal Chiffons and Taffetas for evening. And they all cost such a few shillings a yard. What a chance these marvellous new stuffs give you to indulge your love of change! How delightfully neat and uncrushed they keep you! Washed like silk, they always keep their crease-resisting powers. Each carries the Tootal Guarantee of satisfaction, and its own brand name on the selvedge. If you have any difficulty write to Tootal (Dept.6D), 56 Oxford Street, Manchester.

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**ROBIA** cotton voiles

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**TOUTALINE** cotton tweeds

**TOOTRESS** rayon and cotton

**TOOTAL TAFFETA** 100% rayon

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art and music and the poets. Some new sonnets of Keats were published, but Mrs. O'Shea's Love Story was the best-seller. Thomas Hardy married his secretary, and Sir E. Carson was also surprisingly smitten in the very middle of all the Civil War talk. Will Dyson was making his mark as " the cartoonist of revolt " and there was a circulation war on between the *Telegraph* and *Times*, which reduced to a penny. National humour was distinctly on the gross side, hinging mostly on drunks and sea-sickness ; while the pun was the order of the day even in the best publications. And so the tale went on. . . .

So heated were political relations that the parliamentary golf and chess matches were cancelled. Mrs. Asquith and her daughter Violet were in minor " scenes " consequent on rudeness when they attended social affairs " F. E." emerged hourly as a compelling figure who would stay the course—wonderful brain, stout lad, too! The gun-running into Ireland filled the newspapers. Red Cross units were hastily formed. And London went on dancing to coon bands although Mr. Mead systematically closed the better supper clubs. The river season beckoned gorgeously. Motorists—280,000 of all ranks—put up the dust. There had been a white Ascot. The Hertford Pageant and seven hundredth anniversary of Magna Carta. Explosive weather. Burnings by the Suffs. Great building strike in London reaches climax. Gunboat Smith Carpentier. Dictator Redmond. Necessity of immediate Army Council reform. Far too much woman influence at the War Office. " Immense responsibilities of Sir Douglas Haig in modern war."

" Lord Kitchener landed at Dover yesterday and drove direct to Ringwould."

Austrian Heir and Consort Shot. " Will strengthen the royal system but adds to the clouds."

For three days the tragedy of Serajevo, and its possible implications, shifted Ireland from the lead in the Press. It was fully realised that the situation in Europe might grow serious because the nations stood so fully armed, one opposite the other. Still ——

Death of Joe. A nation mourns. Hopeless Budget tangle—is an August election the only way out? Will Mr. Asquith introduce his Amending Bill for Ulster exclusion? Thames Society Tragedy. Sir Denis Anson and gallant musician drowned off Battersea. Dived in for a joke. Two hundred on board for midnight supper spree. Inquest revelations.

" The Drums of Ulster."

" The Bosnia Murder—Latest."

" Rival Armies in Ireland."

" Lectures to Serbs."

In mid-July Sir Percy Scott wrote to the Press saying that dreadnoughts were already obsolete before the submarine and air menace, and a national correspondence was maintained on the issue for the next two weeks. During this period the other great excitements were the Caillaux murder trial in Paris, the Gunboat Smith-Carpentier fight at Olympia, and the King's last

*MISS ELSIE RANDOLPH thinks—and rightly—that the Solon Electrical Waffler is a tremendous asset in the home. With its help—and it can be plugged into any point—crisp waffles can be made in a few minutes with the minimum of labour*

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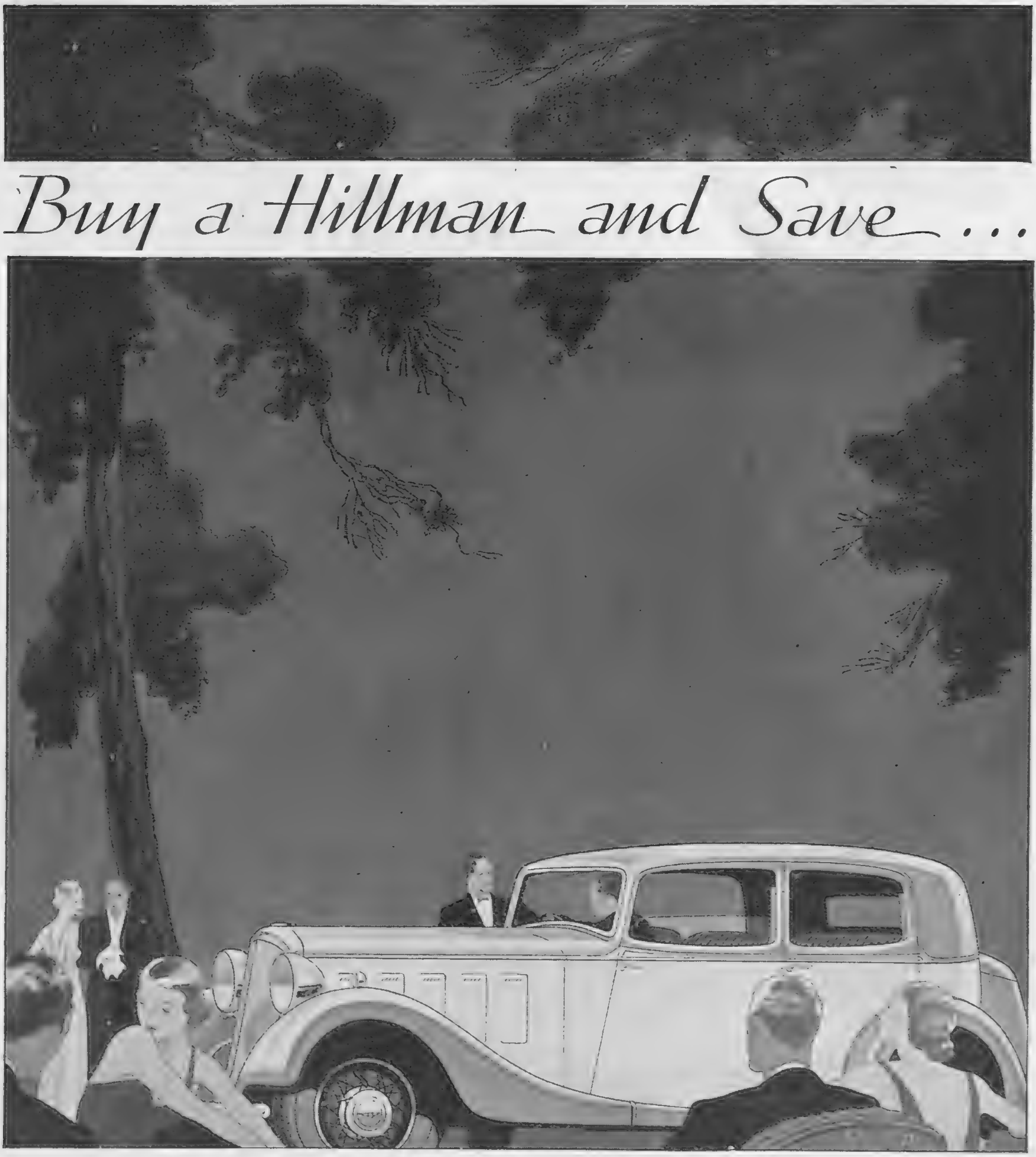
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STANCE

IF the Palace were in the middle of the Black Country or alongside a cotton mill it would still be worth visiting. That it forms a background to one of the most priceless gems on the English—or any other—coast doubles, trebles or infinitely multiplies (it all depends on the value you attach to position) its attractiveness. And it is doubtful if, at this season of the year, there is a more utterly satisfying holiday in the whole world. Everything from golf to talkies included in the terms.

Palace Hotel Torquay

BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE

## 20 Years Ago

efforts to save the Irish situation with the Buckingham Palace Conference. There was also a menace from Durazzo that occupied quite a lot of space—"in the circumstances." And Mr. Churchill kept the Fleet mobilised after the great Spithead Review—though this was only a routine measure in view of forthcoming exercises in the North Sea.

Attacks on the King. Acquittal of Madame Caillaux.

*Grave Decisions Pending.*

*Ultimatum to Serbia.*

*Cowes Cancelled.*

On July 28th the European crisis displaced Ireland in the news.

*Britain Arms . . .*

END

## They Want to be Happy

(*Continued from page 16*)

only a half-share of a hoss—had gone lame for the rest of the hunting season in cool, muddy, remote England. There was the middle-aged woman reviving—in the tender restless faces of the platonists—dreams of stupendous beauty which had proved themselves only dreams; living again the hidden tempests of her girlhood; laughing again; hoping again; again afire. And she was not only looking back, as she had talked on the terrace at Bordighera; but she had been wanting what people can't have—her chances over again; she had been looking forward not for the youngsters, but for herself. Unutterable foolishness, and vanity . . . But what a pity! Yes! What a pity! What a pity!

"Yes, and it was a pity!" she cried loudly.

"*Isn't she mar—vellous*, Lennie? . . . I told you at the time, darling, she was marvellous . . . well, as soon as you said *that* we saw that it *was* a pity. You made us realise somehow that every minute is precious. . . . You see, Lady Sophie, we'd run away to—to—experiment . . . My father said I hadn't enough to marry on, and Susan's people wouldn't hear of me. . . . You see, I'm not making much as a very junior reporter—just yet; and she hasn't got many violin pupils. But we just put our savings together, and eloped to Bordighera—third class . . ."

"And the morning after you had told us what a pity it was that we should waste our time, we came down—well, I came down first . . . and Lennie saw your trunks just being carried out, Lady Sophie, and he ran up and knocked at my door and said: 'She's going!' But we were too late to say 'Goodbye' to you," they sighed.

"Pray assure me again," said Lady Sophie, really agitated, "that you are now married."

"Oh rather! *Rather!*"

Susan continued, blushing:

"We went straight out, and as we left the hotel your cab was just vanishing round the corner. We ran after it to the station, but you had cut it close and the train steamed out just as we got there."

"Yes, I did cut it close," said Lady Sophie, abruptly.

And she recalled how she had wanted to get away from the mere sight of them.

"We went straight from the station to the priest, who advised us . . . So we went into Mentone and found the English chaplain; and at last, when we'd complied with everything, we were married," they sighed blissfully.

"And your fathers and mothers?" asked Lady Sophie.

They burst out laughing, and snapped their fingers.

"Oh!" Lady Sophie breathed very low, "when I was your age, if only I'd laughed and snapped my fingers too!"

Then with a big effort she stopped tears from rising to her eyes; for she saw that they would not have understood; she might even have seemed to them faintly foolish. The look of chivalrous young affection and understanding, that Lennie conjured up at her piteous cry, meant nothing. She was to them a sort of fairy godmother, whose own time for all this sort of thing had slipped by.

The young dog came to her and laid his happy head against her knee. She stroked the head. The dog looked up at her, smiling with shining eyes, and she saw that he, also, was too happy to understand.

The happy cat stretched, purring, on the hearth; sometimes she rolled over lazily and purred louder—for she was so happy.

"My God! Sweetheart! the chicken!" cried Lennie, darting out.

"That's the soup boiling over, dearest," cried Susan, darting after him.

The dog, laughing (*Continued on page 124*)

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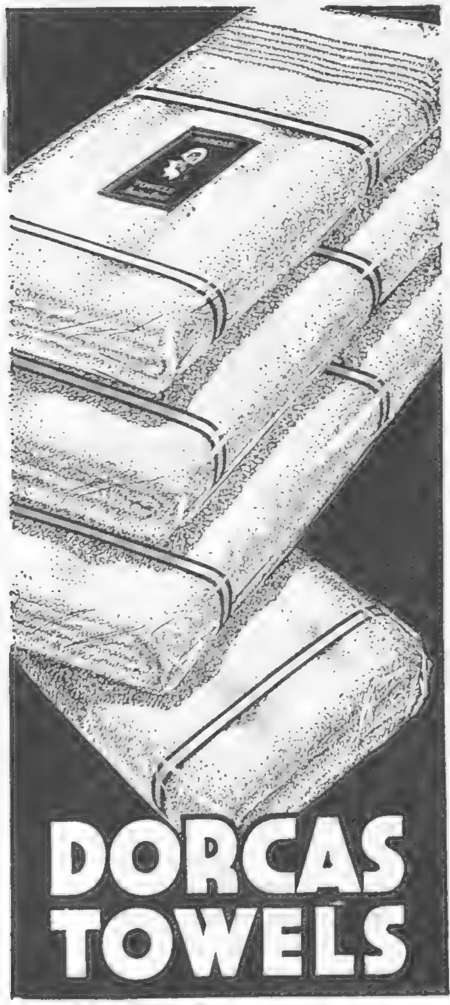

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with delight, rushed after them, and the young cat gambolled after the dog.

Perhaps Lady Sophie—although her class and generation did not actually dabble in the mundane details of housewifeliness—might have followed them too, if only to get out of that happy room; but she knew too well what they would be doing.

They would be kissing beside the gas stove.

Already she was one too many; and the chicken and the soup were only a ruse.

Directly they returned, though, which was not for five minutes, bearing a tray of *consommé* cups, the bride and bridegroom made much of Lady Sophie. They gave her soup and chocolates and chicken and *éclairs* and *marrons glacés* and coffee and *crème-de-menthe*, and gratitude, as if never could they sufficiently *fête* such a marvellous wiseacre of a woman.

They seemed faintly disappointed, in their host-and-hostess capacity, that some carefully planned *coup* had failed to materialise at the proper moment; but after the coffee and the *crème-de-menthe*, it materialised with apologies; very large strawberry ices that had been ordered from, and forgotten by, the local pastrycook.

After all, ices are ices! What can their time or sequence matter? Lady Sophie ate hers without a qualm, in company with Susan and Lennie.

The young dog had the last lick of each spoon; it seemed to be already a jolly rite with him. The cat dreamily swept her pink tongue over three emptied plates.

The most wonderful evening must come to an end—all the sooner if your car is hired by the hour; and soon the chauffeur was ringing the bell of the enchanted flat. So then Lady Sophie was able to see whence Lennie had spirited away her wrap.

"Your wrap is in the Bedroom," said Susan, still trying to sound accustomed; adding with a delicious smile, "I should *like* you to see that."

So Lady Sophie saw the Bedroom, and was asked to admire a photograph of Bordighera, on the wall; but she looked mostly at a double bed with a most reverent arrangement of pillows; and at a girl's pink quilted slippers placed side by side with a man's old felt pair, on the floor at the bed's foot.

They kissed her.

They saw her off. The dog saw her off, and the cat too.

So the hired car slid away from the gates of Paradise, and as it passed along streets of little houses and trees and tramlines, and so on, Lady Sophie switched off the inside light and leaned back in her darkness, and cried slowly and quietly and bitterly; not putting up a hand to wipe away the difficult tears until they came into the London that was hers; and in Park Street she must get out.

She must find her latchkey in her bag and open her door herself, and go into her silent little house—for the spirited young maids would be at a cinema—and find some dull invitations on the hall table, and go alone to bed.

However, upon her doorstep stood a burly and somewhat impatient figure in evening clothes, with a silk hat at the back of his head, knocking and ringing.

"My dear *William!*" said Lady Sophie rebukingly.

The car drove away, and all was quiet in Park Street.

Then General Sir William Forge took her latchkey from her and opened the front door and stepped with her into the small hall.

"Hope I wasn't making too much noise, m'dear," said he humbly. "There was a light on in your drawing room, and so I kept on trying."

"We always leave one light on if the house is empty," said Lady Sophie in the voice of a woman-alone, "to scare burglars, you know."

"Burglars, m'dear!" said Sir William; and then he laughed at her.

"It's rather late, William," said Lady Sophie.

"Only ten o'clock, m'dear, and at last I'd got that little thing I'd been trying for—it only came this evening, after I'd gone out. And I came in early like you, and I found it; and ses I to myself, ses I: 'I'll just see if Sophie's in; or I can leave the little thing.'"

"'Little thing,' William?"

"For your birthday, y'know. You had your birthday at Bordighera."

"Oh, damn all my birthdays!" cried Lady Sophie, and standing there, so thin and elegant and quiet and greyish in the hall, suddenly she spread her beautiful hands over her face.

"Come, come! what's this?" said Sir William in a hearty male voice of authority, and Lady Sophie felt his large, hard arm about her. It was not the first time it had been there—but that was a long while ago. It was the first time, however, that she had not repudiated it.

And she found herself in her little drawing room upstairs—the room where the light had beckoned him—seated very close beside her old admirer on a small couch in front of a careful coke fire; and looking back into eyes that had loved her for more years than any woman cared to remember.

"Nothing, William," she said.

"But you're crying, Sophie!" And he was frightened and concerned and masterful all at once.

"I am certainly not crying, William."

Sir William took from the pocket of his overcoat, which he had not taken time to remove, a small object—his present, the "little thing."

Lady Sophie was a collector—in her necessarily economical way—of ivory figurines by one Pedro Nuno, centuries deceased; and Sir William had found for her one on which for years she had set her heart; which she had heard of; looked for; never been able to afford to buy.

It was the offering of a true and patient lover, for whom no trouble was too great, no quest too small, if it was for her.

She whispered: "Oh, Bill."

"Sophie, I heard that hoss of yours had cracked up and dished your huntin' . . . I heard you'd gone abroad; heard you'd come home. Always—always have to hear of you from other people. Can't understand why you won't reconsider me. . . . All the huntin' you'd want . . . and I've bred a rose called the Lady Sophie. Showing this year at Chelsea. You like hosses; you like flowers. You like a lotta things. Can't understand why you can't like me."

"I do—I do like you, William."

"Bill!" he said swiftly. "You called me 'Bill' a minute ago."

"I do like you, Bill; only once bitten—twice shy."

"Stop that fool talk, m'dear," said Sir William, scarcely believing that the opportunity had at last come, yet knowing that it had. "You've taken your tosses—I know it; a bit worse than most of the rest of us. But you're up again all right. I love you and always shall. Just try to tell me what you want most in the world and I'll try to do it."

"I—I—I want to be happy!"

Suddenly a little burst of music came through the thin wall of the house next door. A gramophone-radio was playing Tosti's "Good-bye."

"The swallows are making them read—y to fly,
    Wheeling out on a win—dy sky.
  Good-bye, Summer, Good-bye . . . .
      Good-bye . . . ."

"That's what it's always been with me," cried Lady Sophie passionately. "'Good-bye! good-bye!' To all I ever dreamed—'Good-bye.' The theme song of my life . . . 'Good-bye'!"

But strange as these words might seem to a middle-aged soldier, spoken by a middle-aged lady of title, he understood. And he waited no longer—but caught her in his arms: "Sweetheart," he said—and this word between them was not strange at all. "You haven't yet begun!"

"There's so little time left!" cried Lady Sophie. But he answered:

"If there is one minute left it is enough for you and me."

After Lady Sophie had totally surrendered, and they were both very happy indeed, after the spirited young maids had come in and been called to drink a toast, in champagne from their Lady's tiny stock, before they went, amazed, to bed; when all the world was young once more; when the last revellers of the night were returning to Park Street, and she was again in the little hall, seeing her lover away, Lady Sophie said inconsequently: "I should like a wire-haired terrier six months old; and I'm very fond of cats."

DOG was happy. Cat was happy. Fantail pigeons were happy. Even cross-eyed peacocks were happy. Sir William was happy. Lady Forge was happy on a day in June.

"Bit soon, as far as I'm concerned," said Sir William, "to have people to stay. I like to be alone with you, my dear. Still, from all you say, these young turtle doves won't trouble us much."

"Two telegrams, my Lady," said the butler—who was also happy—coming across the lawn to the hammock chairs under the cedar trees.

"Dear me!" cried Lady Forge.

And leaning against his shoulder she showed Sir William the telegrams.

"Susan not coming, but I would love see you again thanks arrive 3.30 Lennie."

And:

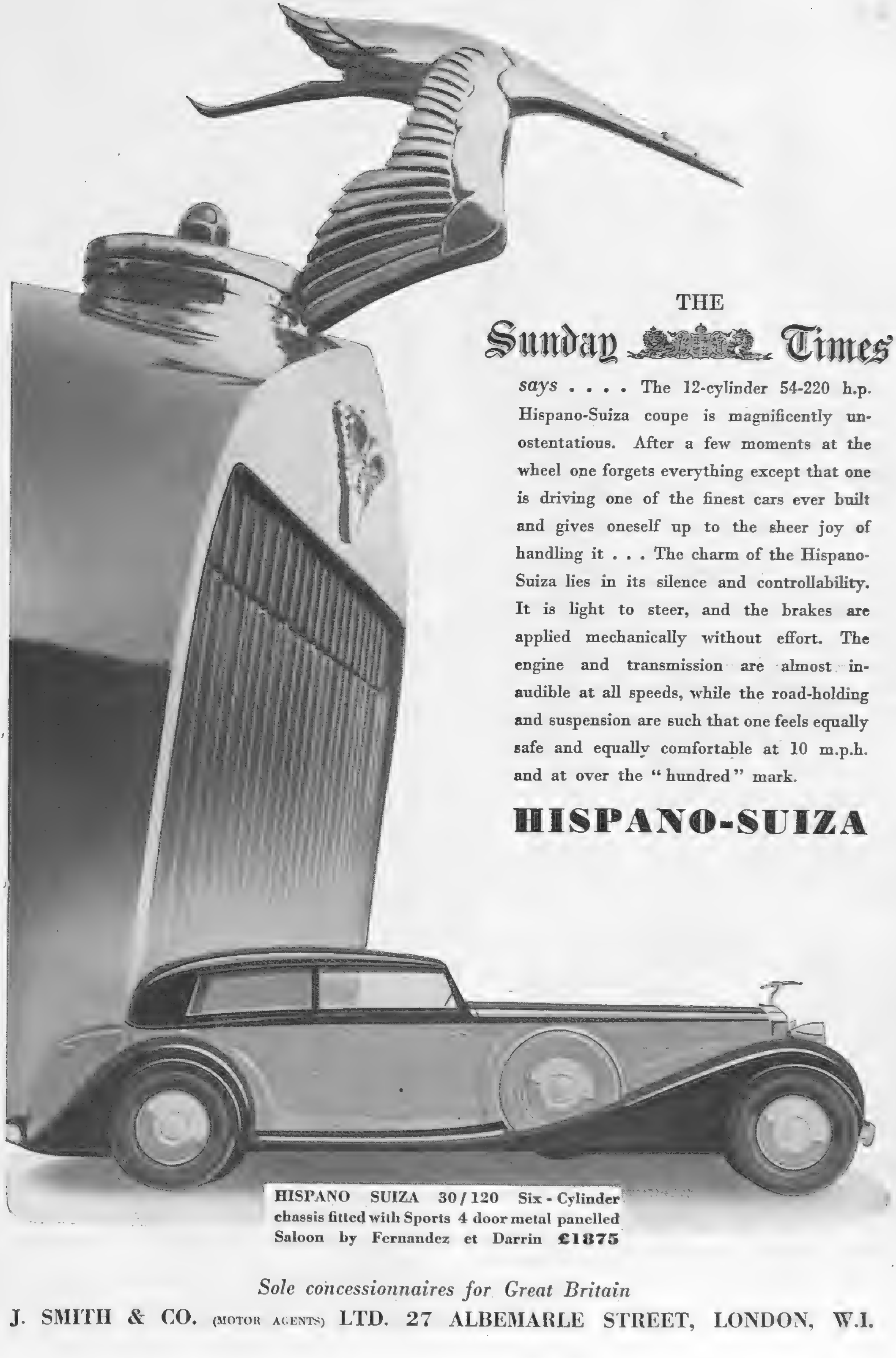
"Lennie refusing come I long see you again thank you love arrive 6.30 Susan."

"Well," said Sir William agreeably, "the car must go to the station twice, that's all."

For he did not care what was what, or what was not, so long as his bride should have her way.

"But!" said Lady Forge.

She she went indoors and upstairs to the bed and dressing rooms to the adornment of which she had put the last touches (*Continued on page 126*)



THE

**Sunday Times**

*says* . . . . The 12-cylinder 54-220 h.p. Hispano-Suiza coupe is magnificently unostentatious. After a few moments at the wheel one forgets everything except that one is driving one of the finest cars ever built and gives oneself up to the sheer joy of handling it . . . The charm of the Hispano-Suiza lies in its silence and controllability. It is light to steer, and the brakes are applied mechanically without effort. The engine and transmission are almost inaudible at all speeds, while the road-holding and suspension are such that one feels equally safe and equally comfortable at 10 m.p.h. and at over the "hundred" mark.

**HISPANO-SUIZA**

HISPANO SUIZA 30/120 Six-Cylinder chassis fitted with Sports 4 door metal panelled Saloon by Fernandez et Darrin **£1875**

*Sole concessionnaires for Great Britain*

J. SMITH & CO. (MOTOR AGENTS) LTD. 27 ALBEMARLE STREET, LONDON, W.I.

By Appointment By Appointment

Concentrated Bath Essences

(A few drops sprinkled into the bath will soften the water and leave a delicate and lasting perfume)

PINE

JASMINE

CARNATION

ROSE GERANIUM

Floris, Perfumer

89, Jermyn Street, London

WOMEN AND GAMES

Modern doctor's guidance on a health problem

The question of whether it is wise to play games at certain times has always been an important decision for women to make. Modern medical opinion is that games in moderation are perfectly safe for healthy women—in fact, such exercise is actually beneficial; *but* doctors stress the necessity for absolutely comfortable sanitary protection. Addressing a girls' athletic club recently a woman doctor said: "You must all realise the *vital* importance of the right kind of sanitary protection. Towels which cause chafing (as old-fashioned types of towels do), are harmful. They can make games and other forms of exercise actually painful. From the medical point of view these towels are utterly unhygienic in the first place, and the acute discomfort they so often give rise to may act as contributory to, or the aggravating cause of, quite serious feminine ailments. So, both for your personal comfort and your health's protection—and also because it will better enable you to play games and to enjoy them—be certain that the towels you use are the most comfortable obtainable: modern, super-absorbent, hygienic towels such as Lilia *will* not cause chafing and cannot do you harm."

The best way of following this woman doctor's advice is to use Lilia—the modern luxury towel which is thoroughly approved by the medical profession—*always.* Lilia are made from super-absorbent sterilised cellulose and the softest medical gauze, and they will not chafe under any circumstances. Cool, light and soft, they allow the perfect freedom of movement necessary for games or any other form of exercise. Lilia are *soluble* towels, and after use are simply flushed away in the lavatory.

*Lilia are made by a well-known firm of surgical dressings manufacturers who keep in touch—through a woman doctor whose services they retain in an advisory capacity—with the intimate problems of women's health and the latest discoveries of medical science for their alleviation.*

LILIA

THE BRITISH SOLUBLE SANITARY TOWEL

Standard size, 1/- per carton of 12, with loops (or without them)

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW USERS.—*Twelve assorted Lilia Towels, together with a new adjustable, narrow, elastic suspender belt which has been medically approved, and one pair modern style protective knickers, for 3/6 post free, in plain cover. Belt and knickers, 2/6. Towels alone, 1/3. Medical Handbook by a lady doctor enclosed in every package. Write: Miss Dorothy Downing (Dept. S.3), Sashena Ltd., Lilia Works, Bartholomew Road, London, N.W.5.*

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

with her own hands. Half a dozen of the precious Lady Sophies themselves were there in a vase on the vast dressing-table; and there were bowls of sweet peas galore.

Lady Forge looked in the mirror at herself, and saw what she had seen before—that she had become a beauty.

Sir William told her this several times daily.

She smiled at herself; but:

"Dear me!" she thought. "Dear me!"

However, a short space of time would elucidate the mystery; and indeed at four o'clock in the afternoon the car returned from the station, depositing a pale, a haggard, not to say a bitterly disillusioned Lennie.

He unburdened his heart to Lady Forge at once.

"Marriage is a mistake. Susan and I have quarrelled irrevocably. Her refusing to come here with me put the seal upon our parting."

"Oh dear!" said Lady Forge. "She does not know you've come?"

"I told her I would not come without her. She said she would not come with me. I walked out of the flat for ever this morning, with my suitcase—and—and—er—sent you that telegram."

"My poor boy!"

"It was all an illusion. I shall never marry again. Once bitten, twice shy."

"Oh dear!" cried Lady Forge. "And the dear dog?"

"I sent him away to stay in a happier home this morning. I told her our flat was no place for innocent animals to thrive in."

"The little cat?"

"Er—she sent that to her sister when I sent the dog away. She said the cat was pining and saw ghosts."

"Ghosts!"

"Of lost happiness," said Lennie with a hollow laugh.

"Oh! My *dear* boy! Oh! surely they will come back?"

"Poor dumb animals. Never! Never!"

"Oh, my *dear* boy!"

"I have an article to write on 'Marriage Is a Snare' this afternoon. Before dinner. You won't mind? There's such a thing as alimony, one hears."

"My *poor* boy!"

"Well, one is up against the stark truth."

"A little tennis with William after tea, and then the article to be written?" said Lady Forge pitifully.

"As you like. As you like. Only it's no use my shirking any job of work now with this alimony hanging over me."

"I want Romeo and Juliet upstairs," said Lady Forge to the butler by and by.

So she tapped at the door of the bedroom where Lennie sat writing, and quietly she shoved in the happy dog and the happy cat.

They ran over to Lennie at once with smiles of ecstasy, strangers though they were.

"Gosh!" said Lennie, and with a groan he ceased to earn alimony; while the young dog, with laughter in his eyes, came and sat close against his feet; and the young cat, sympathy in every note of her purring, coiled upon his knee.

Just at about this time the car again drew up at the front door, and out stepped a white, a sad, a shaken Susan.

"*My dear!*" cried Lady Forge, kissing her warmly.

"I must tell you at once the meaning of my telegram," whispered Susan, clinging to her. "Lennie and I have parted. It is all over. He gave away the dog this morning; I gave away the cat."

"My lamb! They could come back?"

"Oh never! never!"

"My poor sweet child!"

"The home is just a shell. I wanted you to know at once."

"My dear, sweet child!" cried Lady Forge. "And where is he?"

"God knows!"

"My poor lamb," said Lady Forge, pitifully, looking like one of the Lady Sophie roses, all glowing in her new softness and colour, so that Susan opened her eyes and was jealous. "You would like to go to your room at once? My maid will come if you ring; and she'll unpack for you."

"Thank you; I envy you your radiant happiness," said the disillusioned matron of Muswell Hill.

And now it was Lady Forge who blushed divinely.

"Once I believed in marriage!" moaned the disillusioned matron of Muswell Hill.

Lady Forge herself ushered Susan upstairs, and pushed her within the door.

So Susan saw Lennie in the happy room with the happy dog and the happy cat, and her heart felt like bursting; and they stared at each other.

The dog ran to Susan.

Susan began to stroke the dog; and Lennie stroked the cat. They stroked faster and faster, more and more lovingly, till Romeo and Juliet were each in ecstasy.

"What are you doing here, Lennie?" Susan said at last in a freezing voice.

"I am trying to get a little peace in which to earn your alimony, Susan. That is all."

And Susan's eyes travelled to the large bed where there was a reverent arrangement of pillows made earlier in the day by Lady Forge herself; and beside which—for the butler had already unpacked for Lennie—lay a pair of old, old felt slippers.

Susan gave one sob.

Then she looked at the bell, and she looked at her own little suitcase, but she did not ring the bell. She opened the case, and the first thing she laid hand upon was a pair of quilted pink slippers—not as new as they used to be—and she set them beside Lennie's.

Lennie rose, and went over to the bed.

"The pillows are not right," he said chokingly.

He adjusted them.

"Oh Lennie!" whispered Susan, "just as we used to be! Even a dog and a cat!"

"You—you haven't forgotten me yet, have you, Susan?" cried Lennie, choking. And he opened his arms.

"No, I haven't forgotten you, darling," said Susan, and rushed into them—though it had been a long day.

End

Let "RANEE" read your character from your Handwriting

"RANEE" has proved to our satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting.

The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "Britannia & Eve" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining.

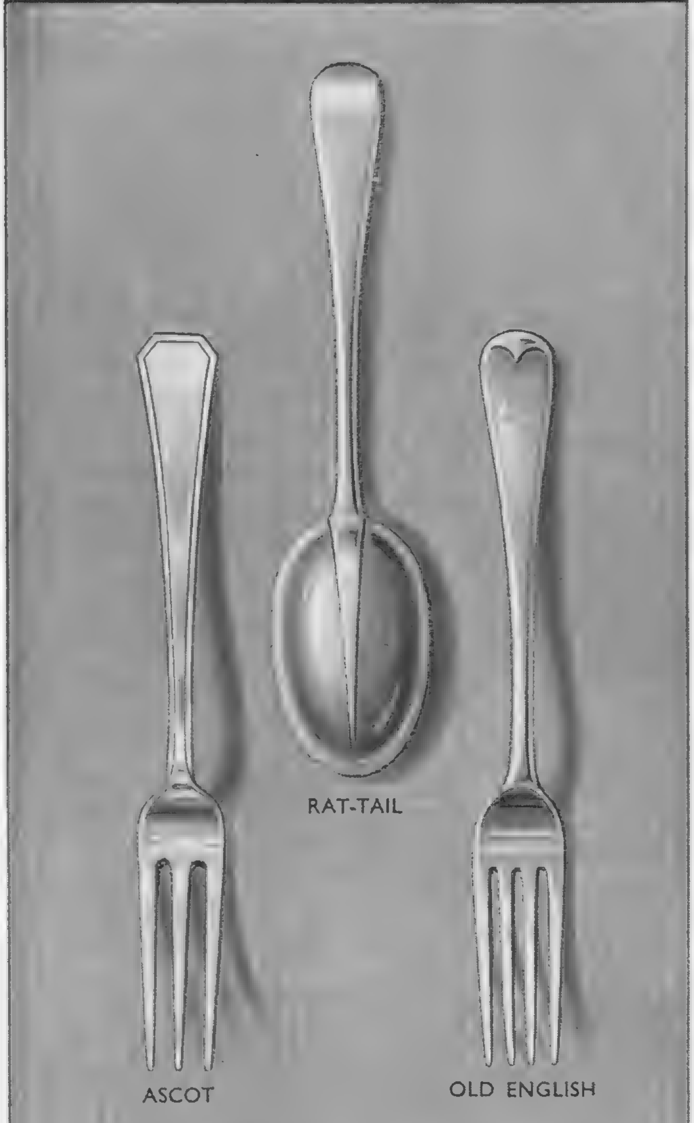
All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and the month of your birth; (4) the colour of your eyes and hair.

¶ Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a ***stamped addressed envelope for reply.***

In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.

BY APPOINTMENT

# STERLING SILVER SPOONS & FORKS



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Follow Elizabeth Bock's way to beauty, and you will be absolutely certain that at last you have found a method which will enable you to cultivate a beauty and a personality all your own. Elizabeth Bock is the oldest authority on beauty in the world. Her preparations are stocked by leading houses all over the world and their purity and efficacy are unsurpassed. At her new salon, in Old Bond Street, a specially trained staff can advise you on all beauty problems.

Here is a letter written by one of the most fashionable women in Paris :—" Dear Madame Bock : *During my travels and among my circle of friends, I used many different kinds of cosmetics. In this way I experienced them all, but have now known for a long time that the Elizabeth Bock preparations, to which I always returned, are the best and quite unsurpassed . . . .*" And another : "*I had tried many creams, but none of them seemed to suit me . . . I was almost in despair . . . then I came to you.*" In London an enthusiastic client wrote : "*I feel that your thorough knowledge of skin treatment will now help me to success.*" We have thousands of such spontaneous letters.

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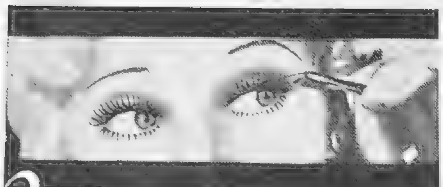
30 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
And at all leading Stores, Chemists and Hairdressers



You can have eyes like the Stars

by the simple magic of the NEW NON-SMARTING, TEAR-PROOF MAYBELLINE MASCARA.

Just a touch of Maybelline to your lashes and the magic transformation takes place. As your lashes are made to appear dark, long and luxuriant, your eyes become more brilliant, and wonderfully expressive. Be sure you get Maybelline because it is harmless and non-smarting. Blue, Black or Brown.

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**Standard size 3/9. Vanity size 6/-**
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*Maybelline Specialities also include:*
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Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER

*Of all good Hairdressers, Stores and Chemists.*

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**WOMEN! WHY SUFFER**

Periodic Pains

**month after month**

***Specialist's Safe Prescription quickly ends needless agony***

HUNDREDS of women and girls who once used to suffer untold misery every month now know about Baxen and the quick, soothing relief it brings from periodic aches and pains.

One of them gratefully writes: "I have been a great sufferer from periodic pains which were very severe in my stomach, for they nearly pulled me to the floor. I had also very bad headaches which caused me to feel very sick and weak before the end of the day, taking my energy entirely. I decided to try Baxen Tablets and am pleased to say I derived great benefit from them in less than 30 minutes. I advise everyone who suffers in this way to give them a trial and get the same result."

To-day, no enlightened woman tolerates such needless suffering. At first suggestion of pain she simply takes two tiny Baxen Tablets in a little water and goes about her work or pleasure much as usual.

Baxen is a specialist's prescription in which you may place utmost confidence. Though it brings swift and blessed relief from those agonizing aches and pains, yet it does not in any way interfere with the natural function. Baxen contains no aspirin—no undesirable "drugs"—and does not affect either the heart or the digestion. Further, since Baxen Tablets are also widely prescribed for the relief of Neuralgia, Rheumatism and other painful conditions, you need have no hesitation in asking for them at any chemist's.

Now that you, too, know about Baxen (Brand) Tablets—why not give them a chance to help you? You can obtain them from your own chemist's in slim flat tins (convenient for the handbag), 15 tablets for 1s. 3d.

**A free sample will be gladly sent if you will write to Nurse E. B., c/o E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 305, Adelphi, Salford, Manchester.**

# Defeating *the* Heat *of* Summer

*(Continued from page 76)*

Depending on the type, a refrigerator of a suitable size for the household will consume two to three units of electricity, 20 to 30 cubic feet of gas, or about one pint of oil per day.

The capital cost will vary between £25 and £40, so that even if interest on capital at the rate of five per cent. is included, the running costs cannot exceed a few pence a day.

A small mechanical refrigerator with a storage capacity of approximately one cubic foot can be purchased for about £10, but the additional storage space in the larger models is so useful that a small model should only be bought if a larger one is quite out of the question.

There are numerous makes of refrigerators on the market, each of which has some special point in its favour. The "Frigidaire," for example, contains a closed glass or enamel container for storing salads and vegetables, and is fitted with small trays in which ice for household use may be made.

In some types of refrigerators the cooling is effected by ice or by solid carbon-dioxide—refrigerator "snow."

With carbon-dioxide refrigerators (cost, £10 to £25 according to size) renewal of the freezing agent is not required frequently—in any case the "snow" is quite cheap—but a regular supply of ice is necessary with cheaper refrigerators of the ice-box type.

COLD safes depend on the evaporation of moisture for their coolness, and work on the principle of the well-known butter cooler.

These simpler refrigerators do not cool food so effectively as do the more expensive mechanical types, and they need careful handling, but with careful use a temperature of 50° F. or a little lower may be maintained.

*On page 126 of our May issue the advertisement of a Jumper by Messrs. Richard Sands & Co., of Sloane Street, London, S.W.1, should have read as follows:*

*Jumper with scarf collar and buttons, is of string thread. Stocked in all shades, self-coloured or with contrasting scarf and buttons. Price 30/-. This jumper is very smart in natural colour with red scarf and buttons, worn with a natural linen skirt which we make to order from 3 Guineas.*

The ice consumption or the running costs of any ice-chest or refrigerator may be greatly increased by using the apparatus in a careless manner. No matter how cheap the type, efforts should always be made to use it as efficiently as possible.

The melting point of ice is 32° F. (0° C.), and the heat required to bring about this melting must be obtained from the surrounding air.

If the ice (or cold brine or other cooling agent) is contained in a well-insulated refrigerator, the heat must come from the comparatively small volume of air inside the chamber of the refrigerator.

As this air gets cooler, it becomes heavier and sinks to the bottom of the chamber, so that a circulation is induced until all the air is approximately at ice temperature.

Any food in the refrigerator, of course, is cooled by the cold air currents, so that the cooling of any food involves the melting of a definite, if small, amount of ice.

A given weight of ice can only bring about a definite and limited amount of cooling, and if hot foods are placed in a refrigerator the melting of the ice will take place rapidly—it may, indeed, all be melted before the food is cooled.

All foods, therefore, should be cooled to room temperature before they are placed in a refrigerator.

The freezing agent should also be conserved by removing the outer leaves of cabbages and lettuce, carrot-tops, cardboard butter boxes and other wrappings before the food concerned is placed in the refrigerator, thus reducing the amount of material to be cooled. And by not bothering to place in the refrigerator fish and fruit, or other foods which are going to be used almost immediately after they have been brought into the house.

EVERY time a refrigerator door is opened some, if not all, of the cold air inside the chamber is replaced by warm air from the outside. This warm air has then to be cooled down at the expense of the freezing agent.

The door should therefore be opened as few times as possible, and should never be left open longer than is required simply to take out or replace the required article.

END

**"THE HUMAN HAIR":**

HOW TO KEEP IT IN HEALTH,
HOW TO TREAT IT IN DISEASE.

**By Prof. HARLEY PARKER,**

*The World acknowledged expert on Hair Culture.*

Author of "Scalp and Facial Massage," "Uric Acid and the Hair," "The Hair and the Nervous System," "Alopecia Areata," "Anæmia and the Hair," "Beauty's Quest," "The Lady's Toilet Table," etc.

**PRESS NOTICES.**

"Everybody should read this little book." —*Scotsman.*

"The new facts related by the Professor have come upon us as a kind of revelation."—*The Guardian.*

"The precepts he lays down for the management, preservation and restoration of the hair are at once simple, lucid and convincing." —*Medical Record.*

"The publication, in the United States, of Professor Harley Parker's treatise on the Human Hair is a graceful tribute paid by America to the European fame of probably the most eminent hair scientist of the day. . . . This admirable little book will be a welcome boon to all who grieve over thin or discoloured tresses."—*The (New York) Tribune.*

**CONTENTS:**

Why the hair falls off or turns grey, and the remedies.
How the hair grows; and how to quicken its growth.
The effects of "shingling" and of the "permanent" wave.
How "nerves" and uric acid react upon the hair.
The treatment of scurf and scalp irritation.
Scalp massage and electric "stimulation," etc.
Skin diseases that affect the hair.
Diet and hair health.
On washing, brushing and singeing the hair.
The effects upon the hair of sea bathing, of the sun's rays and of excessive perspiration.
The after-effects of influenza upon growth and colour.
How to foster the growth of children's hair.
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Etc., etc., etc.

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Destroy unwanted hair by my simple, effective Home Treatment. Permanent, Painless and Perfectly Safe. 13/- post free. Not a depilatory. Call for personal treatment, if preferred. Phone: Western 4518.

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Don't wash baby's hair, rub Nestol gently into the scalp every day. In a few weeks baby's Curls will surpass your expectations. The only method which has stood the test of time.

30 days' treatment 3/6. Get it from Boots, Lewis's, Timothy White's or any other good chemist or hairdresser.

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CURLS & CLEANSES

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*Also use Nestol medicated toilet powder, 1/3 large tin*

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## IF IT COST TWICE AS MUCH

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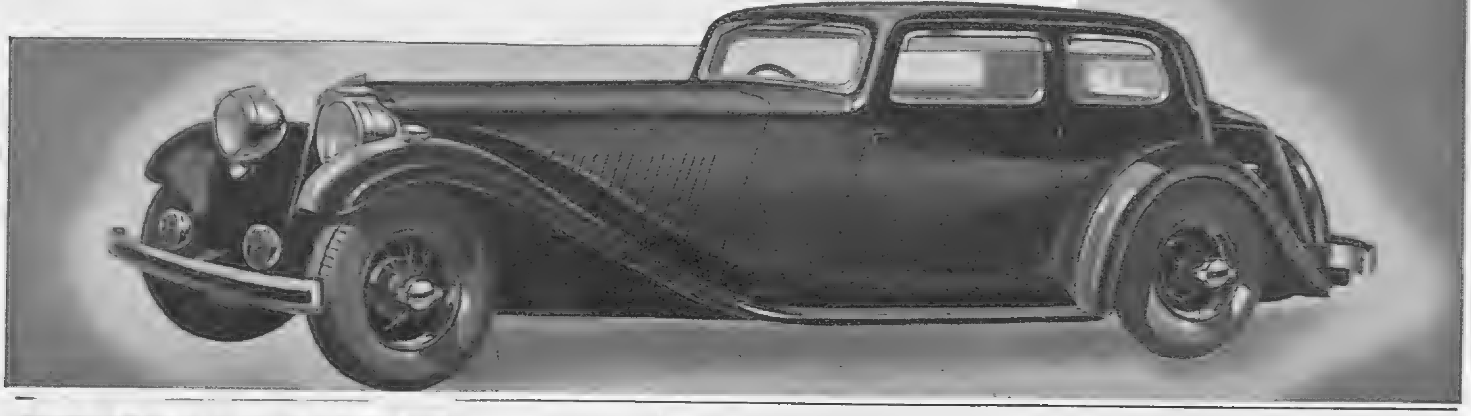

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Just when Summer joys are most alluring, Hay Fever claims its victims. The intense irritation prevents any pleasure out of doors. Vapex gives relief, whilst its regular use affords protection. Put a drop on your handkerchief each morning so that you inhale the vapour during the day.

*Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-*

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on 10/- or £1 per month

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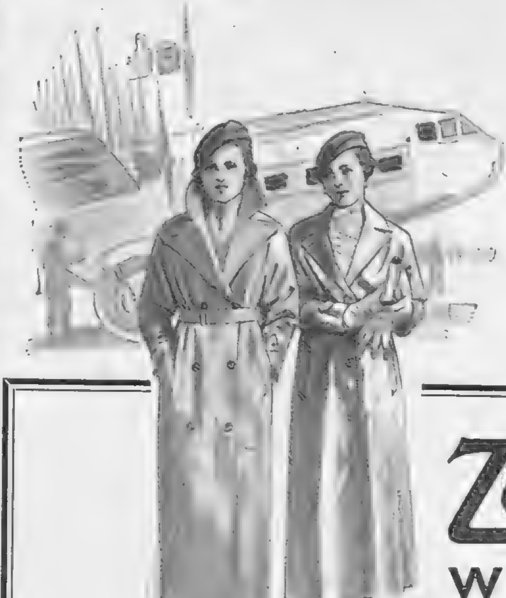

*On left—*
Double-breasted Raglan with Belt, Gusset back.

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LIME
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Normal healthy blood is slightly alkaline, and as long as it remains so the fatty acid deposits are automatically dissipated.

Modern diet, especially if accompanied by lack of exercise, requires a corrective to maintain the alkalinity of the blood, otherwise the skin loses its lustre and there is a tendency for unhealthy tissues to form.

The lime is a valuable source of alkaline salts. Lime juice is the pure juice of the lime sweetened with cane sugar. **A glass of lime juice every day** is a daily alkaline restorative for the blood, and the most delightful and refreshing of all drinks.

Please remember! A glass of **Rose's Lime Juice.**

**Rose's Lime Marmalade** is a welcome change on the breakfast menu. Made wholly from limes, it is both an ideal finale to a "summer" breakfast and good for the blood.

From your grocer —10½d. a lb. jar

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LIME JUICE

*39 Worship Street, London, E.C.2.*
*Arks*

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Conducted by "LEVANA"

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### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Poster Advertising Soap. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ursula A. C. Moss, G.C.S. 5995. Hon. Mention: May W. Harrison, G.C.S. 4523; Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355; W. G. Robertson, G.C.S. 6003; K. Street, G.C.S. 6020; G. E. M. Moss, G.C.S. 5843.

*Literature Competition.*—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Catherine Baldwin, G.C.S. 5191. Hon Mention: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Gladys Cumpstey, G.C.S. 4573; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Doris Seth-Smith, G.C.S. 5625; Ernest Kelly, G.C.S. 6015; Elizabeth Blair, G.C.S. 6028.

*Needlework Competition.*—Anything Embroidered. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ada Brabham, G.C.S. 5699. Hon. Mention: C. Mylchreest, G.C.S. 6018; M. Sanders, G.C.S. 4583; M. Champion, G.C.S. 4772; Grace Street, G.C.S. 6022.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Deirdre Henty-Creer, M.C.S. 3479. Hon. Mention: Kathleen Whittaker, M.C.S. 3230; Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281; Mollie O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430.

*Literature Competition.*—Leader on a Topical Subject. Prize 10s. Awarded to J. M. Skinner, M.C.S. 3271. Hon. Mention: Jean Lawes, M.C.S. 3319.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Veronica Price Harris, A.C.S.; Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225.

*Literature Competition.*—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Weir, A.C.S. 1462. Hon. Mention: Anne C. M. Brown, A.C.S. 1560.

### Snapshot Competition

Any Outdoor Scene. First Prize, 10s. Awarded to Joan McTurk, A.C.S. 1624. Second Prize 5s. Awarded to Joan Harris, A.C.S. 1037. Hon Mention: Norah Cobly, A.C.S. 1616, Carrie Mayne, G.C.S. 4388.

### *Award of Prizes, April 2nd*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Naylor, G.C.S. 5355. Hon Mention: Violet Horn, G.C.S. 5891; Joyce Bidder, G.C.S. 4356. Ursula Moss, G.C.S. 5995; John Waterhouse, G.C.S. 6015.

*Literature Competition.*—Argument between two Irate People. Prize 10s. Awarded to Alice Janes, G.C.S. 5996. Hon. Mention: Ernest Kelly, G.C.S. 6015; Gwendoline Allen, G.C.S. 5969; Irene McCoy, G.C.S. 5846.

*Needlework Competition.*—Anything in Wool. Prize 10s. Awarded to Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578. Hon. Mention: Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Still Life Study. Prize 10s. Rena Recaldin, M.C.S. 3276. Hon. Mention: Anne Burra, M.C.S. 3281.

*Literature Competition.*—Do - As - You - Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290. Hon. Mention: L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423; J. Lawes, M.C.S. 3319; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Landscape Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Peter Recaldin, A.C.S. 1227. Hon. Mention: Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Poem. Prize 5s. Awarded to Jean Ogilvie, A.C.S. 1584. Hon. Mention: Doris Cranley, A.C.S. 1600.

### *Award of Prizes, April 16th*

### Graduates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—An Illustration to *Jane Eyre.* Prize 10s. Awarded to Z. Forster-Brown, G.C.S. 5955. Hon. Mention: Kitty Street, G.C.S. 6020.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Divided between G. Pasfield, G.C.S. 6029 and Martha Walker, G.C.S. 6000.

*Needlework Competition.*—A Pincushion. Prize 10s. Awarded to Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316. Hon. Mention: Ruth M. White, G.C.S. 5957.

### Members' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Design for a Piece of Furniture. Prize 10s. Awarded to Veronica Ward, M.C.S. 3290. Hon. Mention: Deirdre Henty-Creer, M.C.S. 3479, Mollie O'Reilly, M.C.S. 3430.

*Literature Competition.*—A Short Poem, Prize 10s. Awarded to: L. A. Taylor, M.C.S. 3423. Hon. Mention: Barbara M. W. Paul, M.C.S. 3341, Dorothy Heaney, M.C.S. 3364; Catherine Read, M.C.S. 3394.

### Associates' Circle

*Art Competition.*—A Design for an Embroidered Traycloth. Prize 5s. Awarded to Diana Seth-Smith, A.C.S. 1225. Hon. Mention: Rachel Cunningham, A.C.S. 1472; Penelope Burra, A.C.S. 1422.

*Literature Competition.*—A Paper "In the Spring Woods." Prize 5s. Awarded to Vera Todd, A.C.S. 1156. Hon. Mention: W. Clifford, A.C.S. 1144.

### The Quarterly Prize of £5

is awarded to Mabel Sanders, G.C.S. 4583. Next in order of merit: May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; Mary Gordon, M.C.S. 3368; Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517.

## CRITICISMS

(*March 15th*)

**William Robertson.**—It is never interesting composition to place the chief figure in the exact centre. The rest is well suggested, and the whole thing cleverly catches the eye.

(*Continued on page 132*)

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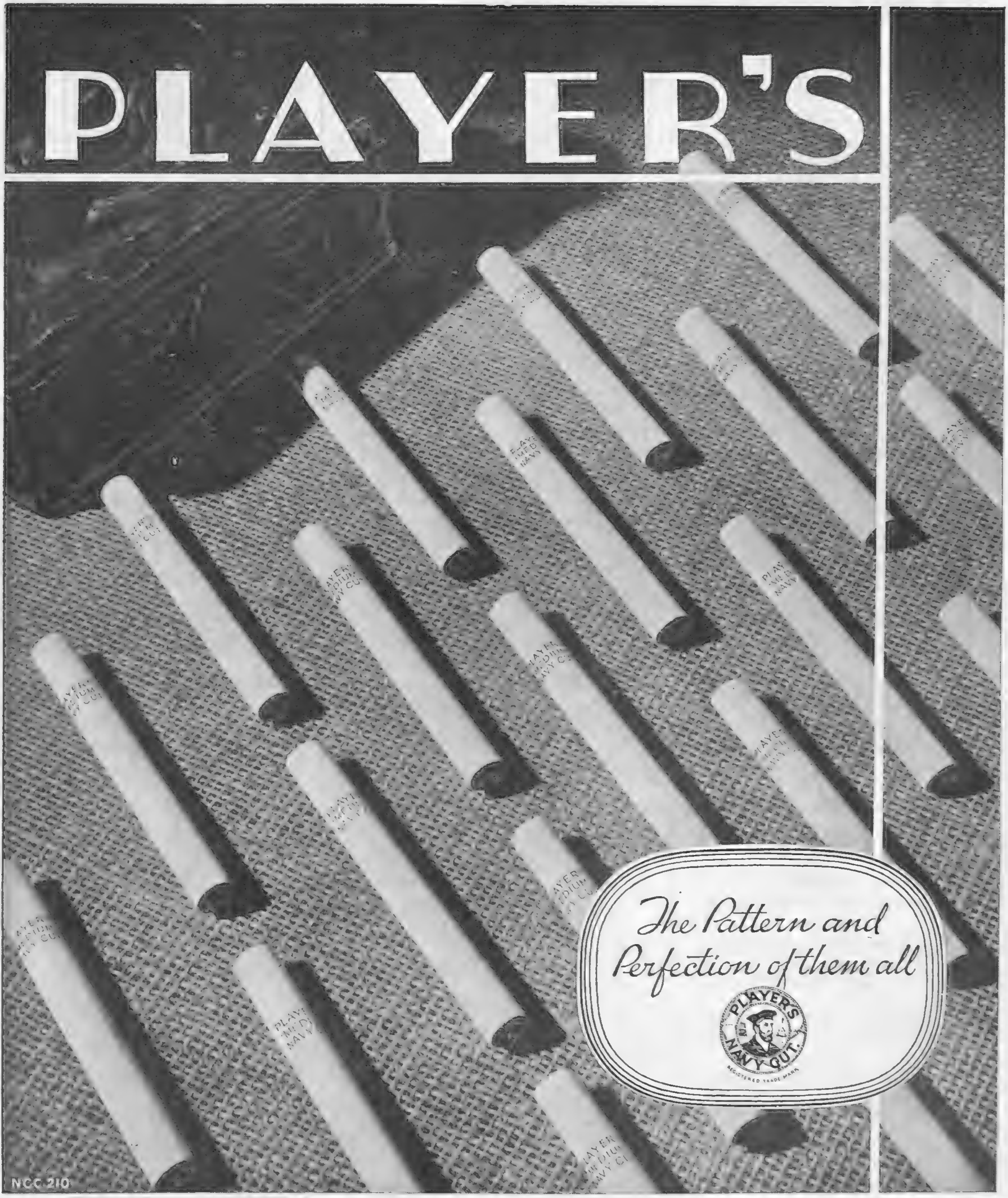
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# The Children's Salon

**Jean Lawes.**—The matter is well handled except that not sufficient allowance is made for the inevitable advantages of propinquity and the fact that the war gave the neighbouring country an almost unhampered "run."

**Peter Recaldin.**—Very sound, solid work. Your appreciation of form and proportion has improved beyond belief. You are still a bit uncertain as to how the medium should be used. Pencil marks should be of the faintest. Everything should be left to the brush in such a study.

**Catherine Read.**—Admirably put as far as it goes, but for the purposes of a competition this is too brief. On other occasions there is a good deal to be said for the ability to put the whole argument in such a nutshell!

**Marjorie Naylor.**—Your rainbow is admirably luminous, and the rainy sky and terrain well suggested. As one must be the centre of the bow, there is a small fault in drawing, easily put right. A capital record.

**May W. Harrison.**—An amusing idea which would have more point if the washing took a more human form, as it sometimes does. Worth working out with that end in view.

**Geo. B. Spencer.**—Very neat and finished work, but the white egrets and water-lilies are a bit too secondary to the tree-edge pattern, which is not allusive. Quite a decorative black and white scheme.

**Peggie Gallop.**—Well drawn and very good indeed on the lit side, but the opaque colour and cold reflexes of the shadow side need revision, well worth while in this good but rather monochromatic portrait.

**Joan Gibling.**—You would find canvas easier for early oil. Big effect good, particularly the hat. Brush across contours more, look for warm and cold, avoid black accents and go ahead. Quite a good start.

**Edith Rodgers.**—Good plank-engraving method, well composed, but needing more character or quaintness to delight, and, certainly, more strong black in the foreground and figures. Promising good style.

**Maud Schwabe.**—Very good in lit passages, shadows a bit intransparent and gritty edged. Well drawn and strong in big effect.

**Irene Smith.**—Well drawn, but all glossy surfaces reflect and give the complementary cold tones, whilst reflexes in shadow are generally warmer. Look for these facts, and you will get real colour.

**Kathleen Whittaker.**—A good preliminary sketch, with the contrasting effects well suggested; worth working up with accuracy added to style, and fewer solid black touches.

**Deirdre Henty Creer.**—Full of air and light, but needing some accentuation in foreground and near cliff. Some of the green is a bit harsh, but remarkably mature work for your age.

**Veronica Price Harris.**—Excellent colour and strong work; it's a pity the rabbit refused to shine or to stand pat, but, on the whole, capital work with plenty of style as well as cold fact.

**Beatrice Davies.**—The language is charming, but it does not everywhere convey exactly what you mean, I feel certain. A logical flow of ideas is essential.

**Alice Janes.**—You have a lilting first line, and having established such a sense of rhythm it is very necessary to sustain it. The rest is too much in the nature of good prose.

**Elizabeth R. Blair.**—It would, I think, be better not to give your readers the shock of the last line being unrhymed in each verse, seeing that the matter therein has no particular epigrammatic force or interest. It would be better in keeping with the theme to supply rhyme. Otherwise, very good indeed.

**B. Stafford.**—An excellent suggestion a bit hampered by the very dark paper. Your head is out of drawing slightly; probably your sitter moved. This is a thing to be very wary of in portraiture.

**Rachel Tennyson.**—A clever grasp of essentials is shown, but it is practically impossible to manage such a complicated subject successfully without recourse to many studies. Still, admirable ambition and quite a lot of accomplishment.

**Joyce Bidder.**—A more beautiful model seems indicated by the subject's necessity for an appeal on the lines of good looks. A white complexion and skin are essential. Otherwise well composed and drawn but a bit too blunt in outline.

**Penelope Burra.**—The highly glazed surface of these figures is one of their chief charms, and should have been gone for. Also the toneless background destroys verisimilitude. Consider such points carefully before starting. Clever colour.

**B. Gardner.**—Not sufficiently considered, particularly in the last two lines, always a very important point, naturally, in a poem. The first and third verses are the best.

**Catherine Baldwin.**—An excellent exercise in versification and duallism out of which you come remarkably well. That "grips" is a weak word; perhaps you can alter this. Very great progress is shown.

**J. M. Skinner.**—Interesting but a bit all-over-the-place in its arguments. The truth is, I think, not so much that you have failed in your presentation of the subject, but that the matter is in itself unprofitable for discussion. One can make so little headway.

**Violet Dennis.**—Your path could scarcely rise in this fashion if it were up a mountain. Correct this. A pleasant sense of the decorative values is indicated, but the detail wants much more careful handling

**S. Christine Straker.**—The gem-like quality of the first verse is as charming as it is appropriate. But the second lets it down in the last four lines. Work at these again, the rest is well worth the trouble.

**Gwendolen Moss.**—Very strong in execution and the simple direct appeal very well understood. A bigger space between lettering and composition is demanded and, of course, the subject itself lacks originality.

**Stephanie Weir.**—Your sitter has moved, I should say. The torso is squarely fronting you, and the legs are entirely in profile. Beware of this frequent happening and correct either drawing or model accordingly. This scratchy use of medium must be overcome. Very good from the three-dimensional standpoint.

**Doris Seth-Smith.**—Charming in sentiment and often very well expressed. I cannot always read the writing, unfortunately! One word still remains undeciphered. The first two verses are, I think, ahead of the rest in quality.

(*Continued on page* 134)

Leonora Corbett

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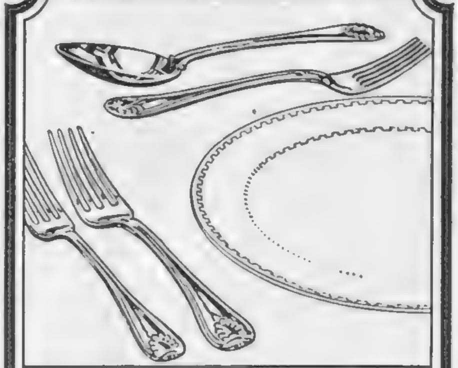

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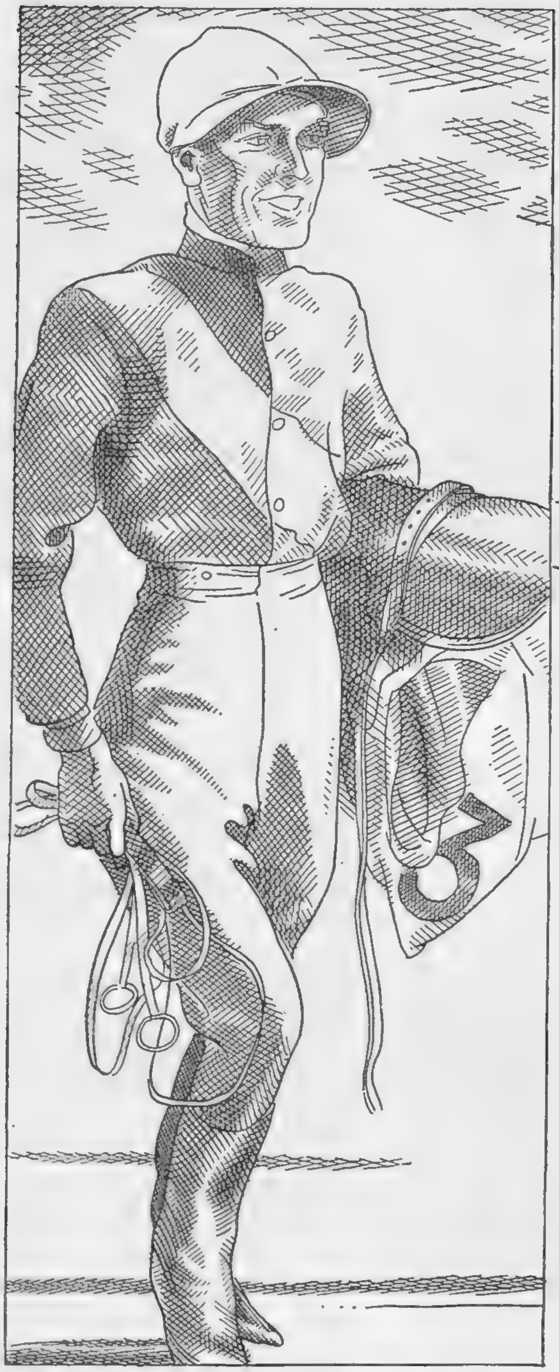

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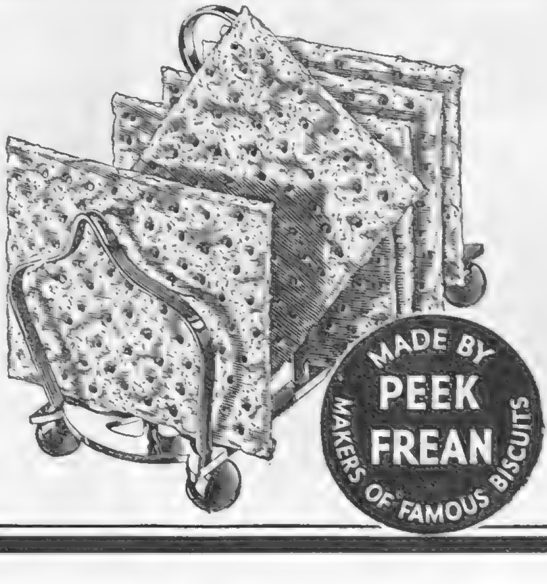

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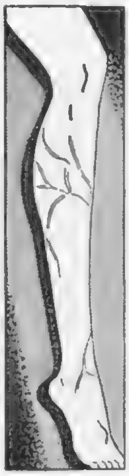

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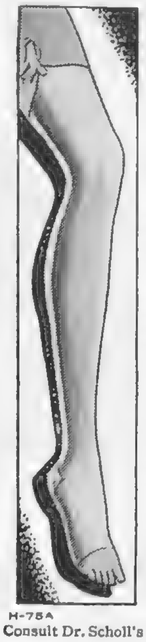

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## The Children's Salon

**Anne Burra.**—Clever representation of a mood and attitude. I fancy the ears are a bit exaggerated and don't quite grow on the animal; particularly does this refer to the left one from spectator's view-point.

**Betty Weir.**—A very difficult subject to render satisfactorily in this medium which, in outline, cannot suggest the weight. Still, very amusing to do as an exercise, and admirable practice. A softer pencil even than the one used would have been an advantage.

**Arnold Parkin.**—So mock gruesome a tale must be written with rather more verve, and the metre should be strictly adhered to throughout. Your idea is quite a good one. A little more technical ability is necessary to bring it off with complete success.

**Irene McCoy.**—I think I should put the note of interrogation after "spring" instead of "mean." The effect of the questioning throughout the poem is then more complete. A very good title and the theme expressively constructed and worked out.

**C. Mylchreest.**—I appreciate the delicate quality of the work and the excellent technique. A difficult job remarkably well carried through.

**Mabel Sanders.**—One of your most dainty efforts. Interesting in design and first-rate in its technical achievement. Thank you so much.

**Zenobia Forster-Brown.**—I do not think much is gained by the unrhymed last lines. This type of poem is more complete if technically exquisite. Of course it is more difficult to say exactly what one wishes under the strict discipline of verse. But what an exercise for the wit and imagination!

**P. W. Rowe.**—This seems to demand colour. However, as a sketch for a picture it is quite useful. The figure is distinctly well drawn but a bit unstable. The pit of the neck should lie exactly over the ankle of the standing foot.

**Mollie O'Reilly.**—Very smart work and interesting as a design in addition. The only weak spot is the lettering. Rule guiding lines and stick to them.

**Evangeline Weir.**—This hard and fast method of recording Nature's subtle lines and modelling should be avoided. Your work has solid qualities, but it insists too much on every point. Let a little more mystery creep in. Light plays on outlines as well as surfaces.

**Ursula A. C. Moss.**—Clever technique, but the trees are too spotty and the effect unrestful in consequence. Greater repose helps the idea and is more pleasing.

**Jean Weir.**—A gallant attempt at a very difficult subject for pencil. The drawing is very sound on the whole, particularly of the plant itself. The pot needs a little more attention. Still, promising work.

**Mary L. C. Roberts.**—The second verse is particularly good. I should work again at the first one. Those three "as" s' must be avoided. A very interesting effort, original and charming.

**Grace Street.**—A poem of this type should always have some special idea held in reserve for the last line or two, otherwise the interest peters out. This is the case here in spite of much graceful composition. Nothing could be more charming than the group of flowers in your needlework entry. If the mounting had been as good you would have run away with the prize.

**Diana Seth-Smith.**—An excellent start. This is not at Nature's full strength, however, and in your next effort you should endeavour to carry the thing further. You have made considerable progress.

**Jessie Wilkes.**—I am perfectly content to accept this "male." No such blustering thing should belong to our sex! The beginning does not quite harmonise with the colloquial end, in the matter of language, but otherwise this is most acceptable.

**Doreen Hamby.**—Not always graceful, as for instance, the use of that "what" in the last verse, first line, but in all other respects very well done indeed. It reads like an actual experience.

**Margaret Barrett.**—A little abrupt in places but, still, effectively tackled and the suggestion aimed at achieved. One of your best efforts of the kind.

**H. Henty Creer.**—Well drawn but the lack of any differentiation of surfaces provides a monotonous result which the myopic treatment does nothing to dispel. Half close your eyes to arrive at true values.

**Rena Recaldin.**—Some hint of where the dancer's feet are falling would give the figure a better stance and shadows need greater depth to give the complete effect of artificial light. One can guess at the result you had in mind but it isn't quite realised here.

**Anne C. M. Brown.**—Any amount of interesting ideas but they are not so usefully employed as they might be. Composition, also, might be better. Nevertheless, this is original, promising work.

**Ernest Kelly.**—Neatly thought out and good technically. It would be still better if the last lines of the two verses rhymed with one another.

**S. C. MacLeod.**—Extremely good design. The lambs need better draughtsmanship, of course, but this is a most pleasing little arrangement, admirable for its purpose.

**Gladys M. Cumpstey.**—One of your best entries, charming in idea and very well expressed all through. Perhaps the title might be better. It need not "give the show away" but should be more apt.

**M. Webb.**—I am now referring to the black and white jumper which as usual is very well done. This material is never a real credit even to the expert knitter but you have overcome its difficulties remarkably well.

**Martha Walker.**—The two last lines in each verse are charming and the poem has style and perception, but one or two lines need further consideration. I think the opening is a bit obscurely stated.

**Jean Weir.**—You are making excellent progress. These verses show originality and some of the rhymes are very neat.

**Florence McCoy.**—The last word should certainly rhyme with the end of the previous two verses. Form is destroyed by this unexpected finish. This is unequal but very good in the middle of the first and second verses.

**K. Street.**—As a rule poster work has to conform to the conventional sizes. Technically this is expert work and certainly eye-catching. A wider space would have avoided the rather cramped look attaching to the label at the end.

*(Continued on page 136)*

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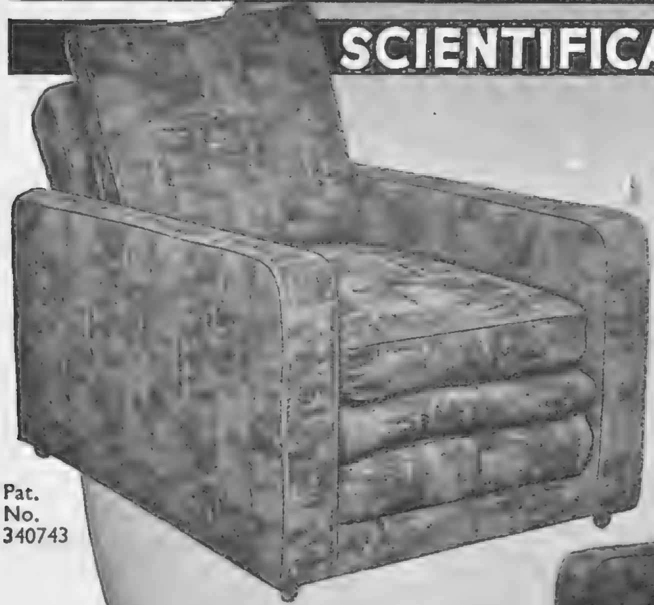

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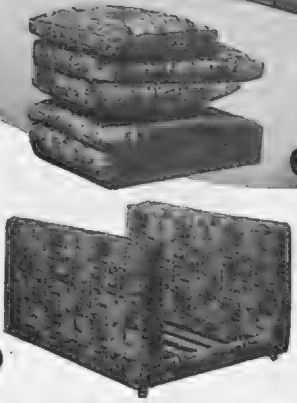

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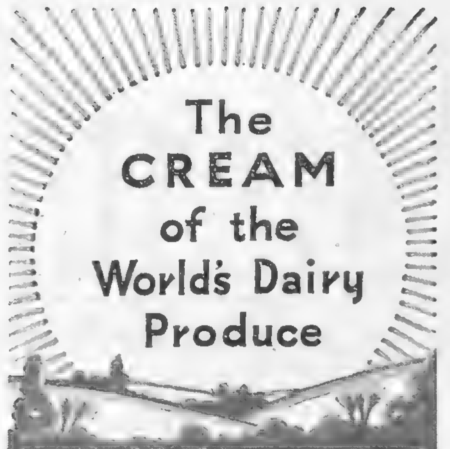

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## The Children's Salon

**Jane Castle.**—In spite of its charm one is a little repelled by the rather egotistical note. I realise that this is not what is actually intended, but it reads too much in that manner. I think you could rectify it.

**Margaret Recaldin.**—Relate objects to their surroundings. These are well drawn but apparently are floating in mid-air. Still, this is a fault you can easily correct.

**May McCoy.**—A delightful little picture. If it could have pointed a moral, so to speak, one would have felt more satisfied, but as far as it goes it is very well done.

**Ada Brabham.**—Beautifully made in every respect. I don't think you could have a more dainty effect. My many thanks.

**M. Champion.**—Except that a design of this type is rather awkward for careless launderers, this is a most successful effort, charming to look at and beautifully worked.

*(April 2)*

**Marjorie Webb.**—Very neatly done indeed. You are expert with the crochet hook and this is beautifully made.

**Jessie Wilkes.**—Quite good reading. The dialogue is neat and the general result excellent. But I think the plot a bit weak. The mother would never have got so far before hearing such important news, especially as the end shows her to be a sympathetic woman, really.

**M. G. Robertson.**—Although most of the scientific jargon was Greek to me I enjoyed the duel. You could have worked up the finish a little more dramatically. There is plenty of the right sort of material available. The art entry is clever in its way but a closer study from the life is advisable.

**Veronica Ward.**—One of the best things you have done. A striking little picture but a bit incomplete in effect owing to the rather too staccato style. Still, most interesting and enjoyable to read.

**Gwendoline R. Allen.**—This interesting little "snapshot" begins very well indeed and you maintain the interest to the end, also well done. Perhaps the bit about the lace handkerchief isn't quite in keeping with the rest of the picture. Great care must be taken over every detail introduced in such a study to be certain that it is true to type.

**Rena Recaldin.**—The draped background has proved rather confusing and some good drawing in the flower group rather goes for nothing as a consequence. An ambitious scheme very well attempted, with some success.

**Joyce Bidder.**—The legs of the dancers do not compose very happily, but in all other respects this is a most charming little illustration full of quaint appeal and very attractively handled.

**Ernest Kelly.**—This borders on farce, and as such is very acceptable. You might accentuate this note to advantage. As far as it goes it is quite good and with a little more consideration might be very well worth while indeed.

**L. A. Taylor.**—An admirable beginning. The end is less well managed and there is almost the implication in these lines that the poet committed suicide! Doubtless you did not intend this, but you will realise the possibility of such an interpretation when you re-read it, I am sure.

**Alice Janes.**—Rather a poor finish but all the rest excellent. How good a thing a row can be! You have got in some smart replies and there is the beginning of something very entertaining here.

**Romola Erskine.**—A first-rate quick study, brilliant in many ways and in good shape for painting on. The right arm and deep shadows need refining, but a really powerful lay-in.

---

## Our Literary Competition Circle

### *Results of 174th Series.*

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best poem.

*Awarded to Lettie Cole.*

Hon. Mention: Gertrude Pitt; "R.," "H. G.," G. M. Hudson, A. Middleton, "G. G.," Myra Ryan, G. Whitcombe, "Ro," A. V. Williamson, Nancy Pollok, V. Tyrrell, H. M. Hancock, A. D. Macewen, "E. Mc G.," Aline Burch, "Stella."

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best letter of excuse in connection with an unwanted invitation.

*Awarded to J. H. G. Gibbs.*

Hon. Mention: "G. G.," "Stella," B. Richardson, "Lweno Notwali," "E. G. Robins, E. Watson, "R. H. F."

### *Results of 175th Series.*

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*Divided between B. Gibbs and "Lweno Notwali."*

Hon. Mention: A. V. Williamson, M. Oxenford, Gwendolen Whitcombe, May W. Harrison, "M. A. James," Ella Watson, Alice Georgano, G. M. Hudson, E. G. Robins, N. Henderson, V. A. Ralph.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half-a-guinea for the best completion of a poem of eight lines ending thus: Light, night, there sphere, west, nest, flies, dies.

*Awarded to Catherine Lawrence.*

Hon. Mention: C. Giffard, M. W. Harrison, E. G. Robins, "J.A.B," B. Gibbs, "Lweno Notwali."

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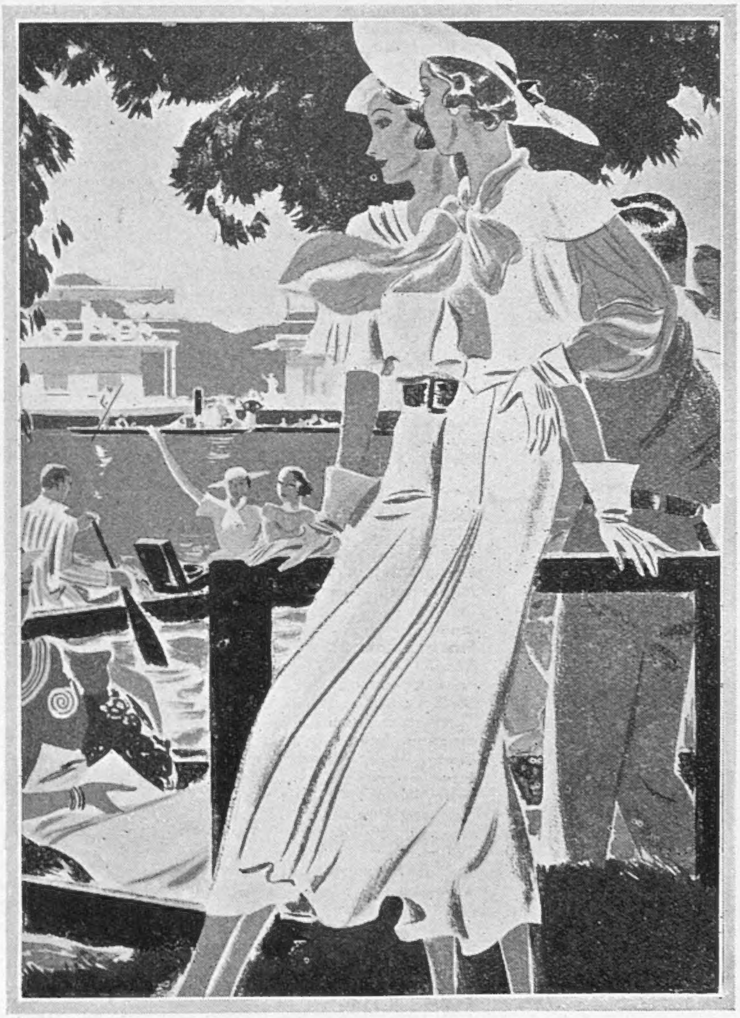

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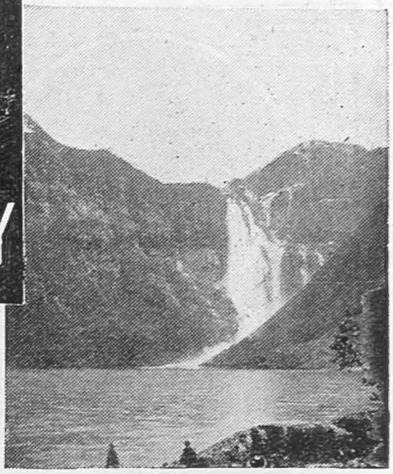

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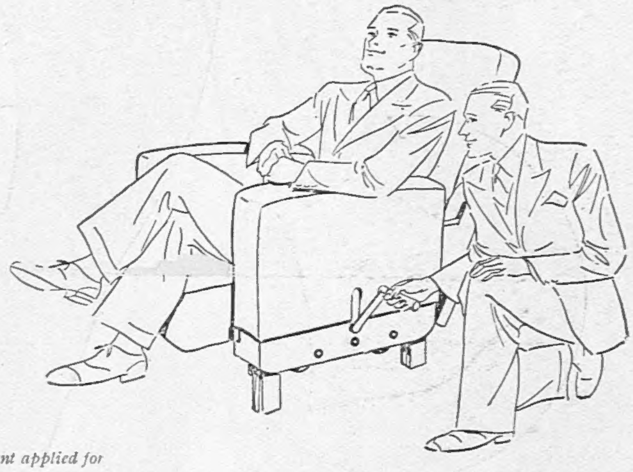

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